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PICTURESQUE
CLARKSVILLE,
PAST AND PRESENT.

A HISTORY OF THE CITY OF HILLS.

Its Institutions, Tobacco Interests, Mercantile Pursuits and
Manufactories, Together with Biographical Sketches of
its Early and Present Citizens.

ILLUSTRATED:
1887.
W. P. TITUS.

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PREFACE.

In presenting PICTURESQUE CLARKSVILLE to the public I desire to return thanks to Judge C. W. Tyler, M. H. Clark, Polk G. Johnson, Hon. John F. House, J. W. Faxon, M. V. Ingram and others, who have contributed invaluable articles herein contained. I submit the work upon its own merit, for it treats wholly upon the past and present city of Clarksville, and is exclusively a home book.

Respectfully,

W. P. TITUS.

By Transfer
P.O. Dept.
Mar 23 06

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CLARKSVILLE.



Moses RENOEF was undoubtedly the first white man who ever undertook to effect a settlement within the limits of what is now Montgomery county; and if history speaks the truth, the first white man who, with his family, ever located in what is now known as Middle Tennessee.

In the Fall of 1779, Col. James Robertson and a band of pioneers had marched through the wilderness from Watauga—upper East Tennessee—and taken possession of the French Lick Springs, where Nashville now stands; but in their expedition was neither maid, wife, nor widow, chick nor child, but only stout hearted men able to swing the axe and aim the rifle. In December of the same year, a most remarkable expedition set out from Fort Patrick Henry, on the Holston River, in East Tennessee, destined for this new land of promise. That expedition was commanded by Capt. John Donelson, who kept a diary of the journey, or rather of the voyage. Several flat boats, filled with emigrants—men, women and children, and a few slaves—made the perilous attempt to reach the French Lick by water. They dropped down the Holston until they came to the Tennessee; then down the Tennessee for hundreds of miles until they reached the Ohio; then they pulled their boats—slow work it must have been—up the Ohio River to the mouth of the Cumberland, and then up the Cumberland to French Lick, where they found Robertson and his band awaiting them.

For more than two thirds the entire distance they were compelled to pass through a country filled with hostile savages. Near where Chattanooga now stands—then an Indian village—they had a fight with the Indians, in which twenty-eight of their number, mainly women and children, were killed and scalped. Their whole voyage was one of hardships almost uncomprehensible at the present day. They were more than four

months on the way, and here and there a friendly face in all that wildness. At length, as the historian tells us, on the 17th day of April, 1780, they came in their slow journey up the Cumberland "to the mouth of a little river running on on the North side, by Moses Rentroe and his company called Red River, up which they intend to settle. Here they took leave of us."

Moses Rentroe and his company though not were the original settlers of Clarksville, as the remainder of the exiles did not reach the French Lick for another year or so, but he may be truly claimed the honor of having been the first white head of a family ever set foot on the soil of Middle Tennessee with the intention of locating. "His company," continued, so far as we can learn, of two married men with their families, two unmarried daughters, and two more, Nathan and Solomon Turpin, who were in some way connected with the family of Rentroes.

A full understanding it was of old Moses, and stout hearts these gals of his must have possessed when they landed about here, in the wilderness, six hundred miles from their old home in North Carolina, those hundred miles from the nearest white settlement in East Tennessee, and fifty miles from the little Indian colony at French Lick, where all the trailmen that crossed the mountains that year except his own established themselves.

But old Moses was destined to pay dearly for his hardihood. For a little while he seems to have remained at or about the present locality of Clarksville, then going a few miles up Red River, he built a log house, called for years afterward Rentroe's Station. Within less than three months the new settlement was attacked by a party of Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians. Nathan Turpin and one of the Rentroes were killed. The rest of the little band, mainly women and children, escaped in the night to French Lick. Soon after, strange to relate, most of them went back to the little station on Red River for the purpose of bringing away any articles the Indians had not carried off. Other persons from the French Lick, even women and children, appeared to have accompanied them. The result of this last happy expedition is soon told. The party had camped all night at a spring a few miles off from the station on Red River. "In the morning," the historian tells us, "Joseph Rentroe going to the spring was fired and fatally killed by the Indians. They then broke in upon the camp and killed old Mr. Jones and his wife and all his family. Only one woman, Mrs. Jones, escaped. Eleven or twelve others, there at the time of the attack, were all killed. The Indians taking possession of the horses and other property went off towards the South."

To this disastrous end came the venture of Moses Rentroe and his little band. He gave to Red River the name which it bears today, and he and his sons, and his daughters, and his little grandchildren, were the first white people who ever stood on the hills around Clarksville and called it home.

Something more than a hundred years ago, The Cumberland Country had a wonderful interest for the dwellers along the coast of North Carolina and the old settlers of Virginia. Hunters had been through here, Daniel Boone among them, and even before the beginning of the Revolutionary war had carried back wonderful tales of the

fertility of the soil, the beauty of the valleys and rounded hills, the fish that filled the streams and the game that abounded in the woods. It was learned also that no Indian tribe had its fixed home here, though the Cherokees and other tribes on the South, and the Shawnees on the North, wandered over it as a hunting ground, and made it a battle ground whenever they chanced to meet each other on their excursions.

One of our old citizens, Mr. James Ross, in a work which he published some time since, "The Life and Times of Elder Reuben Ross," gives a most interesting account of his own trip to this wonderful Cumberland in 1807, when he was a lad of half dozen years. Although twenty-seven years had then elapsed from the time when old Moses first set up housekeeping on the banks of the Cumberland and Red Rivers, it shows that the interest in this wonderful land was still fresh in the minds of the people in the old States, and that marvelous tales concerning it must have been afloat even then:

"The 6th of May, 1807, was set for the commencement of the journey, on which day all were to meet at a deserted Episcopal church in a pine forest a few miles West of Williamston, and there pitch their tents for the first time. Several other families had concluded to emigrate with us. Among these was that of our uncle, Charles Cherry. In those early times, the emigrant that left Carolina or Virginia hardly expected ever again to see those from whom they parted, especially if somewhat advanced in years. The great distance, the intervening mountains and rivers, the difficult roads and the cruel savages that roamed in and around the new country, forbade the indulgence of this hope. They parted much as those do who part at the grave."

"The children and the negroes that were along kept up our spirits pretty well by thinking and talking about Cumberland, the name of the beautiful new world we were to find at the end of our journey. We loved to hear the word pronounced, and when journeying on towards it, if a stranger asked us to what parts we were going, we answered proudly, 'To Cumberland.' We always lost heart though a little when told there were no shad or herrings, chincopins, huckleberries, or pine knots to kindle fires with, in all this beautiful country. The negroes made a serious matter of the pine knot question, and thought the lack of those a great draw back to any country, however blest in other respects—even on Cumberland itself."

As early as February, 1777, an old French trapper from New Orleans recited that he found at Deacon's pond, on the Cumberland River, near where Palmyra now stands, an encampment of six white men and one white woman, who had made their way through to the upper waters of the Cumberland at the end of the preceding year, and there built them a boat and floated down some four hundred miles to Palmyra and landed. What became of them afterwards tradition says not. It is certain they had all disappeared when the flotilla of Moses Renfroe came up the river in 1780, but whoever they were and wherever they came from, and whatever might have been their after fate, it is certain that this unknown lady with a thirst for adventure, who "camped awhile in the wilderness" at Palmyra in 1777, is the first pale faced woman, so far as we have any account, who ever set foot on the soil of Middle

Tennessee. She was, however, merely a sojourner, and came not like our Renfroe girls, to stay.

About the same time, or a little earlier, in November, 1775, Manscoe, a famous hunter, and three others, camped a few weeks near where the Sulphur Fork Creek empties into Red River, where Port Royal now stands. Here Manscoe had an adventure with some Indians. Having discovered from their trail that a hunting party of some sort was in the vicinity, he went alone to ascertain if possible who they were. On the bank of the river he saw a camp fire, and creeping as close as he dared, he saw two Indians, whom he recognized to be of the Black Feet tribe. Manscoe was about to retire to carry the news to his comrades, when one of the Indians arose and came directly toward him. It being impossible to avoid him, Manscoe fired and the Indian wheeled and ran about fifty yards past his own camp-fire, and fell dead over the bluff into the river. The other Indian also made packet time away from the fatal spot, not knowing, it may be supposed, how many were in the attacking party. Manscoe, not knowing how many Indians there were, and being some distance away from his companions, absconded as soon as he fired, and for awhile silence reigned supreme at Port Royal. In a few hours he returned with his companions, and finding that the fugitive Indian had also returned in the mean while and packed his worldly goods on his pony and left for parts unknown, they took out after him and followed his trail all that evening and the following day, but never caught him. Knowing that the Indians would soon be back in force to avenge the death of their comrade, Manscoe and his friends, as soon as they abandoned the chase, left the country.

Terribly, however, was the death of this Indian afterwards avenged. As late as 1794, ten years after Clarksville had been incorporated and named, Col. Isaac Titsworth and his brother John, with their families, moved from North Carolina to the Cumberland Country. They intended to locate on Red River, and on the night of the 24th of October, 1794, they camped at the mouth of Sulphur Fork Creek, where the Indian had been shot by Manscoe. That night a party of fifty Creek Indians stole upon them and took them completely by surprise. Seven of the party, among them Col. Titsworth and his brother and their wives, were killed and scalped. A negro woman was wounded, but crawled off into the bushes and escaped. The Indians carried off six prisoners—a negro man, a white man, a grown daughter of Colonel Titsworth's, and three little children. In a few hours a party of white men were organized and on their track, and the Indians, says Haywood, "discovering their approach, tomahawked the three children and scalped them, taking off the whole skins of their heads. The white man and the negro fellow they either killed or carried off, together with the daughter."

In 1785, down on the waters of Blooming Grove Creek in this county, three men had a fight with Indians. The men—Peter Burnet, David Steele and William Crutcher—were out hunting, and unexpectedly came upon a roving band of Indians, about twenty in number. There was no escape for the white men, and they had nothing to do but to sell their lives dearly. A desperate fight ensued. How many Indians were killed was never known. Barnet and Steele were both killed, and

Crutcher was shot and fell to the ground. An Indian came up to him and he feigned death. The Indian scalped him and then stuck his knife in him and went away, leaving the knife still sticking in him. After they were all gone, Crutcher arose and crawled down to the creek and laid down, as he said, in the water to die. Here he was soon after found, and strange to say, he recovered from his wounds.

While these stirring times were going on around Clarksville, a most remarkable man had taken up his abode here. It was Col. Valentine Sevier, a brother of the famous Governor John Sevier. Some time prior to 1770, we can not get the exact date, Col. Sevier with his four sons, Robert, William, Valentine and Joseph, had moved to Cumberland and established himself at the mouth of Red River. He built a fort or station house within the present limits of the town of Clarksville. The town had been already incorporated by an act of the North Carolina Legislature, and most of the land in the neighborhood had been entered by speculators. A general Indian war, however, had broken out. Clarksville was a frontier village, and its few inhabitants had nestled under the protection of Col. Sevier. Up and down the Cumberland there were straggling settlers, and Col. Sevier undertook as far as he could to protect them. He sent out several detachments in boats to bring in information concerning the movements of the enemy and to assist unprotected families in the country in case assistance should be needed. These scouting parties would consist generally of from half dozen to a dozen men, and books might be written of their adventures with the Indians in the very locality in which we are now living. It is hard for us to realize the hardships and dangers which our ancestors encountered, less than a hundred years ago, in settling the country where perfect peace and security now reigns. Along the beautiful banks of the Cumberland, not far from Clarksville, the yell of the savage at midnight has struck terror to the hearts of anxious mothers; little children have been tomahawked and scalped, and peaceful homes have been given to the flames. The men who went out from Clarksville on these scouting expeditions literally took their lives in their own hands. Some idea of the dangers to be encountered may be obtained when we say that three of Col. Sevier's sons lost their lives in these expeditions. From Haywood's old history we copy an account of the killing of these youths:

"On Monday, the 19th of January, the Indians killed Robert Sevier and William Sevier, sons of Valentine Sevier, who lived at the mouth of Red River, near the present site of Clarksville. They had gone to the relief of the distressed families on the Cumberland River, who had sent an express for assistance, but the officers of Tennessee county could give none: The two sons of Colonel Sevier were in the front boat, and discovered the enemy, but mistook them for their own party, the Indians having been seen late in the evening at a considerable distance from that place. Robert Sevier hailed them, and one among them answered they were friends, and the Indians carelessly began to chop with their hatchets until the boat was very near them, when they fired and William Sevier was instantly killed and fell over into the river; Robert was wounded and was captured by the Indians and tomahawked and scalped. On the 16th of the same month Valentine, a third son of this unfortunate parent, also fell by the hand of the savages. He was in a boat ascending the river, and was fired

upon and fell dead in it; two others were wounded and one of them, John Rie, died. Until Valentine was wounded he and two others kept up so brisk a fire that they intimidated the Indians and saved the crew. Deprived of all his sons who had come with him to Cumberland, the afflicted parent wrote to his brother, General Sevier, to send to him his son John to come and see him; as, said he in the moving language of suffering innocence, I have no other sons but small ones."

As late as 1794 Clarksville was attacked by Indians. Colonel Sevier himself gave an account of it in a letter written to his brother, Governor Sevier, which we copy entire:

CLARKSVILLE, December 18th, 1794.

Dear Brother: The news from this place is desperate with me. On Tuesday, 11th of November last, about twelve o'clock, my station was attacked by about forty Indians. On so sudden a surprise, they were in almost every house before they were discovered. All the men belonging to the station were out, only Wm. Snider and myself. Wm. Snider, Betsey his wife, his son John, and my son Joseph, were killed in Snider's house. I saved Snider so the Indians did not get his scalp, but shot and tomahawked him in a barbarous manner. They also killed Ann King and her son James, and scalped my daughter Rebecca. I hope she will still recover. The Indians have killed whole families about here this Fall. You may hear the cries of some persons for their friends daily.

The engagement commenced at my house, continued about an hour, as the neighbors say. Such a scene no man ever witnessed before. Nothing but screams and roaring of guns, and no man to assist me for some time. The Indians have robbed all the goods out of every house, and have destroyed all my stock. You will write our ancient father this horrid news; also my son Johnny. My health is much impaired. The remains of my family are in good health. I am so distressed in my mind that I can scarcely write.

Your affectionate brother, till death,

VALENTINE SEVIER.

The fourth son of Colonel Sevier was killed in this engagement, as is seen from his letter. No wonder the old man's heart was broken. Whether his daughter Rebecca ever recovered from the fearful treatment she received at the hands of the Indians we cannot say. For five years the dwellers in Cumberland had lived in constant anxiety; but this engagement at Clarksville was one of the last struggles with the Indians in Middle Tennessee. Soon after a general peace was concluded, the country settled rapidly, a militia was organized, and gradually the hostile Indians were removed by the general government to reservations set apart for them.

Clarksville, as you may see from any map of Tennessee, is situated on the East bank of the Cumberland, just above the mouth of Red River. It was the judicious eye of John Montgomery that first discovered in the rugged hills that lie in the fork of these two streams, a superior site for the location of a town. At that time it lay beyond the most Western settlements in the Cumberland Valley. But it had the

advantages of two rivers, good landings, and, what was then indispensable, a gushing spring of pure water, and these were sufficient to tempt the pioneer to it.

In January, 1784, John Montgomery and Martin Armstrong entered the tract of land on which Clarksville is located. Armstrong laid off the plan of a town upon it. They named the town Clarksville, in honor of General George Rogers Clark, a distinguished soldier of that day, who was personally known to many of the early settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky. Montgomery located in Clarksville. After the town had been laid off, the proprietors sold a considerable number of lots, and the purchasers being desirous that the town should be established by legislative authority, in November, 1785, the General Assembly of North Carolina established it a town and a *town common*, agreeable to the plan by the name of Clarksville. What became of the town common does not appear. It was the second town established in Middle Tennessee, Nashville, established in 1784, being the first. The Commissioners appointed were John Montgomery, Anthony Crutcher, William Polk, Anthony Bledsoe, and Cardner Clark. Clarksville grew apace, not so rapidly as the magical cities of the West, in this age of steam and electricity, but still it grew steadily, maintaining all along, as it does to-day, its position as the second city in Middle Tennessee.

In 1788 a tobacco inspection was established at Clarksville. This was by an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, and was the first tobacco inspection established in Tennessee. The fact is only remarkable as showing how early the cultivation of tobacco came to be an important industry around Clarksville, and as marking the inception of a tobacco market, which may be claimed with justice to be second in the United States.

In this year also, the county of Tennessee—the original name for Montgomery county—was established. The first session of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Session was held at the house of Isaac Titsworth, the second at that of William Grimbs, the third and all subsequent sessions were held in the town of Clarksville. A rude log Court House was erected on the Public Square with the most primitive conveniences; indeed, we do not know that it had so much as seats for the jurors to sit on, until 1793, when the court ordered James Adams to make them.

The first Court House continued to be used until 1811. On the 21st day of January of that year the County Court "adjourned to the new brick building erected by Captain C. Duvall, upon the Public Square," and the material of the old building was soon afterwards sold and removed. They were proud of this "new brick building," which was a pretentious structure for its time. It had a stone foundation with brick superstructure, was 44 feet square from out to out, and two stories high. The lower floor consisted of one room, 40 feet square and 18 feet high from floor to ceiling, while the upper story had 5 rooms 12 feet high. The roof had four sides, "approaching each other toward the top." This continued to be the Court House till 1843, when it was sold to John D. Everett, and the new Court House on Poverty Row was occupied.

From an interesting address to the Clarksville bar, delivered by Hon. Gustavus A. Henry, on the 4th of July, 1877, we copy some extracts, giving reminiscences of

prominent attorneys who used to hold forth in this old Court House, and in the one on Poverty Row, which took its place in 1843:

From 1814 to 1817, the Hon. Bennett W. Searcy was the Circuit Judge of this Judicial District, and resided in Clarksville. He was succeeded by Alfred M. Harris, who continued till 1821, when the Hon. Parry W. Humphreys became the Circuit Judge of this district, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1836.

PARRY W. HUMPHREYS.

In 1807, the Hon. Parry W. Humphreys was one of the District or Superior Judges of the State. The court then consisted of four judges and was the court for the final decision of causes, and continued to act as such till 1810, when the Court of Errors and Appeals was established. Judge Humphreys was a member of the Congress of the United States from 1813 to 1815, a period that covered two years of the last war between the United States and Great Britain. Having filled the office of Judge of the Superior Court for three years, a representative in Congress for two years, he was afterwards appointed one of the Commissioners to settle the disputed line between the two sovereign States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and finally was Circuit Judge of this Judicial District for fifteen years. During the whole of this long term of public service as Superior Judge, Member of Congress, Commissioner to settle a controverted boundary line between sovereign States, and Circuit Judge, embracing a period of nearly thirty years, he gave perfect satisfaction to the country, and was distinguished for the justice, wisdom and purity of his conduct in all, and for the courtesy and urbanity of his deportment to the bar and every officer of the court. He was the father of Judge West H. Humphreys, of Nashville, and of our own R. W. Humphreys, of Clarksville. Few men in the State have held so many high offices, and so honorably discharged the duties pertaining to them, and left public life with a brighter escutcheon and a purer private character.

JAMES B. REYNOLDS,

an Irishman by birth, who carried his heart in his hand, whose courtly manners gained him the sobriquet of Count Reynolds, was prominent among the early lawyers of the Clarksville bar. He was more, however, a politician than a lawyer, and soon became a suitor for the smiles of the people, and was elected to Congress as successor to Judge Humphreys from 1815 to 1817, and from 1823 to 1825. In 1825, when John Quincy Adams was elected President by the vote of the House of Representatives, the Electoral College having failed to give a Constitutional majority to any one over all the candidates voted for, he cast his vote for General Andrew Jackson, and reflected thereby the will of his constituents rather than his own. He was a life-long friend of Henry Clay, whose eloquence reminded him of the greatest of old Ireland's orators. His admiration of Mr. Clay was a drawback on his political preferment in Tennessee at a time when a strong rivalry prevailed between Clay and Jackson. He was proverbially polite and courtly in his manners, which, if not perfectly natural, had become so by long and habitual practice. After General Jackson's defeat in his first Presidential aspiration, he was invited to New Orleans by his political friends, and on his way

stopped at Clarksville to partake of a public dinner tendered him by the people. Count Reynolds presided as chairman, and sat at the head of the table, with General Jackson on his right. Before the festivities closed, but after wine had been introduced, and the General had retired, the Hon. A. M. Clayton, recently from Virginia, offered as a toast, "The Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the modern Ahithophel; may his councils be turned into foolishness." The Count, whose glass was filled ready to be drank, and who felt what he had already taken, immediately emptied his glass upon the floor, and said with emphasis: "Burn me if I drink that toast." The table was in great excitement and adjourned in confusion.

WM. L. BROWN, WILL A. COOK AND WM. B. TURLEY

(the latter afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court, and who delivered the opinion in the case of the State vs. Copeland, and others still more remarkable), were members of the Clarksville bar, and all laid the foundation of their reputation and usefulness in the courts in Clarksville. The two first named moved to Nashville, and the latter to Memphis; and all immediately took rank among the first lawyers of Middle and West Tennessee. Brown and Cook were more famous at the bar as profound lawyers, skillful and able debaters, while Wm. B. Turley became one of the ablest judges who ever adorned the Supreme bench of Tennessee.

Of Wm. L. Brown I know of personal knowledge but little. I saw him but once and that was after he left Clarksville for Nashville, and was in the Fall of 1825 or 1826. He was a very delicate man, of flexible limbs, with fallow skin and black eyes. Eager in the pursuit of whatever engrossed his mind, and of very restless manners, and exceedingly impetuous in the argument of his causes; endowed with extraordinary eloquence, and very intolerant towards his opponents. He has more traditionary reputation than any man who ever appeared at this bar, and was the author of the Statute of Limitation of 1819.

Wm. A. Cook was a safe and faithful lawyer, without any great learning outside of his profession, none of the attributes of an orator, except perhaps great earnestness in debate, which is perhaps as effective as the famous definition of Demosthenes of eloquence, action; and is as necessary to secure success in the courts, in Congress, or before the tribunal of the people.

PATRICK HENRY DARBY

was at one time a citizen of Clarksville and a member of the Clarksville bar. He was a lawyer of fine talents, and possessed great knowledge of the land law of Tennessee, and became very odious as a land shark and jobber in land titles. The act of 1819, fixing a limitation on land litigations, was passed for the express purpose of defeating him and others of his stamp in their machinations against titles to real estate in Tennessee. In 1825, when I was a student at Transylvania University, I met him in Lexington, Ky., and he told me he had been legislated out of Tennessee, and that he was, he hoped, a solitary instance in American history where the legislative authority of a State had turned its battery against an individual citizen. He said he had in a perfectly legitimate way laid the foundation of the finest estate in America under

existing laws, and had been reduced by legislative tyranny to utter poverty, and virtually exiled from the State without a crime, to gratify the malice of men who envied the merit they could not reach. He was a rough, bad man, but was endowed with wonderful perseverance and capacity for mischief.

RICHARD DALY.

Major Richard Daly, a Virginian by birth, removed from Virginia to Tennessee and settled near Clarksville, and died several years before I became a member of the bar. He married a daughter of Rev. John Neblett, and following the example almost universal in Virginia among the lawyers, lived in the country and practiced law in this and adjoining counties of this Judicial District. I never saw him at the bar, but from what I have heard of him as a lawyer, I will say he was amongst the ablest lawyers then at the bar, a brilliant wit, and a most excellent and irreproachable gentleman. Some of his family still live in this county. One of his sons, John N. Daly, studied law in this county, and graduated in the Lebanon Law School, and was one of the most promising young men in the State. He went to Arkansas and settled in Camden, and was rapidly rising to fame and usefulness, but when the war came on he at once took the field, and fell gallantly fighting, at the head of the regiment he had raised in Arkansas, at the battle of Corinth.

PATRICK HENRY.

As a faithful historian, I ought to be allowed, even at the sacrifice of modesty, to mention the name of General Patrick Henry, my brother, who was a member of this bar, about this time. Born in Scott county, Ky., he married and settled in Clarksville, Tenn. He was a lawyer of great cultivation, and endowed with wonderful gifts as a public speaker. He retired early from the practice. If he had continued and used his wonderful power as an orator, I may be pardoned for saying he would have rivalled in eloquence his far famed but remote ancestor whose name he bore. He possessed all the requisites of a great orator, a fine voice, a commanding person, and wonderful power over the minds and hearts of the people. He left the State early and removed to Mississippi, where he became a prominent cotton planter, and added his name, his taste and refinement to the long list of planters in that State who were at that time an ornament to any country.

CAVE JOHNSON.

When I came to the bar in Clarksville, Hon. Cave Johnson was still in the practice of his profession, though his public duties called him to Congress. He entered Congress in 1829, and was re-elected till 1837; was defeated that year, but was again returned to Congress in 1839, and continued till 1845, when he was appointed Postmaster-General at the beginning of President Polk's administration, and remained in office till its close, on the 4th of March, 1849. He had risen from the Clerk's office in Robertson county, where he was born, to the highest position as a lawyer; was very familiar with legal forms used in the practice of his profession and with all manner of personal contracts and conveyances of real and personal estate. For several years he was the Attorney-General for this Judicial District, then regarded as a more lucrative

and important office than now, and was a terror to evil doers. He was always a persuasive, earnest and eloquent speaker, and a hard man to manage, as I chance to know, in debate; and in the conclusion of a cause in court or a debate before the people, was almost irresistible. He had pretty much retired from the bar when I became a member of it here, but occasionally argued causes in court. I know more of him as a politician than lawyer. In early life we were bitter political opponents, which cut us off from social intercourse, but in 1861 and 1862 we became better acquainted and filed under the same banner and appreciated each other as we had never done before, and became warmly attached. There were few outside of his immediate family who appreciated him more highly or more sincerely regretted his loss. As Attorney-General, Congressman and Postmaster-General, he acquitted himself with great credit, and left office without a blot on his name.

ALEXANDER M. CLAYTON

was born in Virginia, educated at the University of Virginia, and settled here about the year 1825, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession. He was a man of very extensive reading and scholarly attainments as a lawyer and a citizen. He was all the time in feeble health and had a weak voice, but distinct utterance, and was nevertheless a very interesting speaker and successful lawyer before the court and the jury. After living here about ten years he was appointed United States District Judge for the Territory of Arkansas, and subsequently removed to Mississippi, where he became a successful cotton planter, but prosecuted his profession with renewed energy; occupied the first rank amongst the lawyers of that State, and became one of its Supreme Judges at a time when the legal profession was crowded with as fine lawyers as any State in the Union possessed. He still survives and keeps up, as I understand, his habit of close attention to his business, and can do more office work, and in a neater style, than any man I know.

MORTIMER A. MARTIN

was a native of the county of Sumner, Tennessee, and the son of an able Methodist preacher, who was contemporary with the Rev. Valentine S. Cook. After acquiring a plain education, but substantial, he studied law; settled first at Springfield, and soon removed to Clarksville, where he lived till he died, in 1852. He was, as Mr. Webster once said of Mason, of Massachusetts, *a strong man*: an able lawyer by nature, I may say, for he did not have a large library, nor was he extensively read in his profession, but he had a strong logical mind, thought a great deal, and investigated in that way, by mental analysis, every case he had to determine as lawyer or judge. Having been raised in the country, he had an early bias for a country life, and for a good many years before his death lived on his plantation on the Cumberland River, where he died. In 1836 he was elected Judge of this Judicial District, and remained on the bench till the day of his death. He enjoyed a fine legal discussion before him and listened with pleasure, indeed with gusto, to the humor, the wit and the repartee of the lawyers. No man could catch a fine thing, or detect a ridiculous blunder, sooner than he; exceedingly watchful of every lawyer and everything that was passing in the

court room, he detected at a glance as by intuition every attempt at sharp practice, and every quiz that was afloat or in incubation, especially if he was the subject of it. He knew on the instant what was up, and was fully prepared to repel any assault or turn the point of any witticism from himself to his assailant. On one occasion Richard Barker, a young lawyer who possessed a real legal mind, and who was very troublesome to the lawyers, in filing demurrers to pleas and declarations, after he had argued a demurrer, which was overruled, came to me and several lawyers who were quietly sitting in the bar, and said he was going to run a joke on the Judge if it would not offend him. He said he was going to move to correct the minutes, which would state the demurrer was *fully understood* by the court, and asked us to stand by him and laugh down the Judge when the laughing time came. We promised to befriend him, and assured him the Judge would take no offense. The Judge saw our close conference and at once detected a conspiracy. As the clerk, my old and venerable friend Charles Bailey, read over the minutes of the court, he reached the entry on Barker's demurrer. In a moment we were all attention, and just as he was in the midst of the recital, that the demurrer having been fully argued by the counsel and fully understood by the court, Barker rose and said: "May it please the court, I move to correct the minutes just read in that part which says—." The court promptly interposed, and said: "Mr. Clerk, the motion of the counsel is allowed, strike out that part which says the demurrer was *fully argued* by counsel." The laugh was at once turned on young Barker, and his confederates were forced to join in against their friend. No one enjoyed the joke with more intense satisfaction than the Clerk, except, perhaps, the Judge, who had the habit of laughing at his own wit. None enjoyed it less than Barker himself. I recite this little reminiscence as developing more distinctly one of Judge Martin's striking traits of character than any language I could otherwise employ. He was an able and incorruptible judge, and gave such satisfaction on the judgment seat, that the bar and country felt his place could hardly be filled when he died. His habit was to be attentive to the reading of the declaration and the pleas, and he saw in a moment the legal point in controversy. The issue joined between the parties was the point on which his mind hung during the progress of the cause. His instructions to the jury were as clear as a sunbeam, and candidly and fairly stated in language so plain that the jury easily understood the case, and rarely failed to render a satisfactory verdict. He used to say some one of the judges, perhaps Judge Turley, said of his opinions: "If he did not know what the law was, he guessed better than any man he ever knew." In view of all this, I say he was a lawyer by nature, and the ablest Circuit Judge in the State.

JOHN QUARLES,

of Russellville, Ky., had located here as early as 1830; came in broken health, and after struggling on in great discomfort, if not pain, died in Clarksville in either the year of 1834 or 1835.

WILLIAM K. TURNER

was at the bar when I settled here, and became the Attorney-General in 1834, and and held the office till he was elected to the Legislature of the State, when he resigned.

He was a very able Attorney-General, if anything a little too severe; and when excited by counsel in the defence, became too bitter in his denunciation of the criminal on trial. In 1854, he was elected Criminal Judge, which office he held until 1862. As a Judge of the Criminal Court he had no superior, combining a clear and distinct knowledge of the criminal law, with an inflexible determination to suppress crime and punish criminals who were proven to be guilty. He was, nevertheless, the last man in the world who would have prostituted his high office to the persecution of the innocent, and who looked with unutterable abhorrence upon the crime of judicial murder, which often disgraced the annals of the criminal jurisprudence in England. When in court, and during the progress of an important cause, order had to be preserved in the court room, and the officers of the court knew it and acted accordingly.

HERBERT S. KIMBLE

was a very respectable chancery lawyer, kept his office and papers in order and scrupulously neat. He was an actor in some of the most amusing incidents I ever saw in the Court House. They require, however, too much acting to give them their proper stage effect to have a place in this veritable history.

NATHANIEL HOCKET ALLEN.

What shall I say of the "old man eloquent" that could be worthy of his unrivaled fame as a criminal lawyer? I need not seek to revive your recollection of him. He had the power to impress himself upon the memory of all who ever heard him, so indelibly, that the surges of time cannot obliterate your remembrance of him. It was in the Criminal Court, in defence of a client whose life and liberty were in peril for having taken the life of his antagonist in combat, in defence of his own, that his soul took fire and glowed with fervent heat. His eloquence in the Criminal Court was not of the melting mood, that dissolved the jury into tears, but in biting sarcasm and indignant scorn that withered or destroyed its victim. He was aggressive and carried the war into Africa, and very often instead of a defence of his client, he would wage a war against the prosecutor, so fierce that the poor man was glad to get out of the scrape without being sent to the penitentiary himself. He had great natural talents and read the book of nature more than books made by human hands, and spent much of his life, I may say, on horseback, and was never happier than when he was mounted on a fine saddle horse that carried him over the hills and away from court to court. He was very familiar with the private history of almost every family in the district, and laid it up as a fund of knowledge that enabled him to select a suitable jury in every closely contested case he was called upon to defend. He abounded in anecdotes, which he used, not so much for the fun of the thing, as for illustration in place of argument, as weapons he would use upon his assailants, or as whips with which he would lash them, or as ridicule with which he would overwhelm them. I have often heard him answer an argument with an anecdote which you would think at first had no bearing on the case, and that he was merely firing blank cartridges, but which would by and by burst upon the court and jury in such a flood of ridicule as would quite overwhelm his opponent. All this ammunition he had carefully packed away in the

storehouse of his memory, on which he would draw for an apt illustration that was more potent than logic, and convincing than argument. These things he would use not merely to point a moral or adorn a tale, but they were his shield and armor, his weapons both offensive and defensive against the world, and no man could use them with greater effect for assault or defence. His anecdote of Andrew Haynes, who saw for the first time a steamboat on the Cumberland River, is remembered by thousands who heard his dramatic history and representation of the affair, and by thousands who have had a glimpse merely of its extraordinary richness from tradition. All imitators of the grand old original will be remarkable only for their failure to equal him who caught from personal observation the incidents of the scene, and whose genius threw a charm over them that will not fade from the memory. Those who attempt to repeat this anecdote will find themselves in the condition of him who would essay to copy one of Michael Angelo's best pictures. The canvass may be there, and the paint may be applied with skill, but the soul which lent its sublime aspiration to the picture is gone forever. I will not, therefore, attempt to recite any anecdote told by Nathaniel Hocket Allen, but would rather impress his example as a good citizen, as a devotee to the principal of *truth*, from which he never swerved, on the members of the bar, and pray that they would treasure his example as jewels of inestimable value. I must mention the case of Fredonia Williams vs. J. J. Williams, for a divorce, in which Allen figured. He was for the plaintiff and I for the defendant. She alleged that she was sent to school to Williams when she was very young, and that by one device and another he gained her affection and married her before she was sixteen years old, against the will of her parents, and after a year or two treated her with such cruelty that she was forced to fly from his house and take shelter under the parental roof. The case elicited deep feeling between the parties, and the neighbors of her father took sides warmly for her. The case was called, the papers read and testimony heard one evening, and the court adjourned to meet next morning, when the arguments would be heard in the case. Allen rode home that evening, and the old man Britt, the father of the plaintiff, rode home with him. On the way Allen said: "Britt, ask me if Judge Martin has a daughter." The question was put and answered in the affirmative. "Now ask me if he loves his daughter." It was done, and Allen answered: "Yes, yes, Britt, he loves her as well as you do your own poor unfortunate daughter." Before they had gotten through with this little conversation, Britt wept a tear or so, drew a red pocket handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose, which resounded like a trumpet, and wiped his eyes dry of the tears he had shed. Allen was happy; he had laid the ground work now in *truth* for the grand display he would make the following morning. He came into court, and after he had warmed up in the discussion of the real or imaginary wrongs of his client, and saw he had the sympathy and close attention of the court, he said: "May it please your honor, as I rode home last night, Britt, the unfortunate father of this broken-hearted woman, asked me if your honor had a daughter. I said, 'yes, Britt, he has.' 'And does he love his daughter?' 'Yes, yes, Britt; he loves her with all the tenderness a woman feels for her first born child; yes, old man, he loves her as tenderly as you love your downtrodden, insulted

but lovely daughter—lovelier in her tears than in her smiles.’ And the tears of the father, may it please your honor, gushed down his rude and rugged face as the water flowed from the rock on Horeb’s mountain when struck by the rod of Moses.” “Boo, hoo, hoo,” cried Martin, and the tears were rushing down his face, which at the time was as rugged as Britt’s, or the rock on Horeb’s mountain either. Wiley B. Johnson, who was standing by, whose heart was as tender as a girl’s, and who was deeply moved, cried out: “Henry, Martin is crying, and I be hanged if you haven’t lost your cause!” And so indeed I had. The Judge cried, “Sheriff, keep silence in the court,” and Allen proceeded in the tone of a man who was conscious he had gained his cause.

WILEY B. JOHNSON,

for many years the Attorney-General of this district, was a man of extraordinary personal attractions. Had he lived he would have made his mark in the civil war, which has swept his native South as with the besom of destruction. His lion-hearted courage would have placed him in the front rank and alongside of Hampton as a cavalry officer. He was not a very profound lawyer; never was fond enough of his profession to be so, though he had talents enough. He was, however, a very effective public speaker, and had the sweetest and richest voice ever bestowed upon man. Many a time has he made me cry like a child under the witchery of some little sentimental song he would sing on our way to court on horseback under the grand old forests that overshadowed the road; and if by chance he should detect a tear in my eye, he would break out in a resounding laugh that could be heard a mile off. I have rarely seen a more manly person than Wiley B. Johnson. He had decided military talents. I have often imagined how grandly he would have swept the field at the head of his cavalry. The roll of the drum, and the spirit-stirring fife, set him all on fire. He, too, has sunk to his rest, and “no sound shall ever wake him to glory again.”

FREDERICK W. HEWLING

was contemporary with James B. Reynolds, and, like him, had become a politician when I settled here, and had retired from the bar. He had been a prominent lawyer and was a worthy man, and very much of a favorite with the people of Montgomery, and represented the county several years in the Legislature.

ROBERT J. RIVERS

was probably the brightest young man who ever enrolled himself as a member of this bar. He had a charming eloquence, very much after the style of John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. He left Tennessee and settled in Texas, where he died many years ago.

GEORGE C. BOYD

was a lawyer indeed, and at times a very forcible and always a very convincing speaker. His mind was too much engrossed in delving down to the reason and foundations of every legal principle to have time to indulge in elegant and ornamental rhetoric. He did not disdain these things, for no man was more moved by true eloquence than he, but the bent and inclination of his mind was towards profound legal investigation and

close and earnest thought. He was the best lawyer of his age I ever knew, and would have risen to the head of his profession in Tennessee had his life not been cut short in early manhood.

WILLIAM OVERTON

was also at the bar when I settled here. He was not fond of the profession, and turned his attention to journalism, for which he had a decided preference, as well as great knowledge of the political history of the country. He was two years a representative of this county in the State Legislature, and retired very early to private life, which he preferred to the strife and the conflict of the bar or politics, though he had talents enough to have adorned either.

JOSEPH HISE

removed from Russellville, Ky., where he was born, and was a member of this bar from 1835 to 1838. He was the most remarkable man I ever knew in many respects, and possessed a wonderful fund of knowledge and satire and wit. Everybody was afraid to encounter him in debate, and I remember Nathaniel Hockett Allen once said to me he had rather meet a rattlesnake at midnight. He left here for New Orleans, where he died of some malarial disease.

All of the bar of whom I have spoken were men of respectable and some of them extraordinary talents. All lived the life of honor and died gloriously, in this leaving to their children the legacy of a bright and untarnished name if nothing else. All these were members of the bar or had been before 1833.

Afterwards James E. Bailey, T. W. King, James M. and William A. Quarles, James E. Rice, R. W. Humphreys, J. O. Shackelford, J. G. Hornberger, H. S. Garland, John F. House, Alfred Robb, George Harrel, Horace H. Lurton, Charles G. Smith, William M. Daniel, Thomas W. Wisdom, Richard Barker, Edward W. Munford, John C. Bullett, N. B. Dudley, E. H. Foster, Jr., William J. Broadbuss, Thomas F. Henry, Frank Anderson, Frank Dabney, Thomas W. Beaumont, Horace Gaither, L. B. Chase, G. G. Poindexter, Washington Lowe, Edmund B. Lurton, Robert W. Johnson, John Campbell, Henry C. Merritt, Charles W. Tyler, Hickman and Polk G. Johnson, Arthur H. and Lewis G. Munford, Rufus N. Rhodes, Willis Jackson, John J. West, T. M. Riley, Jacob Rudolph, Robert H. Burney, Thomas L. Yancey, A. G. Goodlett, H. W. Watts, H. C. Batts, Baker D. Johnson, Miner Quarles, Isaac W. Taylor and Ed. C. Campbell, came to the bar, and are now, or rather those who survive, are the active members of the bar to-day.

THOMAS W. KING.

The Hon. Thomas W. King was a native of Clarksville, and the second son of Dr. Lewis W. King. He was educated in the old City Academy of Clarksville, and very finely educated too. I have scarcely ever met a finer classic scholar, one who read the English language so elegantly, the Latin language so finely and translated it so well. He read the Latin classics with the *ore rotundo* that would have done credit to Cicero himself. He was a thorough historian, and the finest belles lettres scholar belonging to the bar. His reading was so thorough and extensive that we were in the

habit of referring all disputed points of literature to his arbitrament. His bills in Chancery and pleading in the Courts of Law were so admirably drawn as to be models for his brothers of the profession, who sometimes do not value scholastic elegance enough in the preparation of their pleadings. His knowledge of his profession was exceedingly creditable. He preferred the bench to the fierce conflicts at the bar, and had he not been cut off in the prime of life, would have adorned any tribunal from the Judicial station he held in Montgomery, County Judge, to the Supreme Court of the State.

H. S. GARLAND

was a son of the Hon. James Garland, of Lynchburg, Va., who settled in Clarksville in 1844, and was a young man of native talents and very considerable cultivation. As a lawyer he was very promising, and was in the enjoyment of a very lucrative practice when he died.

J. G. HORNBERGER

was born in Stewart county, and fought his way up against the difficulties of a defective education, and without patronage or family influence, to a most remunerative practice in Clarksville, and which was suffering no diminution at the time of his death.

ROBERT W. JOHNSON

came to the bar in 1860, and was a well educated young lawyer; had high rank in the Lebanon Law College, where he gave evidence of superior cultivation and incited great hopes of success, but died too early to realize them.

GEORGE HARREL

was born in Todd county, Ky., read law in Clarksville, and commenced the practice of his profession in this city, and was making a fair start in his profession about the beginning of the war between the States, when he joined the army of the Confederate States, rose from the ranks to the office of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, and was in command of the regiment at the battle of Cedar Run, in Virginia, on the 4th of August, where he was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterward. He was a gallant soldier, and died gallantly at the head of his regiment.

JOHN CAMPBELL

came to the bar about the close of the war, and was one of the best business men of his age in the profession. He died very young, but not before he had attained a good position at the bar, and had given promise of great usefulness, and laid the foundation for success had he lived.

ALFRED ROBE

was born in Sumner county, and was a son of Mr. Joseph Robb, one of the most respectable old gentlemen in the State. He settled here in 1850, and soon became a partner of the Hon. James E. Bailey, and was enjoying a fine practice at the opening of the civil war. He volunteered as a soldier, and on the organization of his regiment was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and fell mortally wounded at Fort Donelson, and died soon afterwards of his wounds at his home in Clarksville. He was in the prime of

life, and, like Saul, was a head and shoulder taller than any man in the army. He exposed himself imprudently during the assault upon Fort Donelson, and

“Seemed to feel as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.”

He fell in the first great battle in Tennessee, and was among the first great martyrs in a sacred cause, which he sealed with his blood.

“There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.”

THOMAS W. WISDOM

was born and raised in this county, and about the year 1845 came to Clarksville and was employed in the office of Major Charles Bailey as Deputy Clerk of the Circuit Court, and studied law while discharging the duties of his office. Indeed the office of Deputy Clerk was resorted to more as a preparation for the study and practice of the law than for the emoluments of the office. He remained with Major Bailey, who had a wonderful faculty in discerning merits in a young man, till 1848, when he obtained licence to practice law. He was at once taken into partnership with Hon. James E. Bailey, who found him a valuable office partner. He continued in his office actively engaged in all the duties of a junior member of the firm till 1850, when, captivated by the fabulous accounts of the golden sands of California, he joined a company of very respectable gentlemen in Clarksville, who rigged up an outfit, which consisted of a common wagon and four mules, and set out for California over the plains and Rocky Mountains, camping at night under their tents and living luxuriously on the rough fare of a camp life. The young man who was afterwards to become one of the Circuit Judges of Tennessee, was one of the most active and persevering members of this gold mining company, sometimes driving the mules that hauled the wagon, and at all times one of the most energetic of the company on the march or in the diggings, as the gold mines were then called. His early habits of industry, acquired on his father's plantation in Montgomery county, were more valuable to him than all the gold he ever dug out of the valleys and mountains of California. He had perpetual use for the knowledge he acquired on the farm, which is perhaps the more valuable for the reason that such knowledge never departs from a man who has acquired it. The company worked faithfully in the gold mining business for a while, and not realizing the full measure of their golden dreams and high expectations of sudden and great wealth, returned, like chickens at night to roost at home, if not richer, wiser men. None of them profited more by their long trip to the setting sun and the experience they acquired, than young Wisdom, who on his return found his place in Bailey's office filled by another. He immediately opened an office and resumed the practice of his profession, and not without success. On the 5th of May, 1856, he was elected County Judge of Montgomery county, which office he filled till 1858, when he declined a re-election, and Herbert S. Kimble was elected to fill his place. In May, 1861, he was elected Circuit Judge of this Judicial District over such competition as Nathaniel Hockett Allen and J. O. Shackelford, which office he held till 1865, which covered the whole period of the civil war between the States, when he was taken sick while he was holding court

in Dover, and returned home to die in a few days thereafter. He was a good man, a sound lawyer, and was making an impartial and able judge when he departed this life in June, 1865. He was decidedly a working man, and reaped the reward which usually attends industry and qualifications for business in every walk of life. Very few young men of the bar of Clarksville ever made a better impression upon the people and more rapidly gained their favor than Thomas W. Wisdom. None ever lived more respected or died more lamented.

From the year 1839 to 1848 there came to the bar in Clarksville a number of very promising young lawyers, Richard Barker, Edward W. Munford, Frank Dabney, Isaac W. Taylor, Ephraim H. Foster, Jr., John C. Bullett, Needham B. Dudley, William Broaddus and Horace Gaither, all of whom were well educated young men and very ambitious to rise in the profession.

RICHARD H. BARKER

had a solid mind, cast in a legal mould. After remaining here a few years he went to New Orleans to practice his profession, and was gaining reputation very fast when he died of yellow fever. The Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, of New Orleans, while he was Secretary of State in the Confederate Government, told me in Richmond that he was one of the most promising young lawyers in New Orleans, and so highly did he appreciate his legal discrimination that it was his habit, when he was pressed with business, to employ Mr. Barker to prepare briefs for him in causes he had to argue before the courts in New Orleans.

ISAAC W. TAYLOR

was a young lawyer of brilliant talents; left here very soon after he married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Stacker, of Cumberland Rolling Mills, for St. Louis, where he made a fine reputation as a lawyer and a man of genius. He represented that city in the Missouri Legislature, and died when he was a very young man from injuries received on the railroad. When he was a member of the Legislature of Missouri he brought himself prominently into notice by a brilliant reply which he made *impromptu* to a member who assailed in debate the lawyers as a class as being unpatriotic, selfish and unworthy of public trust. To this moment Isaac W. Taylor had not spoken, and none were prepared for the burst of eloquence which overwhelmed his antagonist and electrified the House. He said there was no example in history where the lawyers had not signalized their patriotic devotion to liberty whenever its fortress had been assailed by tyrants and despots, and that the fair name of American lawyers was too well defended by public justice to be injured by a shaft that was hurled against them from the quiver and by the arm of any demagogue.

FRANK DABNEY

was a son of old Dr. Samuel Dabney, of Montgomery county; studied law in this city and entered upon the practice of his profession in Clarksville in 1843. He was a well educated young lawyer, and well prepared for the bar. He had an incisive mind that cut its way to the bottom of everything he was called upon to investigate. He and George Harrel, of whom I have already spoken, were partners, and were doing ex-

ceedingly well in the profession, but young Dabney's health failed. It was unequal to his ambition, and he fell an early victim to some pulmonary disease.

HORACE GAITHER

was a Kentuckian by birth. He settled here in 1845, and was a very elegant, accomplished and well educated young man. He remained here but a few years, and went to New Orleans with the view of practicing law, where he married a lady of fortune, which was large enough to relieve him from the drudgery of the profession; retired early, and has been dead a good many years.

THOMAS W. BEAUMONT,

a native of Clarksville and a son of the Rev. Henry Beaumont, was finely educated at Transylvania University at Lexington, Ky., where he graduated in the year 1848 or 1849. Pursuing other literary occupations, he did not come to the bar before 1855. He possessed all the qualifications for success, but had scarcely made his *debut* at the bar before he became enamored of what is now fashionably called journalism. He very soon began to write for the newspapers, then was for a while the local editor of the Clarksville *Chronicle*, and in the year 1858 was invited by the proprietors of the Nashville *Banner*, the leading Whig paper in the State, to become its editor. He had a decided passion for the excitement of political life, and promptly accepted the complimentary invitation tendered him, and at once made his bow to the public as the editor of the *Banner*. He was a fine writer, a very ambitious young man, and held the paper up to the high reputation it had acquired under the editorial control of General Felix K. Zollicoffer. When the war broke out, at the first blast of the bugle he broke away from his editorial pursuits, exchanged the Nashville *Banner* for the banner of the Confederate States, entered the army as a Captain in Colonel Sugg's Regiment, and followed it to his death. He rose in the service to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was in command of the regiment at the great battle of Chickamauga, where he fell leading it to glorious victory. He was a young man of fine talents, and a soldier of whom the people of the State and of Montgomery county might well be proud.

G. G. POINDEXTER

was admitted to the bar in Clarksville in the year 1852, and was regarded by all as a young man of fine talents. He was an accomplished scholar, and a very racy writer. In the year 1857 he was offered the editorial chair of the *Union and American*, the leading Democratic newspaper in the State, published in Nashville, and immediately accepted the position. It was a little singular that he and Thomas W. Beaumont should both have been called from Clarksville, the one in 1857 and the other in 1858, to Nashville, to the editorial departments of the two most important political newspapers in the State, both located at the Capital, and of opposite politics, the one the organ of the Whig and the other of the Democratic party. It ought to have been expected that two such young men, both very high strung, very ardent and very talented, should have had a stormy time and finally come in personal conflict, as

indeed they did, which resulted not fatally to either, but equally honorable to them both.

LUCIEN B. CHASE,

a native, I think, of some one of the New England States, came to Tennessee about the year 1842, as a school teacher, and while teaching school in Dover studied law and located first as a lawyer at Charlotte, and finally came to Clarksville as a law partner of Wiley B. Johnson. He practiced law here about one year, and upon the retirement of Hon. Cave Johnson, on the 4th of March, 1845, was nominated by the Democratic party for Congress. He was elected to the Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Congress, and was a member from 1845 to 1849. Before the expiration of his second term he married in New York, and never returned to Tennessee. His success was remarkable. He came to Tennessee a poor young teacher, and had not a relative in the State. Though a man of ordinary talents, he was systematic in the plans he laid, and carried them out with vigor, and evidently had his eye on Congress from the beginning. He first settled in Stewart, a strong Democratic county, as a poor teacher, then as a young lawyer located in Dickson county, strongly Democratic too, and finally came to Clarksville as the law partner of Wiley B. Johnson, and in this way fell heir to the political shoes of Hon. Cave Johnson, when he put them off to become Postmaster-General under Mr. Polk's administration.

WASHINGTON LOWE

was elected Attorney-General in this district in 1856, and soon after came here and discharged the duties of his office very creditably to himself till the war. He immediately entered the service, and was killed at the battle of Munfordsville in Kentucky, making the fourth member of the Clarksville bar who fell in battle during the war between the States. He was a native of Robertson county, and was very ambitious to excel in his profession, and would probably have done so had he lived, for he had made a very favorable impression as a lawyer, and had excited great hopes of success.

The truth of history requires me to record the fact that the bar of Clarksville has not been reluctant or slow to give her jewels to the country in any emergency. In addition to the soldiers who died on the field of battle, it has furnished to the civil department, one Confederate Senator, Gustavus A. Henry; and one Congressman, John F. House; one United States Senator, James E. Bailey, and five Congressmen, Parry W. Humphreys, James B. Reynolds, Cave Johnson, Lucien B. Chase, James M. Quarles; one Postmaster-General, Cave Johnson, and four Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, Parry W. Humphreys, William L. Brown, William B. Turley, J. O. Shackelford; one Judge of the District Court of the United States, A. M. Clayton, and one Judge of the Supreme Court of Mississippi; and to the military department five Colonels, William A. Quarles, James E. Bailey, Alfred Robb, George Harrel, Thomas W. Beaumont, three of whom died in the Confederate army on the field, and one General, William A. Quarles, who, though he still survives, bled freely from the beginning to the end of the struggle, and now bears upon his person wounds

received in battle, which speak trumpet-tongued of his valor, as well as of his devotion to the cause for which he bled.

ROBERT W. HUMPHREYS.

One year after, on the 4th of July, 1878, Major Henry delivered another address to the Clarksville bar, commemorative of the life of Robert W. Humphreys, who had died a few months previous, and we give that address entire:



Robert W. Humphreys was born in Montgomery county, Tennessee, on the 14th of April, 1824, and died on the 25th of May, 1878, at Bailey's Springs, near Florence, Ala., in the 54th year of his age, whither he had gone in very poor health, under the hope that their healing waters would restore his health again. He was a son of Judge Parry W. Humphreys, who was Judge of this Judicial District from 1821 to 1836, beloved and honored by the whole people. His son, Robert W. Humphreys, was a graduate of the University of Tennessee, Nashville, in 1843, which was at the time under the control of the Rev. Philip Lindsey as President, an institution where a great many of the distinguished men of Tennessee were educated. He soon after commenced the study of the law in the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred W. Powell, in Holly

Springs, Miss. In the Fall of 1844, he entered the law department of Harvard College, at Cambridge, Mass., and graduated in the Spring of 1846. He had scarcely received his diploma when his ear caught the sound of the bugle, rallying the chivalry of the country to the American standard in the war with Mexico. His law books were laid aside, the toga of the citizen was changed in a moment for the armor of the soldier. He offered himself to President Polk, and was at once commissioned as First Lieutenant in the regular army, and assigned to duty in the Fourteenth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Trousdale, subsequently Governor of Tennessee. His Captain was taken sick, and the command of the company virtually devolved upon Robert W. Humphreys. He remained with the army from the beginning to the end of the war; on the march, in camp, in bivouac and in the storm of battle, he was always with his command, and no braver soldier ever swung his sword upon his thigh than Robert W. Humphreys. A tall youth of twenty-three, of perfect symmetry of form and manly beauty, he stood at the head of his company, only emulous to equal them in valor (for they were as true as the metal of their tried blades),

“With hands to strike and soul to dare
As quick and far as they.”

It is historically true that while he was First Lieutenant under Trousdale in the infantry

service, Stonewall Jackson was First Lieutenant under Captain John Bankhead Magruder in the artillery service. On the 7th of August, 1847, General Winfield Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, after capturing Vera Cruz and storming Cerro Gorda, set out from La Peubla with a force of only 11,000 to capture the City of Mexico. Santa Anna had a strong army, with abundant munitions of war, and had fortified every mountain defile between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. Such a campaign, with so small an army, in the heart of the enemy's country, strongly fortified and defended by an army greatly superior in point of numbers, crowned with signal victory, such triumphant success has never been recorded in the pages of history. Hernando Cortez's chivalric march over the same ground, in 1520, was not equal to it. He burnt his ships to cut off the possibility of retreat, but he met an unorganized mass of uncivilized and unarmed men, while General Scott, with a handful of gallant soldiers, swept from the field an army far more numerous and as well appointed as his own, and commanded by one of the most renowned chieftains of modern times. Not to speak of the reduction of Contreras, Churubusco and Mellino del Rey, which must be studied in the professional histories of the war, our army next approached the Castle Chapultepec. This was more formidable than those already carried, and more desperately defended. It was regarded as the outwork of the city, and commanded the causeways that approached it and the city. Lieutenant Humphreys, now in command of his company, had participated in the preliminary actions already spoken of, and had distinguished himself in all, and now was to lead his company in the dreadful assault upon the Castle of Chapultepec, the last bloody conflict before the surrender of Mexico. Our army was cut off from its ships, and was feeling the need of supplies, which were abundant in the city. It was determined therefore to lay no regular siege, but to carry Chapultepec by storm. It was dangerous to attempt it, and failure disastrous, but necessity that knows no law demanded it, and the chivalric valor of our army was equal to the occasion. On the morning of September 13th, the grand movement was made upon the Castle, which was strongly fortified upon the summit of the mountain and around the base with heavy artillery. Now was presented a grand spectacle; the fate of empires hung upon the issues of that day's work, the conquest of Mexico or the defeat, I may say the destruction, of the American army. There our gallant little army stood, all eager and ready, awaiting but one word, "forward";

"All bright as the beams

Of the sun, when he looks down in June on the streams,

And fierce as young eagles when, stooping half way

Down from heaven, they rush with a scream on their prey."

There they stood, leaning forward like trained hounds, eager to be slipped from their leashes and panting for the word. By all the powers, 'twere worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance at their army. Major-General Gideon J. Pillow, to whom Magruder's battery was assigned, was directed to attack its West side, while Worth, the most skillful of Scott's Lieutenants, was to march by a circuit beyond Pillow and assail the North. Magruder was ordered by his General (Pillow) to divide his battery and send one section forward under Jackson, afterwards known as Stonewall, towards

he Northwest angle, while he assailed another part. Two regiments of infantry under Colonel Trousdale (our own Colonel Trousdale, whose gallantry that day won him the office of Governor of Tennessee) accompanied the former section. The columns of attack advanced to the charge, the artillery, at every practicable point, striving to aid their approach by pouring a storm of shot upon the Mexican batteries. When the detachment which Magruder supported with the section under his immediate command had advanced so near the enemy that his fire was dangerous to his own friends, he proceeded to the front to join Jackson. The latter had been pushed forward by Colonel Trousdale, under whose immediate orders the plan of the battle placed him, until he found himself unexpectedly in the presence of a strong battery of the enemy, at so short a range that in a few moments the larger portion of his horses was killed and his men either struck down or driven from their guns by a storm of grape-shot, while about seventy of the infantry were holding a precarious tenure of their ground in the rear. Worth was just completing his detour and bringing his veterans into connection with this party when, perceiving the desperate position of Jackson's guns, he sent him word to retire. He replied that it was now more dangerous to withdraw than to hold his position, and that if they would send him fifty veterans he would rather attempt the capture of the battery, which had so crippled his. Magruder then dashed forward, losing his horse by a fatal shot as he approached him, and found that he had lifted a single gun, by hand, across a deep ditch to a position where it could be served with effect; and this he was rapidly firing, with the sole assistance of a sergeant, while the remainder of his men were either killed, wounded, or crouching in the ditch. Another piece was soon brought over, and in a few moments the enemy were driven from their battery by the rapid and unerring fire of Jackson and Magruder. By this time the storming parties had passed the Castle and the enemy were in full retreat upon the city.

It will be seen by this history that two regiments of infantry under Colonel Trousdale accompanied the section of the battery under Jackson, all under the command of Pillow, and that much of the credit of the victory is due to Pillow, Trousdale, Jackson and Magruder. I introduce this historic sketch because our late friend, Lieutenant Robert W. Humphreys, was in command of his company under Colonel Trousdale in that great battle, which resulted in a glorious victory to our arms, and in effect closed an eventful war in a blaze of glory. Often has he informed me that he attributed his personal safety to the horses that were killed in that battle immediately before the place where he stood at the head of his company. Often did he thrill me by describing the heroic courage and great self-possession of Colonel Trousdale in that terrible hailstorm of lead. There Trousdale stood, and there Humphreys stood by his side, as firm as the rock-ribbed mountain on which the Castle of Chapultepec stood. Stonewall Jackson and Humphreys were in the same brigade, one a Lieutenant in the artillery service, the other in the infantry, and participated in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Mellino del Rey and Chapultepec. Humphreys entered the city at the head of his company on the 14th of September, 1847, and was stationed there till the treaty of peace was fully ratified on the 26th of May, 1848, and finally left Mexico on the

12th of June, 1848, when the army returned home. The treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed and fully ratified on the 26th of May, 1848, by which she ceded to the United States all New Mexico, all of Upper California, and accepted the Rio Grande from its mouth to El Paso as the Southern boundary of Texas, thus adding to our territory 800,000 square miles. It is a glorious incident to the history of any young man to be connected with that war, from its inception to its close. After the surrender, Mr. Humphreys remained with the command in Mexico till its return home, a period of nearly nine months, and was quartered in the national palace, and with Stonewall Jackson, slept in the halls of the Montezumas. On his return to Tennessee, he commenced the practice of his profession, courted and won the heart and hand of Miss Meriwether, daughter of Mr. Charles Meriwether, whom he married on the 2nd of October, 1851, and died on May 25th, 1878, leaving his widow and seven children, three daughters and four sons, to mourn his loss. After the Mexican war was over and he was discharged from the public service, he entered upon the duties of his profession as a lawyer, and very soon acquired a lucrative practice.

When deeply interested in the result of his cause, he was an earnest and effective debater. I have seen him, when he was warmed with his theme, not only eloquent but sublime. He had more genuine humor and wit than any man at the Clarksville bar, and was very happy in illustrating his case, and the actors in it, by some quaint character drawn by the graphic pen of Shakespeare or Dickens. In conducting his causes in court, he was perfectly fair and honorable, and lacked, it may be, a little enthusiasm in his appeals to the court and jury. As a scholar, he was a well educated man, and had a decided taste for historical reading, and in this department his knowledge was accurate and large. I have never met any man, outside of the ministry, who had read the Bible with more care, and whose mind was so full of Biblical illustration. It was to him the book of books, as well as the book of life. It was the book of his preference over all others, and the deep fountain from which he drew his illustrations, as well as the sublime examples on which he based and moulded his own character. He was an affectionate and sincere Christian man, and tried to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. This golden rule was perpetually in his heart and mind, and it was the chart and compass by which he steered his bark over the stormy ocean of life. No man searched more earnestly for the truth in law, in politics and in religion. In all these he held that he alone is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides, and was one of the few

“Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor faltered, with eternal God, for power.”

He was pious and conscientious all his life in the discharge of his duty, whether on the field, in the courts, or in the domestic circle. He believed, and acted on his belief, that the “path of duty was the way to glory.” Instead of reaching after honors, it seemed to be his aim and effort to repress every aspiration of his heart after the fading glory and the vanity of this world. He had talents and eminent virtues

enough to have adorned any station, and yet aspired to none. The truth is, he was really too good for this world, and was fit at any moment to be translated to the realms of a brighter and better. He was capable of no duplicity, and lifted his head far above the vile atmosphere and putrid pools which frauds and vice do knot and gender in. In his last moments his mind seemed to be meditating upon high principles in all the affairs of life. He said: "I believe my race is nearly run. I thank God for all his blessings, but especially for this, that I have never defrauded any man or woman in my life," and soon after he died in peace with the world, looking ahead with a bright and certain hope to the happiness and crown of glory that are the inheritance of the pious and the good in that bright and beautiful land of the hereafter that lies beyond the grave. He was himself the soul of honor, but had no ambition to struggle after honors which he felt would wither in his grasp and become as dry leaves in his hand. To him

"Worldly honors were like poppies spread,
You grasp the flowers, their bloom is shed."

It was at his home, where all his treasures lay, that his character as a truly good man, a good husband and a good father, shone the brightest. He married the only woman in the wide world he ever loved, and loved on till he died. A kind and affectionate father, he has left to his sons and his daughters the rich inheritance of a good name, which they will guard as they would the apple of their eye. To his sons and to you, my young friends, I will be permitted one parting word of advice: imitate his virtues, and the storms of life that burst in tempest on the heads of so many, will dissolve in gentlest dew upon yours and spread a glorious sunshine upon your brow.

Gentlemen of the Clarksville bar, we miss him here to-day, as we will every day of our lives. We all know how he loved this charming little festivity of ours, away from the cruel and the cold, where naught but brotherly kindness prevails, and which he was mainly instrumental in inaugurating, and if it is permitted to the departed to revisit the scenes of earthly enjoyment, his spirit will come around us to behold this paradise so pure and lovely, and will hover over us now; "too blessed if amid our gay cheer, some kind voice should whisper, I wish he were here."

EDMUND BERRY LURTON.

A few months after the delivery of this address, Edmund B. Lurton, another member of the bar, died, and Major Henry wrote and published in the *Chronicle* the following tribute to his memory:

It is my melancholy duty to announce the death of Edmund Berry Lurton, a worthy member of the Clarksville bar. He was born on the 1st of November, 1848, in Campbell county, Ky., and died at his home in Clarksville, on the 30th of November, 1878. He was a graduate of the Law Department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee, and came to the bar in Clarksville in 1869, when he was just twenty one years old, and at once took a respectable position at the bar, and very soon gained the confidence of the people, and excited high expectations of future success

and usefulness in the mind of the bench and bar. I chanced to be in the court room when he made his *debut* at the bar, and was favorably impressed with the self possession and dignity he displayed in the presentation of his case to the court and jury. His was the well balanced confidence and self-possession which knowledge always inspires. He made no apology for being a young man, nor did he beg the sympathy of the court and jury on that account, but proceeded at once to fortify every position he took by the law books, with which he was familiar, and to demand a verdict from the jury based upon the law and the testimony. He stated his case fairly, and ably argued every debatable point with great force and earnestness, and relied upon the law and the testimony for a favorable charge from the court and verdict from the jury.

I well remember a conversation I had with Colonel Bailey and some other older members of the bar, in which I predicted he would rise to eminence in his profession, a sentiment which met their entire concurrence. Nothing but the loss of his health, and the total prostration of his physical energies, prevented the fulfillment of the prophecy. But for these unconquerable bars to eminent success he would have been at the early age of thirty in the front rank of his profession in Tennessee. Nor was he alone a good lawyer; he was a fine and interesting speaker, a close and able debater, and would, had he been able to withstand the wear and tear of midnight preparation on the constitution, have rescued forensic eloquence from the decadence into which, I fear, it has fallen.

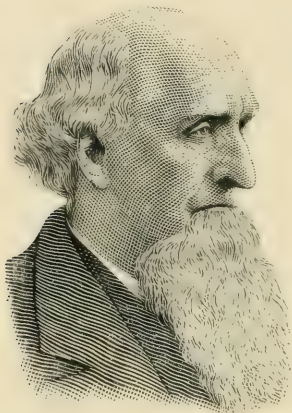
He has left a wife to whom he was devotedly attached, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl, to mourn over his untimely death. He has left them the rich legacy of a Christian character, and an untarnished name. I knew him well and loved him almost with the tenderness of a father. He was the soul of honor, and faithful even unto death to every manly sentiment and Christian virtue, and had all his life an unbroken confidence in the merits and promises of the Savior of mankind. It is a melancholy thing to see one so gifted have a life so brief.

The day we buried him in Greenwood Cemetery, we stood around his new made grave with heavy hearts, under an inclement sky, but all felt though he left us on a bleak day, in rain and storm, that bright sunshine, balmy air and angel's choirs greeted him when he passed over the beautiful river which separates this cold world from the land of the blessed. He has passed the river safely, and has gained a refuge from the storm, and death is swallowed up in victory. Verily, verily indeed, what has been our loss is his eternal gain.

Edmund Berry Lurton, the bär who knew you best, and all who knew you well, will cherish your name and your virtues, and in their names, I bid you, though the tongue falters on the word, farewell!

“No pearl ever lay
Under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell
Than thy spirit in thee.”

We may well conclude these reminiscences with a short sketch of the distinguished author, Major Gustavus A. Henry, who did not live long after the delivery of the address upon the life and character of Judge Humphreys:



On the 10th of September, 1880, Gustavus A. Henry died at his residence in this city, in the 76th year of his age. When a citizen so distinguished dies, the minutest detail of his life becomes a matter of interest to the world; for his memory must now take the place of the living man, and his history teaches the lesson his life illustrated. Mr. Henry was born of Virginia ancestors, in Scott county, Kentucky, on the 8th of October, 1804. He resided in that county till his fourteenth year, when his parents moved with their whole family to Christian county, in the same State. At an early period of his life he gave such promise of intellectual superiority, that he was given all the advantages of a thorough classical education, graduating from Transylvania University, then the leading place of learning in the whole South and West. From this *alma mater*

sprang many of the greatest and noblest of our public men, contemporaneous with Major Henry, notably among them Jefferson Davis, who attended the school from the neighboring county of Todd, and it was here was formed that friendship between these two great Southern men that lasted in faithful trust and confidence to the end. Major Henry was so fitted for political life, that in his earliest manhood he represented Christian county in the Legislature of Kentucky, serving in that body the sessions of 1831-32 and 1833.

About this time he formed the acquaintance of Miss Marion McClure, the then admitted beauty and belle of this city, and prospering in his wooing, they were married on the 17th of February, 1833. This event decided, and doubtless greatly changed, the destiny of Mr. Henry; for, while it brought him, as we all know, a life full of domestic love, it shut him out forever from the brilliant political career then opening for him in his native State. That State, the home of the great Clay, and thoroughly Whig in its politics, was fast finding out and appreciating his ability. Already a great favorite of the people, and what was then of fully equal importance, of Mr. Clay, he would have been the next Member of Congress from the district he then lived in. With this start and these opportunities, those of us who knew him can, with prophetic ken, safely say his political career might have been anything he chose to make it; but coming to Tennessee, then as fully Democratic as Kentucky was Whig, and as fully under Jackson's as Kentucky was under Mr. Clay's domina-

tion, we can readily see it did not open a promising field for the realization of his political ambition. Yet we find him always in the "fore-front of the battle," and though in a hopeless minority, still battling bravely, and we of the Democratic party may well now admit, in a manner well worthy a better fate.

He was the Whig elector for this district in 1840; ran unsuccessfully against the Hon. Cave Johnson for Congress in 1842; was elector for the State at large for his party in 1844, 1848 and 1852. In 1851-52 he was in the Legislature of Tennessee, and in 1853 ran for Governor against Andrew Johnson. Thus, though always leading the forlorn hope of his party, there was something so high and generous in his nature, that he performed every toilsome task assigned him without a murmur; but while he did not obtain the positions he was thus a candidate for, so much had he won on the esteem of his fellow-citizens, that no sooner did the time come when men were to be chosen without regard to political antecedents, but upon the merits of the man alone, he was elected the first Senator from Tennessee to the Confederate Congress. How he performed the duties of this high and responsible position, those who are best capable of appreciating them can testify, and they declare that in future history he will be to our revolution what his great ancestor, Patrick Henry, was to that of '76." In the Senate of the Confederate States—that body of the great men of the South—he ranked the peer of them all, and his services were more than once gratefully acknowledged by his old school-mate and friend, but then President of the struggling South.

After the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and when the Mississippi River was virtually in the possession of the Federal forces, Mr. Davis called on Senator Henry to make a speech to the people from his high stand-point in the Confederate Congress, for the purpose of inspiring them and raising up their drooping minds in this, the darkest hour of our struggle. This speech he delivered, so powerful, so full of fervid eloquence, that at its conclusion the whole Senate, the Cabinet and President, who had honored the occasion with their presence, were found in compact group around the great orator, having been drawn, as they said, by an irresistible power from their seats in the Senate chamber. Of this speech Mr. Davis said: "Its reasoning was as powerful as the thundering cataract, and its eloquence as inspiring as the notes of the bugle sounding the charge, when the host is about to join in the battle."

In early life Major Henry read law with Judge Robinson, of Kentucky, afterwards so greatly distinguished as the Chief Justice of the State. As a lawyer he was greatly distinguished, but more as the advocate than the jurist; his mind could not brook the toil necessary to become familiar with the multitude of its technical details. He could not scratch and pick like the barnyard fowl; the eagle's flight suited his nature and his genius better. But in the social circle, with his brother lawyers, he shone without a compeer. In its ethics, where its honors and its graces were to be gathered and guarded, "we may not find his like again." Though he often descended to the levities of life, he never forgot its dignity; though fond of the ludicrous, it was never at the expense of the decorous; and though witty, the honey was always near the sting, to soothe the wound it wrought.

So far we have omitted all reference to the characteristics of Major Henry as a religious man. These, though the last in order of enumeration, are not the least, but so sacred are the relations between the man and his God, well may we approach this most delicate part of our duty with trembling, if not with awe. But to leave this part of his character, would be to destroy its beautiful and graceful symmetry, to draw the tree without its foliage, the flower without its petals, the pillar without its capital. Most prominently we would present it for its lesson to the younger generation, that they may see that even his great mind dared not stand alone, but in the very fullness of its power reached out to clasp the cross and its sustaining faith. On the 4th of March, 1854, Major Henry was confirmed by Bishop Otey into the communion of the Episcopal church. Ever after he discharged the religious duties devolving upon him; as a member of the Vestry for thirty years, as the Senior Warden for years, he discharged his duties as he had done those that fell to his hand in the forum and in the Senate—earnestly, faithfully, ably. But his was not the religion that sought the market places or the street corners for the discharge of its offices, but modestly, unostentatiously, not to be seen of men but of God. Those of us who know his walks in life more intimately, know that his charities were many; not so often in the high but in the lowly places, as was well and touchingly attested by the brawny-handed Irish laborers, at whose special request the attendants of the Cemetery Company, whose duty it was to fill up the grave, were made to stand aside, and two of these allowed to cover up his loved form; as if the hand of love could soften the sound of clods as they fell into the hollow grave, “dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes.” Even as his Master placed the manna in the desert places by night, that the children of Israel might eat, so with the unseen hand did he place the manna of his alms, in the places made desert by disease and destitution.

With his services in the Confederate Senate, may be said was ended the public career of this great and good man. The rest was but the fading shadow of the past, the echo of the original sound, the dying cadence of a song “that had been sung.” With his speech, heretofore mentioned as made in the Senate, his career closed. This was his last great speech. Soon after his country fell, and from the shoulders of the “old man eloquent” fell his great mantle, and no one has been found since who could wear it. Let us wrap it around him and his memory as a fitting winding sheet, for “Ajax is no more; and no one can bear his shield or wield his sword.”

When the day was young and the shadowy recesses of his home were vocal with the songs of birds and brightened by the rays of the morning sun, he died. Without a pain or a struggle he passed away from life to death quietly, gently as an infant on its mother's breast. How fitting such a death to the man! All his life his voice was full of music, tuneful as the birds in the circle of his home, but when occasion came, high and mighty as the silver-toned bugle awaking the slumbering valor of the brave. Peace! peace! be to thy death slumbers! the peace of a well spent life, that guard and protect the grave, as no barriers of iron or brass could ever do, thy name rest in the ripe and fragrant memory of our heart. The pen of the future historian will place it high up in your country's history.

We append also sketches of Hon. James E. Bailey, Judge James E. Rice and Baker D. Johnson, all of whom are alluded to in Major Henry's address, and have since died:

James E. Bailey was born in Montgomery county, Tennessee, August 15th, 1822. He died in Clarksville, December 29th, 1885, having lived in the county of his birth all his life. He came of Scotch ancestry, a fact which was a source of pride to him, and he was never more delighted than when opportunity was offered him to extol the sterling qualities of head and heart which, in his judgment, marked the Scotch people as one of the earth's master races. His grandfather emigrated to North Carolina, and his father, the late Charles Bailey, was born in Simpson county, in that State. He removed to Montgomery county, Tenn., in early life, and was for forty years Clerk of the Circuit Court of this county. Colonel Bailey's mother was Mary Bryan, a native of Robertson county, Tenn., and the daughter of Colonel J. H. Bryan, a gentleman of liberal education. She was a woman of much natural ability and of sterling character.



She was a woman of much natural

Colonel Bailey acquired a liberal education, having studied at the old Clarksville Academy, and afterwards at the University of Nashville, then presided over by the eminent Dr. Philip Lindsley. In July, 1842, he was admitted to the bar, not being yet twenty-one years of age. He soon entered into a partnership with George C. Boyd, one of the most profound as well as brilliant lawyers of his day. This partnership was only dissolved by the early death of Mr. Boyd. He succeeded to the fine business of the firm, and from that date down to his election to the United States Senate, his was probably the leading practice of the Clarksville bar. He was subsequently the partner, at different times, of the late Colonel Alfred Robb, Judge Horace H. Lurton and Judge Charles G. Smith. In 1853 he was elected to the General Assembly of Tennessee, and was largely instrumental in shaping and carrying out the policy of internal improvements in Tennessee through State aid. A Whig by birth and education, he adhered to the faith and fortunes of that party as long as any fragments existed claiming to support its doctrines. He was an earnest Union man so long as there was any hope of its maintenance. He was elected in January, 1861, along with Hon. Cave Johnson and Hon. John F. House, as a Union delegate to a proposed convention to consider the attitude of the State. The same vote, however, which elected these gentlemen, was cast against the assembling of any convention, thus

defeating the call by an enormous majority. When, however, war had begun, and Tennessee was called upon to either aid in the coercion of the seceded States, or aid them in resistance, he, in common with the great mass of the people of his State, warmly espoused the cause of the South. At the outbreak of hostilities, he was called upon by Governor Harris to serve as a member of the State Military Bureau, charged with the duty of organizing and equipping the troops of the State. He served zealously in this work for several months, and then resolving to take the field, he raised a company from among the young men of his county, of which he was elected Captain. He was shortly afterwards elected Colonel of the regiment to which his company was attached, the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry. He, with his regiment, participated in the battle of Fort Donelson, where his partner, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, was killed. Upon the surrender of the garrison, Colonel Bailey was sent, a prisoner of war, to Fort Warren, in the harbor of Boston, where he remained until exchanged, in September, 1862. He rejoined his regiment at Vicksburg, Miss., it having been exchanged at about the same time, and commanded it until the Spring of 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Here his health gave way to such an extent that he was compelled to seek service less exposed. He resigned the command of his regiment and was appointed a member of the permanent military court of the corps of General Harden. He held this position until the close of the war. Returning to Clarksville after the surrender of the Confederate cause, he resumed the practice of the law. The business that poured in upon him was enormous. The work required to keep it in hand was herculean.

In 1874 his name, without any previous canvass, was presented to the Democratic State Convention as a candidate for Governor. The support he received was large and earnest, but the nomination was given to James D. Porter. He was twice appointed to the Supreme Bench to fill temporary vacancies, once sitting a whole term in the place of Chief Justice Nicholson. Permanent position upon this high tribunal was always open to him, but he preferred the labor of a practitioner.

In 1876, during the Presidential campaign, he canvassed the State in the interest of the Democratic party, speaking as many as fifty times, and winning great reputation as an able political disputant.

In January, 1877, after the most protracted balloting ever known in a Tennessee Legislature, he was elected to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Andrew Johnson. Colonel Bailey's competitors were Judge D. M. Key and General William B. Bate. He took high rank in the Senate. His speech upon the Thurman Pacific Railroad Bill at once placed him among the greatest of the lawyers of that body. His speech in favor of bi-metalism and the restoration of the silver dollar to the currency, was universally regarded as replete with information and unanswerable in its conclusions. The contest over the seat of Kellogg, of Louisiana, which was claimed by Spofford, afforded him a great opportunity to again meet the great lawyers of the Republican party upon a great legal question, and his discussion in that case added much to his fame. While a member of the Senate, divisions arose in the Democratic party of the State in regard to the settlement of the State debt. He actively canvassed the State in favor of his views upon the subject. The divisions and differences of opinions springing out of

this question resulted in cutting short a political career which had given promise of great honor to the State. He was defeated for re-election on account of the divisions in his party over the settlement of this question.

His health began to fail the last Winter of his service in the Senate, and continued, with occasional periods of recuperation, to decline until his death. For some months immediately preceding his decease, he was a great and almost constant sufferer. This he bore without complaint or murmur, maintaining to the last a cheerfulness and hope remarkable.

A more thoroughly and well rounded character than that of James E. Bailey, it would be difficult to depict. He had a full, sound and well balanced brain. Study, reading and reflection had cultivated his mind until it worked as a well oiled piece of machinery. Slow to reach a conclusion, and cautious in its statement, conservatism in every department of thought characterized him. As a lawyer he was extremely laborious; no case was lost by his neglect. He was a great student, and had mastered his profession as a science. Never given to quoting many cases or books, his habit was to resolve the question presented to its first principles. He was eminently logical, so much so, that if his case did not bear the test of logic, he generally made but a poor presentation of it. He was noted for his candor and frankness in debate. His custom was to surrender all doubtful propositions of law and fact and plant his cause upon what he considered its central or pivotal point. The readiness with which he discovered the turning point of a cause was akin to genius. His general information and learning was considerable, and in his management of cases came much to his aid. He was full of resources, rarely at a loss to know the best thing the circumstances would admit of. As a speaker he was extremely earnest and forcible. His logic, earnestness and readiness elevated him to high rank as a debator at the bar, and while he had few of the graces of oratory, he was entitled to rank as a forcible and eloquent speaker. His ability to clearly and completely state his case, was pre-eminent. It was the secret of many a professional victory. He worked with great rapidity, and his addresses were rarely long. He was all his life a great student, and his reading covered all departments of literature. He was excessively modest in his demeanor, and in his manner diffident. To him life was a very earnest thing, and full, too full, of duties, which he never neglected. His studious habits, his natural diffidence, his earnest, laborious life, alike contributed to create an impression upon the casual acquaintance of coldness and stiffness of manner. It was undeserved. To those who knew him well, he was the most warm-hearted of men. Charitable in every sense of the word; generous; he was ever a "cheerful giver." A consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, but not a sectarian, his moral character was as high as his mental, and he was known of all as an honest man. His love and loyalty to his friends were not to be shaken. He knew what a precious thing is a true friendship, for he had many such friends. His affection for all who were connected with him by the ties of blood was as charming as it was patriarchal. Their claims upon him he ever recognized and never questioned. His domestic relations were exceedingly happy. He married, in 1849, Elizabeth Lusk, of Nashville, who survives him, together with five children—four sons and one daughter. He was as gentle as a woman, and was incapable

of malice. In his bearing at the bar, he was exceedingly courteous, and stood upon the most severe ethics of his profession in his relation to his associates at the bar.

Whatever character the Clarksville bar may be entitled to for their professional bearing, is largely due to his high example and earnest inculcation of professional honor, amity and courtesy. It has been difficult to speak of one so honored and loved with words of moderation. To many of his brethren at the bar, and the many of his old neighbors and friends, his relations were exceedingly cordial, and to these his will ever be a blessed memory. To those who were in the immediate sphere of his influence, his loss cannot be measured. From whatever standpoint he is viewed, his loss is a great one. A just man, a good citizen, an affectionate father and husband, the State, the county, the bar of which he was so long the leader, alike are proud of his name, his life, and his record.

We copy in full the eulogy of Judge Horace H. Lurton, delivered at the memorial meeting held in Elder's Opera House, January 4th, 1886, to take action on the death of Colonel James E. Bailey:

When a great citizen, weary with the toil of years, worn with the weight of duties and labors, "crowned with duties well done and honors well earned," when such a one, "beckoned by the shadowy hand, retreats from the din of life, and the gates have closed behind him forever," it is but decorous that those who are soon to follow him, should pause and bear public testimony of the esteem in which they held him, and of the approbation which they know he deserved. Their utterances may not add one cubit to his stature, or one hour to his fame, but they strengthen and brighten the links of the chain, which bind men and fellow laborers together.

To speak here, and upon such an occasion, of our dead friend, is at once a labor of love and yet the saddest public duty I ever undertook. That I bore to him relations peculiarly confidential and intimate, will always be a source of pride and gratification. I cannot trust myself to speak of him in this character. This companionship was too sacred a thing to find expression in this presence. The beautiful lines of George Eliot indicate the inadequacy of words:

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

It is easy to draw a picture of a man of marked peculiarities or extraordinary characteristics. The chalk and blackboard might strikingly depict a Ben. Butler or an Alex. Stevens, while only the more cultured hand could delineate the features of a Gladstone or a Carlisle. So with mental and moral characteristics. The shining qualities of an Oliver Cromwell, or the eccentric genius of an Edward Randolph, can be easily drawn, while the more balanced cultured qualities of an Halifax or a John Bell require finer lines and a more discerning eye.

The character of James E. Bailey presented no striking characteristics. He owed no part of his success to the flashes of genius, or to the accidents of situation or surroundings. Gifted by nature with a full, sound, and well balanced brain, yet he carved

for himself by labors unceasing, every step he ascended in life. Guilty of no eccentricities of mind or habit, he was the most conservative of men, in all his mental characteristics. Never given to formation of hasty opinions, he was cautious in their utterance when once reached, and exceedingly tenacious in holding fast to his faith in their correctness.

He was an exceedingly full man, for he had read earnestly and with the spirit of a learner, through the whole range of English and American literature. It was not easy to find his information at fault, or even inexact. This fullness which comes from reading and reflection made him an interesting man, in the freedom of the circle of his associates, for whatever the topic of conversation, he was able to throw light upon it. His habits of study, his reflective disposition, and the laborious character of his professional labors, added to the fact that he was by nature an unusually modest and diffident man, had wrongfully created the impression among casual acquaintances, that he was an austere and selfish one. Nothing was further from the truth. He was as warm hearted a man, and as charitable in every sense of the word Charity, as it was ever my fortune to know. He was unpretentious in his intercourse with his fellow-men. He never professed a friendship or interest which he did not feel, and then in never half so strong words as his actions demonstrated. His judgment of men was never severe; he was, in this respect, the most just and generous man I ever knew. Ever ready to form excuses for conduct he did not approve, he was incapable of malice, envy and all uncharitableness.

After fifteen years of exceedingly intimate association with him, I unhesitatingly say, and with full consciousness of the weight of my words, that he was, when viewed in all the aspects of his moral and social character, the *best* man I ever knew. This integrity of character, whatever the circumstances, whatever the temptation, whatever the provocation, was absolutely unassailable.

As a lawyer I knew him well, and believe myself capable of expressing a just judgment concerning him. He was the best grounded man in the science of law that I know of. The reason of the law was ever at his finger ends. He was never a case lawyer, never given to citation of many books. He went behind the cases, behind the books, for the principle which lay at the bottom of the proposition. He had use for cases only as illustrations of the application of the principle upon which he stood, to a state of facts. He was remarkably rapid in his work. If he had not been, no living man could have managed the enormous business which he had for ten years succeeding the war. He was methodical as well as rapid, for without method, his business would have fallen into inextricable confusion. He loved his profession; he believed with all his soul that his calling was a high, noble advocacy, worthy of the highest intellect and the noblest and purest of men. He believed that the foundation of all law was in the golden rule of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, and that the restraints of law were necessary to compel even a moderate observation of this universal commandment.

As a practitioner at the bar he was a very *knight chevalier*. In high courtesy to his adversaries, to the judge upon the bench, and the jury in the box. He was

irreproachable; never guilty of a sharp practice himself, he had a profound contempt for whatever savored of it. In his addresses to court or jury, he was simple and direct. He indulged but little in the ornaments of rhetoric, and had but few of the popularly understood qualities of an orator. He was the most logical of speakers. In purely legal discussions, he had few equals. The graphic clearness of his statements, the simple logic of his style, the directness of his aims, the sense of sincere earnestness that he impressed upon his hearers, placed him without the mere graces of oratory fairly among the most powerful and successful of speakers.

I have seen him at times when he had so thoroughly convinced himself of the righteousness of his cause, that his earnestness and logic rose to real eloquence, carrying all before him. His influence with courts and juries was almost unbounded. This was partly due to his great legal ability, partly to his own high character, and partly to the candid way he had of yielding all doubtful questions, and planting himself upon the bed rock of his cause. His favorite courts were probably the Supreme Court and the Chancery Court, though he was almost, if not fully, as much at home when before a jury. He was a very wise man about the management of a case, and here was a great element of his strength. I never knew a man who had more thoroughly the confidence of his clients. He deserved it, and he never would continue in a cause where he was not entirely confided in. I have known lawyers who, in a particular line of business, were his superiors. I have known lawyers who were very much more eloquent than he, but taking him as a general practitioner, he was the best lawyer, in my judgment, which the State ever produced. As a judge, in the formative period of the law, he would have, in my opinion, equaled Mansfield or Marshall, Kent or Taney. With his great love for his profession, and his great practice, the largest by far which ever fell to any lawyer at this bar, it can not be wondered, that all else in life was unimportant and secondary.

Politics afforded him but an occasional interlude and a final afterpiece. He was not a politician in the commonly accepted meaning of the word, but yet in the higher sense, the true sense, he was a great politician. He understood the science of government as he understood the science of law. Springing from the mass of the people, he had a profound regard for their wants, their opinions, their aspirations. He was never an aristocrat in habit or sentiment. I speak whereof I know. He believed in the capability of the people for self-government, and was profoundly in sympathy with the Democratic institutions the world over. The Irish tenantry and the Scotch crofters, never had a friend who better understood their grievances or more heartily sympathized with their movements. Every speech he ever made upon the stump, or in the halls of the Senate, indicated toward which side his heart was turned. In the Senate his effort in behalf of the restoration of silver to the currency, and his great speech upon the power of control by the Federal Government over the Pacific Railway, are cited as illustrations of my characterization of him in this regard. Though thoroughly imbued with their ideas and opinions, yet he never shaped his course with the mere hope of catching the popular breeze. Upon questions involving principle, he stood firmly by his convictions, having an abiding confidence in the ultimate judgment of mankind upon

his motives and conduct. His high qualities as a deep and original thinker, and his qualities as a statesman of the broadest type, are pre-eminently displayed in his speeches upon the silver question and upon the Kellogg Legislature of Louisiana, while his great resources as a constitutional lawyer found a conspicuous field for display in his advocacy of the Thurman railroad bill. The latter effort at once placed him upon an equality with the great lawyers of that great assembly. These speeches, if he had left no other record of his life behind him, will forever preserve his memory from decay, and stamp him as the greatest of Tennessee's Senators since the days of John Bell. In many respects the likeness to the latter named statesman is striking. Neither had any remarkably bright or shining qualities, neither presented any angularities or eccentricities of character. Both were men of depth, full men, sober, cautious, conservative men; both were very wise men; both were men of great reserve force; both were men of high regard for principle, and little respect for demagoguery. Neither were men of show or shallow pretence. The great earnestness of one, found its counterpart in the other. The solid and lasting qualities of the one are matched for the most part by the same substantial characteristics in the other. No injustice is done Mr. Bell by the comparison; it might be carried further, but the likeness is to those who knew and loved both, not a forced one.

While a member of the United States Senate, the questions springing out of our State debt assumed very grievous shape. The position which he held as Senator from Tennessee in the Federal Congress, did not demand, in the judgment of many of his friends, that he should actively engage in the controversy over a question relating wholly to State politics. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy. The motives of those who differed with him upon the question are not to be here adversely criticised. But of the dead this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced, and he can be heard no more except through the fidelity and love of surviving friends, that from the beginning to the end of that unfortunate controversy, he was ever actuated by a high conviction of his sense of duty to himself, his people and his State.

He was above all things a Tennessean. That his State should play a subordinate part in National affairs, or do one act which should in any sense lower her proud standard, was something that could never enter his imagination to conceive. His conviction that the debt of the State was a legal and honorable obligation, was to him more than a sentiment—it was a living faith. So believing, he maintained his views upon all occasions and at all places. He threw his whole soul into the controversy upon what he deemed the side of the maintenance of the honor and credit of Tennessee. He never ceased to do battle for these views, and it may be said of him, as it was of the Knights of St. John in the holy wars: "In the fore front of every battle was seen his burnished mail, and in the gloomy rear of every retreat was heard his voice of constancy and of courage."

The divisions which occurred in his own party over the settlement of this question, resulted in his defeat for re-election. He bore it with patience; under it he was calm, strong and self-possessed. He had to the last no bitter word or thought for those who

disapproved his action and opinions upon this matter, and standing here by his new made grave I can say of him, that he died with malice toward none, and charity for the action of all. And is it too much to hope that, standing over this grave, the wounds which were sustained in that dead and buried controversy may be forever healed, and their memory forgotten?

That question undoubtedly resulted in cutting short a political career which had opened so auspiciously, and which had already given sure promise of great fame both to himself and the State he loved so well. He left the Senate with the seed of the disease which finally resulted in his death. He was never a sound man after his return to his home. He bore his sufferings with great fortitude, and the Master's summons found him ready and willing to go. It has been said that in the last analysis nothing is left but character. If this be true, what a precious heritage has he left behind him!

How grateful to the memory of those who were upon terms of intimacy with him, must ever be the recollection of his many endearing and kindly virtues. Strong in his attachments, affectionate in his sympathies, he clung to the ties of friendship, kindred and domestic love, with an ardor no time, no distance, no circumstance, could diminish. "The seasons in their bright round will come and go; hope and joy and great ambition will rise up as they have risen," but he will come no more. "His life is blended with the mysterious tide which bears upon its current, events, institutions, empires, in the awful sweep of destiny." No praise or censure, nor love or hate, nothing can touch him further. The lesson of his life to young men is encouraging. He loved the young men, especially those of his profession. They should cherish his name forever. With no unusual circumstance of situation, of time, place, or even natural advantage, he reached the highest walks of his profession, and a seat in the highest council chamber of his country. Labor and virtue, earnestness and integrity; these were the stepping stones which he used, these the ladder by which he ascended. Better than great riches is a good name. This, this was his pre-eminently; this at least will ever abide. How better can I conclude than by quoting the magnificent passage upon the singleness of man by a heathen author: "Single is each man born into the world; single he dies, and single the punishment of his evil deeds. When he dies, his body, like a fallen tree, lies upon the earth, but his virtue accompanies his soul. Wherefore, let man harvest and gather virtue, so that he may have an inseparable companion in traversing that gloom which is so hard to be traversed."

BAKER D. JOHNSON.

This prominent young lawyer died of pneumonia, on Sunday, September 28th, 1879. He descended on his mother's side from the elder Governor Dortch, who was the first Governor of Tennessee, appointed by General Washington; his father, Wylie B. Johnson, was brother to the eminent statesman and lawyer, Hon. Cave Johnson. He was born in 1835, and educated mainly in Stewart College. In the Spring of 1862 he entered the Confederate service in Woodward's Cavalry Regiment, and in that command was known as a fearless and spirited soldier to the end of the war. He

commenced the practice of the law in 1868, and was elected Attorney-General of the County Court in 1872; this office he held till the beginning of 1878, when, his term of office having expired, he became a candidate for that of County Judge, but for which he was defeated by Judge Charles W. Tyler. He was of a temperament at once generous and proud; a true Southern man, such as our institutions and social habits have always tended to produce. He would have glorified in the epitaph which Themistocles desired to be inscribed upon his tomb: "No man of his time had done so much good to his friends or evil to his enemies," for he was a warm friend and a good hater, the natural impetuosity of his temper entering into both his likings and his loathings. His friends will remember the gentler traits of his character with sorrow; others will forgive his enmity now that it is buried with him in the grave.

JAMES E. RICE.

James E. Rice was born near the border town of Adairville, Ky., but in the county of Robertson, Tenn., on the 17th day of September, 1815, and died on Sunday, March 2d, 1884, at Clarks-ville, Tenn.; hence he was in his 69th year, lacking but one whole year of the God-appointed life of man, three-score years and ten. From Adairville, where after his matured manhood he lived a short time, he moved to the county town of his native county, Springfield, and for three years he there lived and labored to earn a support, and in the meantime study his profession, and was there admitted to the bar. Having to aid in the support of others of his family, he was thirty-four years of age before he could throw off the burdens of his early career and fit himself for successful competition with the bar of this Judicial Circuit, then, as ever, famed for the learning and ability of its members. At this period of his life he moved to Dover, Tenn., and there, in partnership with Judge Herbert S. Kimball, he began his career as a lawyer, and from that day till disease and death marked him for their own, his life was an incline plane of ever rising and increasing honors.



His cottage home in Dover, the older members of the bar know, opened wide its portico and its portals immediately on one of the main streets, and was typical of the open-armed, genial and graceful hospitality of its owners, for in the meantime he had won that crown of every man's life, the love of a good and virtuous woman, and on the 7th day of May, 1844, at the home of her parents in Montgomery county, he was married to Miss Julia A. Dawson. Forty years of married life, full of all the unspeakable riches of perfect confidence and a love that casteth out all fear, was the fortunate

fate of this union: blessed with just enough wealth to satisfy, but not to satiate, the wants of life,

“Hand in hand they climbed life’s hill together.”

It was in this home of love and hospitality that the now historical surrender of Buckner to Grant was made, and here, too, the wasting fires of undisciplined war began to follow in the footsteps of the contending hosts; and again typical of their cause, their sweet home was furled in the flaming banner, to rise no more. Espousing the cause of his people, he gave his all and followed the flag till there was no flag to follow.

After the war he returned to Montgomery county, and became permanently a citizen of Clarksville: pursuing successfully his professional career, he was first made Attorney-General of this Judicial Circuit. At the first general election for State officers, he was a successful candidate for the Circuit Judgeship, and having been re-elected, held the office for a second term. He was succeeded in the next election by Judge Stark, and again became a practitioner at this bar, and in this capacity continued till his death, dying as the good soldier loves to die, “in the harness,” and with all his armor on, and

“Never hand waved sword from stain more free.”

During all the time of his busy and hard-worked life, he ever found time to do his Master’s work. With wonderful industry and accuracy, he garnered every text in the rich harvest of His Word, until they were not only of his memory, but imprinted on his heart; and their light became the lamp that guided his footsteps even to the dark and narrow portals of the grave. Such in brief and in the merest outlines is the life of James E. Rice. The full picture, touched by the æsthetic hand of a master artist, would make a picture so perfect in all its parts that even the rude, untutored savage would stand uncovered in the presence of its chaste and simple beauty.

As a husband, he was a model; as a father, loving and beloved; as a neighbor, had he lived in that day, there would have been another good Samaritan; as a friend, he was as true as steel and sharper than the sharpest steel, not to see nor to puncture the faults of those he loved, but to blind all eyes, his own with the rest, to their shortcomings, and when without pain it could be done, with gentle hand to cut off every excrescence, until in his own true and loyal faith it became a thing of real beauty and of life.

With the simple, artless nature of a child, he had the grip and the courage of a lion when injustice met him in his path or the oppressor placed his iron heel on the neck of the poor and the weak, and the day was never too warm or too cold, the night never too far spent or too dark, for him to answer the cry of the suffering or the needy.

As a Judge, he was upright and honest, but never had the credit for capacity he deserved, for with a clear perception and an accurate knowledge of his duty, the stronger forces of his nature were ever interfering, and made him ever lean to Mercy’s

side. His tears bedimmed his mental vision, Mercy sometimes took the scales from Justice's hands.

Who is there of us who has not seen him, when after he had prepared his well considered charge, some skilled advocate, in the name of some aged father or mother, or oftener some young life in its very bud and promise, made appeal to his feelings, has not seen the warm, rich blood well up from the fountains of his heart, and with eyes almost too dim to see, catch his pencil and interline with some high, noble principle of mercy so large and so powerful that it unbarred the prison doors and gave the poor wretch another chance for life, hope and Heaven.

God made Judge Rice a nobleman; all the kings of the world could not have made him more so; courtly and dignified in his manners, yet he knew how to unbend and be a boy again in social and convivial hours.



THE UNIVERSITY MOVEMENT.

STEWART COLLEGE.

About the year 1850, the Masonic Fraternity of Tennessee founded in Clarksville the Masonic University of Tennessee, which school was conducted under the presidency of W. F. Hopkins, T. M. Newell, W. A. Forbes, and Wm. M. Stewart, successfully until the year 1855. At this time certain parties in Clarksville, in the name of the Synod of Nashville, purchased the buildings, grounds, etc., and the school was hereafter known under the name and title of Stewart College, which name was given in honor of President Wm. M. Stewart, who had been, and continued to be, a most liberal patron and friend of the institution. The Faculty was re-organized under the Presidency of Wm. M. Stewart, and the school was conducted by a Board of Trustees appointed by the Synod of Nashville (Presbyterian). He served as President until 1858, when Rev. R. B. McMullen, D. D., was elected to succeed him, Prof. Stewart in the meantime continuing his labors as Professor of Natural Sciences. The College was rapidly increasing in funds, appliances and patronage when the war came on and the school was of necessity closed. During the war the libraries, cabinets and apparatus were lost, and the buildings were entirely dismantled in the fortunes of war. In 1868-70, the buildings were repaired and refurnished at a cost of about eight thousand dollars. After some delay the Faculty was re-organized with Rev. Jno. B. Shearer, D. D., as President, assisted by a competent corps of professors. The school grew in favor and popularity more rapidly even than its best friends had expected. Negotiations looking to concentration of effort over a larger field were prosecuted diligently,



SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY.

until in 1875 a new corporation succeeded to the property and funds of Stewart College, under the name and title of

SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY.

The idea of a great Presbyterian University has been long cherished and ably advocated by some of our leading thinkers. It became evident, however, that such an institution must be from the nature of the case in a certain sense local, and it was suggested that contingent Synods unite and thus supply by co-operation what no single one could furnish alone. In furtherance of this idea active negotiations began among the synods of the Southwest, in which region the want was most urgent. A meeting from five Synods was held in May, 1873. After a full conference a plan of co-operation was agreed upon unanimously, containing also a succinct and lucid outline of the proposed institution. This plan of outline was adopted in the Autumn of 1873 by the five Synods sending Commissioners, to-wit: The Synods of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Nashville and Memphis, and also by the Synod of Texas. The adoption was singularly unanimous in all the Synods, a fact of no small moment when we consider the distracting views which had for years divided our best men on the relation of the Church and the School, and in view of the distinctly avowed purpose to make a school more distinctly Christian than heretofore. All parties are satisfied and all views harmonized by this plan and outline, and distracting questions are at rest. This is a great point gained. These six Synods the same year appointed each two Directors to meet in January, 1874, and take charge of the enterprise. These Directors met in Memphis and found themselves face to face with numerous applicants for the location of the University. It was soon apparent to the Board that this question of location must be wisely met at the beginning, in order to avoid the rock on which so many educational enterprises had already split. A second meeting was held in May, 1874, and the various communities desiring the location, made proposals, many of them extremely liberal, and all indicating great confidence in the success of the proposed University. After a careful examination of all the proposals, the Board selected Clarksville as the location, and Stewart College, with its funds and appurtenances, as the nucleus of future operations. The former Faculty of Stewart College was continued provisionally, and the school continued on the same scale as heretofore, until such time as the way might be open for the formal organization of the University proper. In June, 1879, the Board of Directors abolished the curriculum and re-organized the school on the plan of Co-ordinate Schools and Elective Courses. Rev. J. N. Waddel, D. D., LL. D., was elected Chancellor and Professor of Philosophy. Five other chairs were filled at the same time. In June, 1882, a sixth chair was filled, and others in 1885. The Faculty now consists of nine men, as follows: Academic Faculty—John N. Waddel, Chancellor, Professor in the School of Philosophy; Rev. J. B. Shearer, D. D., Professor in the School of Biblical Instruction; S. J. Coffman, A. M., Professor in the School of Modern Languages; E. B. Massie, A. M., Professor in the School of Mathematics; G. F. Nicolassen, A. M., Ph. D., Professor in the School of Ancient Languages; Rev. Robert Price, D. D., Professor in the Schools of

History, English Literature and Rhetoric; J. A. Lyon, A. M., Ph. D., Stewart Professor in the School of Natural Sciences; N. Smylie, Assistant Instructor in several Schools. Divinity Faculty—Rev. J. N. Waddel, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Church Polity; Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D. D., Professor of Theology and Homiletics; Rev. J. B. Shearer, D. D., Professor of Hebrew and New Testament Greek; Rev. Robert Price, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

This is one of the prominent educational enterprises of our city, and its importance cannot be over-estimated as an agency for the culture and refinement of the rising generation, and as it thus directly acts, in its influence, upon the true prosperity and glory of our country. For while this may be said of the sister universities and colleges of the State, each in its own local sphere, exerting its own individual power and influence for the elevation of our land, yet when the combined results of the aggregate number of these institutions are summed up, they are seen to be so great as to transcend all power of estimate. But we testify only to our own knowledge, when we attribute to this most excellent University the full share of these noble results, of right belonging to it. Such an institution is not made of perishable material—buildings, brick and mortar. These are indispensable helps in its daily practical work. But the wisdom of all the past shows clearly that a minimum of material such as this, and a maximum of the finer attributes of a school of the higher learning should be aimed at by its founders. This University is in possession of two large and imposing public buildings, containing all the necessary lecture rooms, chapel for daily worship, cabinets of geological specimens, chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus, society halls, and a large, commodious and beautiful hall for Commencement and other public exercises, handsomely furnished. By the public spirit and fine taste of the ladies of the city and University, the grounds have been beautifully laid off in walks and drives, and these have been solidly metaled and graveled, and shade trees and ornamental evergreens, with beds of flowers, adorn the campus.

The Faculty consists of gentlemen highly accomplished in their various departments of instruction, of much experience, and great skill in the art of teaching. The students as a body, are characterized by studious habits and orderly deportment, and those who have had intercourse for many years with students in various Institutions have asserted that no similar body of young men have ever excelled them as high-toned, honorable gentlemen.

The healthfulness of the city is proverbial, and it is a fact gratefully to be recorded that during the many years of the existence of the University, and Stewart College (of which it is the enlargement) no death has occurred among the students. There is another feature of very great interest and importance which is no small advantage—that is, that students are boarded in the best families of the citizens, and the home influence is kept in perpetual operation during the whole period of the University course, instead of the demoralizing tendency of the dormitory system. To crown the whole—it is a Christian University. The Bible is a text-book in every class, as much so as any science or department of literature, and a strict observation of the Sabbath is required of every student. With these fundamental features we have now in our midst a School

of the Higher Learning, which only needs to have its present respectable endowment enlarged to place it on an equality with the noblest and best.

WM. M. STEWART.

Professor Wm. M. Stewart, in honor of whom Stewart College was named, died at his home here on September 26th, 1877. We append below a sketch of his life and public services, which was written soon after his death:

Professor Stewart was born at Philadelphia in March, 1803. Anecdotes of his childhood exhibit him as the observant student of nature even at that early period. He is spoken of as devoting his spare time as early as the age of ten to observing and making collections of insects and shell fish. This tendency received a strong additional impulse when, at twelve years old, he was sent for his health on a voyage to the West Indies, where his powers of observation were exercised on an immensely enlarged field of study. In 1832 he came to Tennessee, his first residence being at Lafayette Furnace. His great scientific acquirements largely promoted his successful prosecution of the iron business, in which during twenty years he accumulated a considerable fortune, and in 1852 he moved to Glenwood, his present residence, about two and a half miles from Clarksville, where in a happy and respected seclusion he devoted himself to the scientific pursuits which have been his leading occupation nearly down to the day of his death. The studies of his childhood prefigured those of his manhood and old age, and his collection of the bivalve mollusea of the Cumberland River now in the museum of the Southwestern University is probably unequalled for its completeness.

When the meteorological discoveries of Lieutenant Maury (another distinguished *savant* of Tennessee) had occasioned that elaborate system of observations extending over the inhabitable world, and reported at the Smithsonian Institute, which has established meteorology as a science of most important practical application, Professor Stewart was among the first of the scientific men employed in these observations, and records of his long continued labors in this department are almost unique in their value, being one out of only three such series which were prosecuted uninterruptedly in the Southern States during the war. These were only discontinued about six months before his death.

Some years before the war, when the establishment of a college at Clarksville was set on foot, Professor Stewart was an eager promoter of the enterprise, and both with money and labor contributed essentially to its success. For several years he and the late Dr. E. B. Haskins gave their gratuitous services to the institution as Professors





PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

in the chairs of Geology and Chemistry respectively, and so high was the recognition of his ability and zeal in the matter, that the infant institution was named in his honor, Stewart College.

The war severely tried his fortitude in many respects, his relations to both sections of the country being such as to render the ordinary sorrows of civil strife peculiarly painful in his case; and at the close of the war he found his fortune impaired as well as his feelings lacerated. Christian resignation softened these afflictions, and the patient prosecution of his scientific labors diverted his mind from them. This was the period at which the present writer first had the privilege of his acquaintance. He found him in every respect one whom it was happiness to know; his clear intelligence and abundant information on every subject to which conversation could be directed rendered his society always profitable, and the subdued cheerfulness and high-bred courtesy of his manner made it as delightful as it was profitable. His was the best manner of Philadelphia society of fifty years ago; he had the grace of Chesterfield without his chill, the heartiness of the Western man without his roughness.

For two years before his death the infirmities of age began to tell ominously on a frame originally delicate, and his friends began to feel that the happiness derived from his society could not last long. About six months ago he was compelled to turn over his meteorological instruments to Professor Caldwell, of the Southwestern University, being no longer able to prosecute the observations which had so long constituted the leading occupation of his life. It is our belief that nothing contributed so much to hasten his death as this sacrifice; very few knew what a sacrifice it was. When he could no longer prosecute that which had so long been his leading object of interest in this life, it seemed as if he looked exclusively to a future state as the object of his aspirations, and one of the last sentences we heard from his lips was: "It is not much for me to say I am resigned to death; it is more that I am resigned to living until God shall be pleased to relieve me." It is not then for him, but for ourselves that we mourn.

"Vex not his ghost; oh let him pass! he hates him
That would, upon the rack of this rough world,
Stretch him out longer."



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Main and Third streets, is one of the largest buildings in the city. It was erected by the Presbyterian congregation in 1877. The corner-stone was laid May 19th, 1876; on May 26th, 1878, Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, stood in the finished pulpit, and united with the congregation in dedicating to God's worship a church whose cost had been about \$43,000, of which sum, on dedication day, not one cent remained unpaid. The building is of pressed brick, with white

stone trimmings, with a beautifully finished and furnished interior, and with a magnificent organ upon the left of the pulpit, which each Sabbath day sends up its full-toned voice of praise. This church stands now, substantial, firm and spacious. The throbbing pulse of a city's heart beats restlessly around it; all the years of its life it has been a city church; all the years of its life has Clarksville Presbyterianism been a thing sure and established.

But far down the road up which years have hastened, lie scattered way-marks of an earlier time; a time when city church and city life were alike unknown in Clarksville's little village; when of Presbyterians there were few, of Presbyterian churches none whatever. "The groves were God's first temples." In a wood called now the "Tompkins Grove," was sown the seed from which this Clarksville church was sprung. A certain eloquent divine, known near and wide as Dr. Gideon Blackburn, would cross to West from far East Tennessee, and in this grove would preach to eager listeners. He was himself a Presbyterian; his hearers were all who had learned of his coming. He made frequent visits; his eloquence is said to have been so thrilling that, although his sermons were ordinarily of three hours' length, and extraordinarily of four, none from the crowds who came to hear him ever left the grove till close of service and not one went to sleep. He sowed broadcast the seed of Truth; in after years it grew and blossomed fairly.

Sixty-four years ago its earliest fruits were seen. Fourteen persons met together on May 25th, 1822, and having assented to the articles of faith and rules of discipline adopted by the Presbyterian church in the United States, they were regularly constituted into an organization to be known as the Presbyterian Church of Clarksville. The Rev. Lyman Whitney, of Connecticut, a missionary from the Connecticut Society, acted as moderator of the meeting, and the newly organized church received, that day, two members upon examination, John Patton and Ann Maria Pattillo. Then, five months later, came Dr. Blackburn to see the church, whose seed his hand had planted. He administered the sacrament to the little congregation, saw eight new members added to its roll, then went his way, and from this time his name appears no more upon the records.

The church grew very steadily. It had no consecrated place of worship, no pastor, or even stated supply. But it neglected not the assembling of itself together—sometimes in private houses, sometimes in the Masonic Hall, oftenest in the County Court House. Ministers from other places made it occasional visits, communion services were held at distant intervals, new members were added frequently; the Presbyterian Church was growing.

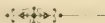
From the year 1835, the preaching of the word was much more regular. The Rev. Consider Parish (now residing in this city), Rev. Wm. A. Shaw and Rev. A. W. Kilpatrick, ministered often before the congregation, and in 1840, Mr. Shaw was appointed stated supply, and Mr. Kilpatrick directed to labor at his pleasure in the church. The plant of grace brought from the old oak-grove was tended very carefully. It grew to strong and vigorous life. The sunlight of God's love fell freely on it; and there came a day when, to give it fair room for blossoms and fruit, the building



BAPTIST CHURCH.

of a house of worship was begun. Previously to this time, in November, 1835, a subscription of \$2,300 had been raised for the same purpose, but the church was not built until 1839 or 1840. It stood on the site of the present building, and the Rev. Andrew H. Kerr, who recently died at Memphis, was called to be its earliest pastor. A salary of \$800 was annually paid him, and he remained with the Clarksville church till 1846, when he was succeeded by Rev. John T. Hendrick. Dr. Hendrick gave to this church very nearly thirteen of the best years of his life; it was with most reluctant consent from his people that the Nashville Presbytery of 1858 dismissed him to Paducah. After him, came Dr. T. D. Wardlaw and Dr. D. O. Davies.

Finally, in 1872, Rev. J. W. Lupton, of Virginia, accepted the church's call and for twelve long years has labored within it. If the hearts of his people can form a tie to bind him, he will live his life and die his death as their well-beloved pastor. In the fifth year of his pastorate, the old grey church was torn away, and the present spacious building was erected. The church has now an actual membership of two hundred and eighty souls, a large and flourishing Sabbath-school, and three mission schools in as many different neighborhoods. In addition, it has under its care the colored Presbyterian church, which church has grown out of a little Sunday-school, begun about twelve years ago by Professors Dinwiddie and Coffman, of the University. Thus stands the Clarksville Presbyterian Church. Within her walls is perfect peace; prosperity is all around her borders. The seed that Dr. Blackburn sowed was God's own seed of Christian truth; it has not returned to Him unfruitful. His tender care has been about its growth. His eye, through three-score years and four has watched it; and bud and bloom and fruit have come because it is "a vine of His own planting."



THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

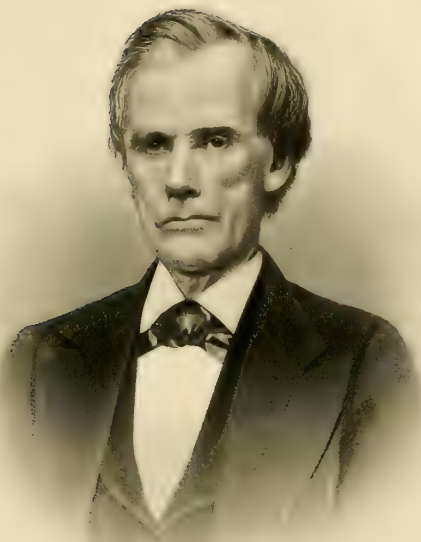
The Baptists commenced settling in Clarksville and its vicinity while the place was a small village. Some years before this, the Rev. Reuben Ross, a minister of the denomination, located on Spring Creek. He occasionally preached to such as he could gather together, at a school house in the town, or at the homes of some of the members. In the year 1836, the preaching of Mr. Ross had been so successful as to justify their organization into a church. It is true, their material resources were exceedingly limited. They were mostly composed of what is usually called, the common people. Because of this, their form and manner of worship, had little in it to attract the curious and the irreligious. As ministers of the gospel were scarce, and the field in which Mr. Ross labored was so very extensive, he could only occasionally preach to the brethren in Clarksville. The Baptists then had no meeting house, and they had to

hold their meetings in the Court House or such other houses as they could secure. Finally a church edifice was built. It was erected upon the Southeast corner of the lot upon which the Court House now stands. Mr. Ross continued to preach for this small body of believers, and he was so popular as a minister, and so successful as a preacher of the gospel, that he soon had quite a popular congregation. He continued his faithful labors for some years with Clarksville Church, and to the end of his ministry was held in high esteem by the entire community.

After Mr. Ross closed his work, he was followed in regular succession until the late war, by Rev. R. T. Anderson, Rev. Wm. Shelton, Rev. Mr. Ripley, Rev. Joseph Manton, Rev. Mr. Duncan, and Rev. W. G. Inman. These were all cultured men, and were well qualified intellectually, theologically, and morally, for the work which the Lord assigned them. No church can claim more elevated character for its different pastors, than can Clarksville Church for hers that preceded the commencement of the late war. At that time the church had become numerically strong, and she had during her history been blessed with a number of members equal in all the elements of Christian character to any of the citizens of the town. Among them can be named Joshua Brown, Jesse Ely, J. W. Rust, S. A. Sawyer, W. C. Barksdale, F. F. Fox, E. B. Ely, and others. A great many colored people then belonged to the Baptist church. The congregation except these became broken up and sadly scattered by the war.

In January, 1866, Rev. A. D. Sears took the care of the church. There were then but twenty five persons enrolled as members. Of these only two fifths were efficient. The first thing done by the congregation under the lead of the new pastor, was the reorganization of the church. By that act the colored church became separated from the whites, and numerically they have since had a wonderful increase, so that they are now more numerous than any other class of believers in the city of Clarksville. In 1866 the Baptist Church started upon a career of prosperity, and have now reached a membership of 225.

During the Summer of 1867, the building of a new church edifice began to be agitated. It culminated before the end of the year in a practical scheme for its final accomplishment. In carrying forward this object, Mr. Sawyer, of New York, contributed a liberal part. The corner stone of the new building was laid by the Masons on the 27th of December, 1867. It was done under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, the Hon. John Frizzel officiating on the occasion. In the Summer of 1868, the basement was occupied by the congregation. The main audience room was not finished for a few years. When completed, the church was formally dedicated in the presence of an immense audience, the Rev. Dr. Helm, of Kentucky, preaching the dedicatory sermon. It is proper, however, to notice at this point, that the spire of the church has never been finished, and this accounts for the fact that no cut of the edifice appears in this history. The Ladies' Aid Society have made ample arrangement for speedily finishing the church in handsome style, and the work will soon be completed. The Baptist congregation is now fully and systematically organized for carrying out, according to their understanding of the teaching of the New Testament, the obligations imposed



*With Knightly Courtesy,
F. D. Sears*

by the commission of Christ. In addition to the regular service on the Sabbath day, the following named societies and bodies are continuously engaged in prosecuting the charitable, missionary and financial interests of the church: There is a general prayer meeting on Friday night in each week; a young men's prayer meeting on Wednesday night in each week; a female prayer meeting on Tuesday afternoon in each week. In addition to these, there is a Ladies' Aid Society, a Female Missionary Society, a Star Missionary Society, composed of members of the Sabbath School, a General Missionary Committee, and for the edification and encouragement of the younger members of the congregation, there is a Penny Club, which meets on the first Tuesday night in each month. The pastorate of Dr. Sears has continued from January, 1866.

While it might be deemed in bad taste to individually name the women of the church in this history, they have in the Baptist Church, as they do in all churches, constituted the most active workers in all charitable and benevolent operations, and it has been the peculiar fortune of this church, to have during all its past history, a band of noble women who have continually worked for its prosperity.

REV. A. D. SEARS, D. D.

Rev. Achilles Degrasse Sears, D. D., the subject of this sketch, is of Norman blood, being a descendant of the Sears family which has existed in England since the Norman invasion. Wm. B. Sears, grandfather of Dr. A. D. Sears, came from England and settled in Fairfax county, Virginia, near the village of Centerville (originally called Newgate), which has since become historic.

Dr. Sears was born in Fairfax county, Va., January 1st, 1804, and at the age of nineteen he settled in Bourbon county, Ky., where he studied law, and where his career commenced. Being a young man of graceful form, handsome features, gallant bearings and bright intellect, he was at once admitted to the front rank in the best society, and succeeded in winning for his companion through life Miss Anna B. Bowie, one of the first ladies of the country, whose force of character impressed itself on every one. Her ancestors were from Maryland, but she was born near Millwood, Clark county, Va. They were married March 25th, 1828, and had four children, two sons and two daughters. They all died in childhood except one, Mrs. Marietta Major, who now resides in Clarksville.

Dr. Sears was raised under deistical influences; his ambition to defend the doctrine successfully lead him to investigate the subject, and the investigation interested him in religion. He was prejudiced against religious teachers because of the differences and strife among the denominations, and did not attend the preaching of the gospel at any church. He was more bitter against the Baptist than any other church on account of the practice of immersion, which he regarded as superstitious and indecent. Therefore he determined to rely on the Bible in his investigations, and commenced the earnest study of the great book of books, which he pursued diligently for nearly a year. The spirit, it seems, came to his assistance, and the more he read the more he was imbu-

with the beauties of the system of the Christian religion, and he soon reached the conclusion that true happiness depended on trusting in God, and that to be a Christian, was to be born again, and that baptism was immersion, and that it was the duty of every believer to be baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. He had never heard a Baptist preach, nor taken the trouble to investigate the doctrine, until after he had exercised belief in Christ; then reading Andrew Fuller's "Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation," and finding the teachings congenial with his experience, his faith in spite of his prejudice drove him to the Baptist church, and himself and wife were baptized at the same time by Rev. Ryland T. Dillard, at Bryant's Station, in Elkhorn river, on the 10th of July, 1838. Dr. Sears was solemnly impressed with the beautiful figure in immersion given as a church ordinance to teach the resurrection, and from that moment felt impressed with the duty of preaching the Gospel, and determined to prepare himself for the ministry without letting any one know his feelings or purpose before he was fully ready for the work. But notwithstanding his secret purpose, it seems that his church was also impressed at the same time that it was his duty to preach, and without waiting for the course of preparation planned by him, to his great surprise he was very soon called on to pray in public, and was quite soon licensed by the church to preach, and in a few months was ordained by a presbytery composed of Revs. R. T. Dillard, Edward Darnaby and Josiah Leake. The ordination took place at David's Fork at a called meeting on Saturday before the third Sunday in February, 1840, according to Baptist forms. Thus he was pushed into the ministry before he was near ready, according to his own thinking, and forced to combine practice with study, applying himself diligently. Four days after the ordination, he engaged with Rev. James M. Frost in a protracted meeting at the Forks of Elkhorn in Franklin county, Ky. He continued seven months, giving his time to protracted meetings at Frankfort, Georgetown and Flemingsburg, and preaching once a month at Stamping Ground and once a month at the Forks of Elkhorn. He was not the pastor of either church, but the people liked his preaching, and even those out of the church joined in a pressing invitation for him to preach once a month, and sustained him liberally for the service. At this time the Missionary Board of Bracken Association, at Mayslick, appointed him missionary, with a salary sufficient to support his family. It is wonderful how God blessed his work. While his family remained located at Flemingsburg, his home, he itinerated through three or four counties destitute of the Gospel, and holding protracted meetings with various churches soliciting his services. The first year he preached three hundred and sixty-six sermons, baptizing a great many converts. He held a meeting with Elder Curry, pastor at Shelbyville, Ky., in April, 1840, preaching twice a day for two weeks, which resulted in the baptism of one hundred and forty-nine persons. This was followed by a meeting at South Benson, where quite a number united with the church, then at Burk's Branch, where he preached two weeks, and baptized sixty-six persons. His success and fame as a minister was spreading among the Baptist people throughout the State. The First Baptist Church, Louisville, sent a pressing invitation for his help, to which he acceded, beginning a protracted meeting the last week in July,

1842, which continued eight weeks, resulting in his baptizing one hundred and twenty-five converts. He was then called to the pastoral care of the Louisville church, which he accepted on the 1st of September, 1842, and this ended his evangelical and missionary labors for a time. Dr. Sears had been in the ministry but a little over two years when he accepted charge of the Louisville church, in whose service he continued as pastor seven years, and during the time baptized over three hundred persons. He resigned the care of this church in July, 1849, to accept the appointment as General Agent of the General Association of Kentucky. He spent a year in this work, traveling and preaching. He held four protracted meetings at Silvesa, Mercer county, Henderson and Hopkinsville, Ky., and one in Indiana, in which over two hundred and fifty people were converted. He was called from this work to the care of the Hopkinsville church in July, 1850, which was then one of the strongest Baptist congregations in Kentucky. He continued as pastor of this church twelve years, during which time he baptised about three hundred converts.

The war came up, and Dr. Sears, being intensely Southern in sentiment, excited the prejudice of the Federal authorities, and had to surrender the care of the Hopkinsville church, abandon his home and seek freedom and safety in the South, where he remained four years, preaching one year at Macon and one in Columbus, Miss., as a mere supply to these churches, and the balance of his exile was spent as a missionary of the Southern Board of Missions in preaching to the Confederate army. Mrs. Sears remained in Hopkinsville to take care of their home and effects, surrounded by warm-hearted, influential friends, who, notwithstanding the excitement then prevailing, never permitted her to be disturbed. During this period a circumstance occurred which deserves to be told in this connection as an incident in the war history. After the elapse of over two years, Dr. Sears, discovering the way open, desired to see his wife, and came to the Tennessee Iron Works, known as the Baxter Furnace, where he was most hospitably entertained by Mr. Alexander Jackson. This was in the midst of trying times, first one side and then the other holding the country, and when both armies were absent the guerillas held sway. It was then that the courage of the noble women of the South was put to the test, and the many virtues and true devotion of the timid gentle spirited females of the beloved Southland, were made to shine on the war pages of the Confederacy brighter than the diadems of any royal sovereignty. The able-bodied brave young men had all gone to the front, and our beloved women had to take their places and brave dangers that even the old men who remained at home dared not do, undertaking errands that would be considered dangerous now, amid profound peace. Dr. Sears made known his desire, and Mrs. Jackson started immediately with a letter to Mrs. Sears, which she managed to forward from Clarksville to Mrs. Sears in Hopkinsville. Mrs. Sears was very soon in Clarksville, the guest of Dr. Haskins' family. Meeting Mrs. Jackson, she learned all the particulars, and directly the ladies were busy with quiet preparations for Mrs. Sears to go through the lines. Dr. Haskins thought he could procure a pass for Mrs. Sears, and without intimating his purpose to the ladies, called on Colonel Bruce, commander of the post, and in the interview Dr. Haskins told

Colonel Bruce that Mrs. Sears was then at his house making arrangements to go to see her husband at Tennessee Iron Works. Colonel Bruce told him to tell Mrs. Sears that she need not go, that he would issue a pass for Dr. Sears to go through his lines at will, and that he might come and stay as long as he pleased and return when he wished. Said he, "tell her I want to hear Mr. Sears preach." Dr. Haskins, feeling that he had a pleasant surprise for the ladies, carried the good news home in a gleeful spirit. But the ladies mistrusted it as designing mischief, and were thrown into a state of consternation. Their plans were thwarted, and they were all liable to be arrested, and Dr. Sears captured and punished as a rebel spy. Dr. Haskins appreciated the situation, and called on Colonel Bruce again for assurances, and was given a pass for Mrs. Sears through the Federal lines and return, with permission to carry her husband whatsoever she desired, not subject to examination, and further assured her that she should have a trusty guard through the lines if she desired, and that Dr. Sears should not be interrupted. This message was most gratefully received: it relieved all apprehensions, and Mrs. Sears, after purchasing all the articles desired for her husband, started on the trip, accompanied by Mrs. Watkins, sister of Mrs. Jackson, and Miss Florence Johnson, now Mrs. Cammack. Crossing the ferry Mrs. Sears was observed to have several bundles, principally clothing for her husband; the guards, with Mrs. Johns, insisted that the bundles should be searched, and the pass of Colonel Bruce would not have protected her but for the kind interference of Mr. Hugh Dunlap, who happened to be present, crossing the river, and although unacquainted with Mrs. Sears at the time, declared that he would take the lady back to headquarters sooner than she should be treated with such indignity, and Mrs. Johns yielded, and the guards suffered her to pass. Mrs. Sears spent a month with her husband, the guest of Mr. Jackson's family, where they were kindly treated, when he returned to the front and she started home, but on arriving in Clarksville received notice from a friend in Hopkinsville that the Federal commander in Kentucky would not permit her to return to Hopkinsville then, and she did not return for nearly a year, remaining in Clarksville. Mrs. Sears did not neglect to thank Colonel Bruce for his generous courtesy, and that act served to strengthen the confidence and esteem of the entire rebel element for Colonel Bruce, who was the most popular Federal post commander in the Confederate territory. It was more than a year after this before Dr. Sears returned, and when he did General Burbridge forbade his entering the State of Kentucky, and General Palmer, who succeeded Burbridge, notwithstanding the importunities of influential friends, reiterated the prohibition, and permission was not granted him to return until 1865.

This finally resulted in the location of Dr. Sears in Clarksville. There were then twenty five Baptists in the city. Dr. Sears called them together and reorganized the church, and commenced a protracted meeting in the old church on what is now part of the Court House square, which was successful, and he was chosen pastor in January, 1866, which relation has never been changed, and in no probability will be until he is called to that blissful reward which awaits God's faithful servants. Dr. Sears set on foot at once a move to build a good church house to cost about \$25,000. Notwith-



MRS. A. D. SEARS.

standing the congregation was weak and the membership poor, the work was prosecuted with untiring zeal and energy, and by degrees the work was accomplished and paid for as it progressed, and the cause prospered greatly in his hands during the time, the membership soon increasing over two hundred. The old saying, and generally a true one, that new churches always change pastors, was not verified in his case. He had become so engrafted in the affections of his congregation, that nothing could separate him from the love of the church, and the ties have continued to grow stronger with each succeeding year. As illustrative of the esteem in which he is held, the writer will relate a circumstance which brought the church to the test. About ten years ago the pastor was subjected to a severe attack of pneumonia. Physicians pronounced the chances against him from the beginning, and he seemed to grow worse daily. His situation was discussed with deep concern by the congregation, and solemnity was depicted on every face. Finally on the afternoon of the ninth day, the doctor said the crisis had come, and without a remarkable change for the better by midnight, he was bound to die. The deacons sent around notice for the congregation to assemble at the church for united prayers for the pastor. The house was filled; it was the largest prayer-meeting ever witnessed in Clarksville, and the most agonizing prayers offered that was ever heard. The congregation for an hour was greatly exercised, and suddenly a feeling of calmness came over the audience, and the meeting adjourned, and that very hour the doctor examined the patient and said to the nurses present, "he is decidedly better, and will get well."

Dr. Sears is now in his eighty-third year. His face is a little furrowed, and his hair slightly gray, but his eyes are bright and he stands erect in the pulpit and preaches two sermons every Sunday with more power of eloquence and Gospel sweetness than ever. His meetings are well attended, and good attention paid to his ministry. He rarely ever preaches over forty minutes, and never reads a sermon. He is a student, prepares his sermons well, and often when enthused with his subject takes lofty flights, thrilling the hearts of his hearers by his Gospel eloquence. One characteristic which gives force to his preaching, is that he knows when he has made a point, and leaves it for his hearers to digest without undertaking to show what the point is, presuming upon the ignorance of his audience, therefore his sermons are short and appreciated. He commands the greatest respect and attention from any audience. The writer never heard him administer reproof to any one in the audience for disrespect. His preaching is plain and easy of comprehension. He exercises a wonderful influence over children. He is always urging members to bring their little children to church. Few congregations have so large a proportion of children, and it is astonishing how attentively the little ones listen to his teachings, and how soon they catch his points and learn to repeat something said that has impressed them. He is thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit, and rarely preaches without emphasizing the command to spread the Gospel. He uses every opportunity to indoctrinate his people, and spares no occasion to reprove the sins that are constantly creeping into the churches. No matter who is guilty, he does not spare the rod, and is afterward thanked for it. People never

ture of his preaching; there is always a freshness, something new and original, in his sermons.

Dr. Sears and wife celebrated their golden wedding eight years past, and every year since the ladies of his congregation pay some attention to the anniversary. They both delight in recounting the happy events of their bright wedding day, and what is remarkable, every anniversary since (the 25th of March) has been a beautiful, bright happy day, bringing music in every sound, sweet perfumes on every breeze, and new joys budding like flowers in every thought to bless their happy married life. Mrs. Sears was born July 25th, 1797, and is now in her ninetieth year, still active, able to attend service regular, visit, etc.; attends to her own house-keeping, cultivates her flowers, of which she is very fond, etc. Mrs. Sears is a lady of superior intellect, and has given her husband great assistance in his studies, and much comfort through life, always looking at the bright side, possessed of a cheerful spirit and a hearty good will. Very few people are blessed with such extraordinary social qualities. Pleasing in manners, interesting in conversation, bright in repartee, sparkling in wit and humor, and keen in sarcasm when sarcasm best suits the demand, and at her present ripe old age, few people are so charming in conversation.

It should have been stated in another connection, that Dr. Sears figured conspicuously in the establishment of Bethel College at Russellville, and Bethel Female College at Hopkinsville. Soon after the close of the war, about 1867, he was elected Moderator of Bethel Association, at the meeting in Hopkinsville, and served one term. After the organization of Cumberland Association, he served four terms as Moderator, and declined the fifth election on the grounds that he did not think it best for the cause that any one should be continued in the office so long.

During his ministry of forty-seven years, he has perhaps baptized over two thousand persons, having baptized some nineteen during the first half of the present year, converts under his regular preaching. During the forty-seven years he has never served as pastor of but three churches, Louisville, Hopkinsville and Clarksville, now twenty years in Clarksville. Few ministers have been called upon oftener to solemnize the rights of matrimony, and preach commencement and introductory sermons. He preached the commencement sermon before the Southern Baptist Association at Montgomery, Ala., in 1847, which was attended by over three hundred ministers. Dr. Sears has also been a most zealous and active Free Mason through life, reaching the very topmost round of the ladder in the order. He has delivered a great many Masonic addresses in Tennessee and Kentucky, and served in all the high stations. He was elected Right Eminent Grand Commander of Knights Templar of Tennessee in 1870, and served the usual term. He is now Past Grand Commander, and a prominent member of the Grand Encampment of the United States. His days are full of love's labor, his years bright with honors worthily won, and his life blessed by the approving spirit of a loving and allwise Providence.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The society known in the records of the Tennessee Annual Conference simply as "Clarksville Station," was organized as a church at a very early date in the history of the town near the beginning of the present century, and worshiped for some years, tradition says, in a building of a very temporary character somewhere near the Cumberland River. The church gained in numbers and resources as the town grew, and in 1832 built the first brick church ever erected in Clarksville, on the corner of Fourth and Main streets. This was occupied by the Methodists from 1832 until 1841. The first sermon preached in it was delivered just fifty four years ago by Rev. John B. McFerrin, D. D., who still lives, a leading member of the church and its general agent for the management of its great Publishing House at Nashville.

In 1841, this church was sold to the Cumberland Presbyterians, and the Methodists erected a larger building on the corner of Fifth and Franklin streets, in which they worshiped until the 1st of September, 1883, when it was also sold to the Cumberland Presbyterians, who now occupy it.

There many a battle has been fought, many a victory won, and an influence exerted upon the community and the surrounding country the value of which can hardly be estimated. The records of the annual conference having been burned in the fire at the Publishing House a few years since, we have no reliable information as regards the pastors of the church prior to the Autumn of 1841. Since then the pulpit has been occupied by Rev. E. H. Hatcher, appointed November, 1841; John W. Hanner, appointed November, 1842; Milton Ramey, appointed November, 1843, and remained only a short time; Joseph E. Douglass, appointed to supply his place; Joseph B. Walker, appointed November, 1844; Adam S. Riggs, appointed November, 1845; Alexander R. Erwin, appointed November, 1846; Lewis C. Bryan, appointed November, 1847; Samuel D. Baldwin, appointed October, 1848-49; Thomas Maddin, ap



METHODIST CHURCH

pointed October, 1850-51; Thomas W. Randle, appointed October, 1852-53; A. R. Erwin, appointed October, 1854; A. Mizell, appointed October, 1855-56; Joseph B. West, appointed October, 1857-58; W. D. F. Sawrie, appointed October, 1859-60; W. G. Dorris, appointed October, 1861-62-63-64; R. S. Hunter, appointed October, 1865; Wellborn Mooney, appointed October, 1866-67; J. R. Plummer, appointed October, 1868-69; John P. McFerrin, appointed October, 1870-71-72; W. M. Green, appointed October, 1873; J. R. Plummer, appointed October, 1874; R. K. Brown, appointed October, 1875-76-77-78; James D. Barbee, appointed October, 1879-80-81-82; T. L. Moody, appointed October, 1883-84, and W. R. Peebles, appointed October, 1885.

The Presiding Elders of the Clarksville District within the same period have been A. L. P. Green, John W. Hanner, John F. Hughes, Joseph B. West, R. S. Hunter, A. Mizell, R. P. Ransom, William Burr, Wellborn Mooney, R. K. Hargrove, John P. McFerrin, James A. Orman, and J. W. Hill.

The corner stone of the new church was laid on Tuesday, September 26th, 1882. The building is very consistently gothic in its proportions inside and out, ornamented, however, in front with Corinthian columns, at sides of entrance and of the tower windows, that add very much to the elegance and beauty of the structure. There are two towers, the taller of which is 145 feet and the other 120 feet high. The front elevation has a very imposing and attractive appearance, as it is well proportioned and the brick work is richly ornamented with cut stone from foundation to roof. The roof is supported by iron bridge trusses, manufactured by the Pittsburgh Bridge Company. The roof trusses have been boxed with wood in ornamental style, and between the trusses the under side of the roof ceiled in hard wood panels, which gives a very beautiful and airy appearance to the main auditorium, which is 76 feet long by 51 feet 6 inches wide, with a semi-octagonal alcove in rear of the pulpit, which is intended to be occupied by the choir and organ. Contracts have been made for highly ornamental cathedral glass for the windows, and the audience room will be elegantly furnished with solid black walnut pews, well cushioned. The gas fixtures, a combination of polished bronze, copper and glass, will add very much to the beauty of the room at night. The floor of the audience room, from midway to the doors, is elevated twenty-four inches, which will enable persons sitting towards the doors to see the speaker. The room will seat comfortably from 500 to 600 persons, and with the gallery, when crowded, 800 or 900. The Sunday-School room below, 48 feet by 51 feet, and 13 feet high, is light and airy, elegant and comfortable in all its appointments. Connected with it by wide double doors, is the infant class room, 27 by 30 feet, a delightful place for the little ones. Then there is what is called the ladies' parlor, 18 by 18 feet, and the pastor's study and library, 20 by 13 feet. Contracts have been made for a handsome iron fence on a cut stone base, and when that is finished the whole structure, which is a model of symmetry and proportions, will be one of the greatest architectural ornaments to the city of Clarksville, and take it altogether, one of the most elegant and complete church edifices in Tennessee.

THE CLARKSVILLE FEMALE ACADEMY

The Clarksville Female Academy was organized as a chartered institution of learning over forty years ago. The public-spirited citizens of our town believed then as others believe now, that every facility should be given the youth of our land, both male and female, to obtain a first class education. These public-spirited citizens, mostly of the Methodist persuasion, inaugurated the effort to establish a first class Female Academy in the Town of Clarksville.

With this end in view, subscriptions were solicited and liberal-minded men came forward and gave of their means, for the purpose of establishing a school of high grade for young ladies, without, of course, any expectation of any pecuniary remuneration.

The stockholders, as shown by the stockholders' certificate book, were as follows, each share representing \$25.00:

A. G. Brown, 4 shares; T. F. Pettus, 20 shares; B. W. Macrae, 8 shares; T. McCulloch, 3 shares; T. Anderson, 3 shares; Jno. F. Hughes, 2 shares; F. Miller, 2 shares; W. Bagwell, 2 shares; W. P. Hume, 3-5 share; E. L. Williams, 2 shares; G. A. Egon & Co., 4 shares; W. B. Collins, 3 shares; Peter O'Neal, 4 shares; Mrs. Hodgson & Maguire, 4 shares; Dr. B. E. Haskins, 4 shares; Frank S. Beaumont, 12 shares; Jno. F. Courts, 20 shares; Jno. F. House, 8 shares; Jas. H. Williams, 4 shares; G. D. Mumms, 4 shares; Mrs. V. C. Boyd, 8 shares; N. K. Leavell, 20 shares; Dr. W. H. Drane, 20 shares; S. Kellogg, 4 shares; Jos. B. West, 12 shares; Dr. J. W. Cabaniss, 4 shares; J. N. Barker, 20 shares; W. H. Gilliat, 20 shares; W. H. Bryarly, 4 shares; Wm. Broadbuss, 3 shares; W. & J. E. Broadbuss, 8 shares; F. W. Wisdom, 4 shares; G. W. Macrae, 2 shares; S. Hodgson, 2 shares; C. G. Smith, 2 shares; A. Robb, 20 shares; Thos. Cross, 6 shares; C. H. Roberts, 8 shares; W. U. Ussery, 4 shares; J. T. Richardson, 4 shares; W. M. Shelton, 2 shares; Jas. A. Grant, 2 shares; J. L. Wyatt, 1 share; R. H. Pickering, 4 shares; Jos. Grant, 1 share; W. B. Mun-



ford, 4 shares; H. F. Beaumont, 34 shares; S. F. Beaumont, 28 shares; M. H. Clark, 4 shares; J. H. Marable, 4 shares; Dr. J. Cobb, 19 shares; J. O. Ewing, 4 shares; Hardy Campbell, 2 shares; J. M. Young, 4 shares; R. S. Chilton, 7 shares; J. S. Majors, 2 shares; T. D. Leonard, 4 shares; W. O. McReynolds, 3 shares; Tennessee Annual Conference, 32 shares; J. P. Rogers, 12 shares; J. M. Swift, 10 shares; W. N. Ussery, 6 shares; F. O. Hammer, 20 shares.

It is a current belief that the Tennessee Annual Conference was the largest stock subscriber to this enterprise. Indeed, the catalogue of 1877 says: "The property was purchased by means of stock subscriptions, to which the Tennessee Annual Conference was the largest contributor." By reference to the list of subscribers, it will be seen that Henry F. Beaumont subscribed for thirty-four shares, while the Tennessee Annual Conference subscribed for thirty-two shares. The writer states these facts in justice to one long since dead, who loved his church and conference better than he did any reputation for liberality.

After these subscriptions were made, the home of Mr. Allen Johnson, situated on Madison street, was purchased and additions made to the buildings, so as to fit them for the purposes for which they were intended. It will not be inappropriate here to quote the catalogue of the Rev. J. R. Plummer (1877):

"The Academy was established as a chartered institution of learning in 1846, under the presidency of the Rev. Joseph E. Douglass, D. D. The property was purchased by means of stock subscriptions, to which the Tennessee Annual Conference was the largest contributor. The Rev. A. R. Erwin succeeded Dr. Douglass in 1847. The School was reorganized under a new charter, with an increase of stock, in July, 1854, and the Rev. A. R. Erwin, D. D., was re-elected President. In 1855, Dr. Erwin resigned in favor of Maj. John T. Richardson, and in 1856, the Rev. A. L. Hamilton, D. D., succeeded Maj. Richardson in the presidency. In 1859, the necessities of the case requiring it, the Academy buildings were enlarged by the erection of the three-story building in the rear, in which is the large study hall, recitation rooms, and dormitories."

In 1862, the Academy buildings were occupied by both Confederate and Federal forces, as a hospital. After the close of the war between the States the building was found to be out of repair, the grounds in a dilapidated condition, and it was understood that both had to be put in thorough repair before a school could be established. In this condition Rev. J. B. West, D. D., was called to the presidency of the Academy, he agreeing to put the buildings and grounds in repair, and conduct the school for a number of years, in consideration of rent for the buildings. Dr. West was succeeded in September, 1873, by the Rev. J. M. Wright, D. D., and in September, 1876, the Rev. Jas. R. Plummer was chosen to take charge of the school, and conducted same until 1881, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Jno. S. Collins, of Memphis, Tenn., who filled the position of President until October, 1882, when he resigned.

No regular school was maintained, after the resignation of Prof. Collins, at the Academy until September, 1884, when Miss Bettie Burgess, an experienced teacher

and elegant woman, was chosen to conduct a school for the benefit of those who had girls and young ladies to educate in Clarksville. Since that date, Miss Burgess, now Mrs. Buford, has been the principal, and has kept up a most excellent school, with several assistants.

No institution in Clarksville has exercised more influence for good than has the Clarksville Female Academy. Prior to, and for some years after the late war, there was a greater demand for such an institution here than there has been of late years, although there is a demand now for it in its class Female School, which demand, it is hoped, will soon be filled. Before the war the Southerners were rich, and, being able, sent their daughters to first-class schools. Just after the war the Southerners, clinging to the feeling that their daughters, who for five years had been deprived of educational facilities, should be highly educated, sacrificed the comforts and necessities of life to give their daughters such an education as had been customary under the old system. It will be readily seen, therefore, that the schools of Dr. Hamilton, just prior to the war, was full because the influence in behalf of the institution had developed, and the school of Dr. West, just after the war, was full because of the recognition of Southerners that their daughters should be educated at any sacrifice.

Following Dr. West, came that ripe scholar, Dr. J. M. Wright. Succeeding him, was Dr. J. K. Prentner, who was beloved by patron and pupil. Succeeding him was Rev. J. S. Collins.

Of the various presidents who have been in charge of the Academy, the following are yet living: Dr. J. B. West, now pastor of Tulip Street Church, Nashville; Dr. J. M. Wright, now pastor of the Methodist Church, at Gallatin; Rev. J. S. Collins, who is teaching in Missouri.

In order to accommodate the large number of resident and boarding pupils, who once were drawn to Clarksville by the fame of the Clarksville Female Academy, larger buildings have been erected. It was found, after the re-organization of the system of free schools, and the increase in number of Academies all over the South, that these buildings were too large and too costly to maintain in repair to accommodate the school, which the Trustees could reasonably hope could be kept up at the Clarksville Female Academy. So, in 1886, the Chancery Court, at Clarksville, was asked to permit the sale of a considerable portion of the grounds, and a large portion of the buildings of the Female Academy, in order that a more modern building, yet smaller, might be erected, which would be cheaper to keep in repair, and at the same time, afford to Clarksville a first-class finishing school in this part. That legal proceeding is still pending. The hope and belief is entertained that, within the next year or two, on the former grounds retained for the purpose, an elegant modern school building will be erected, wherein young ladies will be educated, who, in literary attainments and womanly character, will vie with those who have heretofore reflected honor on our city, as alumnae of the Clarksville Female Academy. It would be well here to give the names of all the graduates of this institution, but inability to give the names of all suggests that it would be better to give none. But whenever this sketch is seen by

a former pupil of the Clarksville Female Academy, her heart will warm towards her alma mater, and will in most instances grow sad at remembering the death of some good women who were a scholarmate.

The Board of Trustees, as at present constituted, is as follows: C. G. Smith, President; Jno. J. West, Secretary; Jno. F. House, B. W. Macrae, F. G. Irwin, E. H. Lewis, Jno. F. Crane, P. S. Broadbent, S. F. Beaumont, S. A. Caldwell, R. H. Proctor, and L. Glenn.

These gentlemen have the good of the Academy at heart. They hope to soon re-instate that institution in all its former propriety. Indeed, it is confidently predicted that within eighteen months from this time, the Clarksville Female Academy will afford to young ladies every educational facility offered at any time in the past.



THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The congregation of Disciples of Christ, or as commonly known, the Christian Church, was organized in December, 1822, by the meeting persons mutually agreeing together to take the Word of God as revealed in the Old and New Testaments, Scriptures, as their only infallible guide of faith and practice: W. F. Fall and wife Deborah Fall, Harriett Fall, Maria Kinney, Leolin Eddings and wife Elizabeth Eddings, Caroline Barker, Amelia Love, Mrs. Black, John Thurston, F. B. Everett and wife Susan Everett. The members of the early days of the Church met as frequently as they could, but little information can be gained from them, and for this have had been given the writer to consult with persons who were members in the early days of the Church.

The congregation met each Lord's day for worship, for many years in a school house on Main street, just east of the residence of George L. Canfield. Meeting as often as possible, on which occasions they would occupy the Court House, or the Masonic Hall, then located on Franklin street. We notice that Elder P. S. Fall, then and now of Frankton, Ky., presided for many years after their organization. The church continued to grow in numbers and influence, Elders Isaac D. and John Ferguson preaching once a month for several years.

In 1846, Elder Henry T. Anderson had charge of the church, and which presided a given but no regular preacher for several years. Though the congregation was kept up, worshipping regularly every Lord's day.

In 1854, a lot was secured on the corner of Third and Madison streets, and the present house of worship was built, though never dedicated to use. In 1855-56, Elder

John Ferguson preached once a month, from which time till 1859 no record appears of a regular preacher, though the church had preaching often from such prominent Elders as Fanning, John T. Johnson, C. M. Day, P. S. Fall, and others.

In 1859, Elder W. C. Rodgers took charge and remained until 1861. During the troublesome times until 1865, many things conspired to interrupt the regular services, though the membership were faithful, receiving aid from Elder A. S. Johnson, who did a noble work in upholding the cause. At the close of the war, Elder James E. Miles was called to the care of the church, and by his zeal and earnestness, the congregation rapidly increased its membership, as well as its usefulness, taking up the mission work at New Providence and other points in the county. The death of this good man in 1871, left the church without a preacher, but his zealous teaching having brought out the talent of the membership, it was well taught by B. F. Coulter, J. E. Rice, R. W. Humphreys and Dr. Bernard, while Elder Gus. Johnson was always ready to give his time and talents to the work. In 1872, Elder E. B. Challener was pastor. In 1873, 1874 and 1875, Elder J. M. Streator, afterwards so well known in this entire section, faithfully served the church.

In 1875, Elder W. A. Broadhurst was called to the charge of the congregation, and ministered faithfully until the close of 1879, doing valiant service for the cause of his Master, and endearing himself by his eminent qualities of head and heart, to the entire community.

In 1880 and 1881, Elder I. J. Spencer preached for the church. He being called to a field of greater usefulness, left the pulpit vacant, though the church enjoyed the teachings of its Elders, Rice and Bernard. From April, 1883, to April, 1884, Elder N. R. Dale was the preacher.

From June to September, 1884, the congregation was served by C. A. Dinsmore, a student from Bible College, Lexington, Ky. In December, 1884, W. T. Donaldson was called to the charge of the congregation, and continued until June, 1886, when he resigned. The church at present is without a preacher. Though by death and removals in the past few years the church has lost most of its working members, and its membership much reduced in numbers, they meet for worship every Lord's day.



TRINITY CHURCH.

Trinity Church (Episcopal), of which the cut accompanying this sketch is a faithful representation, is situated on Franklin street, and stands on the site of the old church which was torn down a few years ago to make room for this edifice. The building is a fine specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. It is of ranged rock masonry, the material being obtained from the natural formation of blue limestone which is found in this vicinity. The stone is of soft gray tint, and is trimmed with other stone from the



TRINITY CHURCH.

Bowling Green quarries, fifty miles distant. The structure is one hundred and six feet in length. Upon both sides of the chancel, which is a pentahedron, are transepts that develop into chancel aisles, and are adapted by partly closed screens for a vestry room on one side and the organ and choir on the other. Durability of material, solidity of construction, and judicious management in execution mark every stage in the erection of this beautiful church. Its cost complete, exclusive of the organ, was \$40,969.08. Within this church is the beautiful organ, which was awarded the first premium for excellence of tone at the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The church was consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese on the 1st day of December, 1881; the Bishop of Alabama preaching the consecration sermon. It is entirely free from debt, owing nothing either upon the building, the organ, or upon current expenses.

Trinity Parish, for which the above condition of affairs speaks so well, is one of the oldest in the State, it being organized with a few members in 1831 or 1832. Services were held occasionally by Rev. Norman Nash, and afterwards by Rev. George R. Giddings, of Hopkinsville, Ky. On September 11th, 1833, the Vestry called the first rector of the Parish, Rev. Albert A. Muller, and on the 10th of September of the following year, 1834, the foundation of the first church building was laid. As this building approached completion, it was found that the walls were unsafe, and that the whole would have to be taken down and reerected. Mr. Thomas W. Frazier, a zealous parishioner, had this work done entirely at his own expense. He also built the parsonage, which now stands in the yard of the church, and when he died some years after, left a legacy to the church which yielded an income for a long time of more than a thousand dollars per annum. The first church building was consecrated June 23d, 1838, by Bishop Otey, of the Diocese, Rev. Leonidas Polk, of Columbia, Tenn., assisting in the consecration services. Mr. Polk afterward became Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana, and then Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army. He was killed in battle.

Dr. Muller resigned August 20th, 1841, and on the 14th of December, following, Rev. Edward Cressy was called in his stead. Mr. Cressy resigned April 1st, 1845, and the Rev. William C. Crane succeeded in the rectorship, arriving in the Parish April 20th, 1845. For five years this faithful and beloved pastor remained with his flock, but finally accepted a call to Jackson, Miss., and resigned on Easter Sunday, 1850. From November, 1850, to January, 1853, Rev. William Pise, a learned and devout man, was rector of the Parish. Rev. Joseph James Ridley was elected rector on the first Sunday in November, 1853, and resigned June 25th, 1860, having been elected President of the East Tennessee University at Knoxville. After many efforts to fill the vacancy, the Vestry finally called, in February, 1861, Rev. Mr. Cannon, who, however, remained but a brief while. The Parish remained without a rector during nearly the whole of the civil war. Rev. Samuel Ringgold, of Bowling Green, Ky., officiated as often as he could, and in October, 1864, he was chosen by the Vestry, and entered upon his duties as rector November 3d, 1864. He remained nearly ten years, and was a zealous rector. Mr. Ringgold resigned July 31st, 1874, and on Novem-

ber 1st, 1875, Rev. Philip A. Fitts, then of Birmingham, Alabama, accepted a call to the Parish, and was its earnest and efficient rector until, Oct., 1886. A few months before his arrival the old church, so dear to many of the parishioners, had been taken down, and on June 30th, 1875, the corner-stone of the present building laid. Under his supervision the work went on to completion, and the Parish arrived at its present satisfactory condition.

Mr. Fitts was an able and conscientious man, unswerving always in his devotion to principle, an earnest student, forcible and logical in the pulpit and singularly pure and temperate in his private life. No minister of the gospel of any denomination has ever wielded a wider influence in this community than he. In October, 1886, he accepted a call to the growing and flourishing parish at Anniston, Alabama, and much to the regret of his people here severed his connection with Trinity Parish. Rev. J. T. Hargrave, of Holly Springs, Mississippi, was called by the vestry to succeed him, and began his ministry in March, 1887. Mr. Hargrave is a Northern man, a native of the State of New York. He comes highly recommended, was very popular at Holly Springs, and will no doubt prove a worthy successor to Mr. Fitts.

THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

After the close of the war, in 1865, the ladies, of Clarksville and vicinity, determined to provide an Asylum for the orphan children of poor Confederate soldiers, who had fallen in the great struggle, and they organized for that purpose and bought a tract of land, with good improvements on it, near Clarksville, for the sum of \$25,000, and established an Asylum for that purpose, at which many of those poor children were cared for in comfort, and educated. By the growth of the children, the object for which the institution was established being accomplished, the Asylum was discontinued and the property was sold by the State. The funds to purchase and run the institution were raised by voluntary contributions from people of all sections of the country. Conspicuous among those who assisted in raising means for this noble and benevolent object, was Mrs. E. M. Norris, who now sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, near Clarksville, Tenn., without a stone to mark the spot. The labors of Mrs. Norris in this behalf were great and successful. She traveled extensively for this purpose, going to California, New York, and other distant points in the prosecution of the noble work. It is no injustice to others who labored to the same end, to say that to the labors of Mrs. Norris more than to any other one individual the enterprise owed whatever of success it achieved. Her grave ought to be marked and her noble deeds perpetuated.

The ladies were well organized, with an Advisory Board of distinguished men. The officers were: Mrs. G. A. Henry, President; Mrs. Dr. A. D. Sears, Mrs. Dr. W. M. Finley, Mrs. J. G. Hornberger—now Mrs. Dr. Flinn, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. A. S. Munford, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Galbreath, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Dr. E. B. Haskins, Treasurer; Rev. Mr. Bryson, General Traveling Soliciting Agent; Mrs. E. M. Norris, Matron.

After organizing some twenty Auxiliary Societies in the start, Rev. Mr. Bryson gave up the work, and Mrs. E. M. Norris assumed this hardship, and Mrs. McKenzie took her place as matron; but the management, success and wonderful work accomplished by this movement; the untiring, ceaseless energy, the great amount of both physical and mental labor expended by each of these lady managers, especially by the

President and Mrs. Munford, the Corresponding Secretary, whose pen was scarcely ever dry; also the spirit that moved them, and the general condition and desolation of the country; the self-sacrifice, tender sympathy, general sentiment and feelings that moved the people, etc., are all better told in the following interesting report by Mrs. President Henry, and the eloquent touching address of Hon. John F. House, to the third annual meeting in 1868:

MRS. HENRY'S REPORT.

The President and Managers are thankful to Almighty God for the multiplied blessings He has bestowed on this institution intrusted to their care, the Tennessee Orphan Asylum. Since its organization to the present time we have received into the asylum seventy children, in a state of great destitution and poverty. Of this number thirty-seven have been returned to their parents, greatly improved in their health and condition, and all in comfortable clothing. In every case they were returned home at the request of their parents, who felt they were in a condition to support them, who wanted the consolation of their society, or their assistance in their domestic affairs. There are now in the asylum thirty-three children, who, as a general thing, are as healthy and as well cared for as any family of children in the country. The matron, Mrs. McKenzie, who has at this time charge of the institution, superintends their education, and bestows upon them her matronly care and protection. The whole house is in nice order: the fare, the bedding, and the clothing of the children are carefully attended to; and, we are gratified to add, their moral and religious training is not neglected. The institution presents throughout the appearance of a happy and contented family. All of the children are learning very well, and several are remarkable for the progress they have made, and give encouraging promise of future usefulness. The matron is giving entire satisfaction in the discharge of her responsible duties. We should not omit to return our thanks to the clergy of Clarksville, who have repeatedly held divine service in the Asylum, in which all the children have participated, and at which they and every employe have invariably attended.

The health of the children has been good, and not one has died at the Asylum. In this connection, it is but just and due to Dr. D. F. Wright to say he has gratuitously bestowed his professional skill and attention upon the inmates of the Asylum whenever he has been called upon.

We take great pleasure in announcing that the institution is in a more prosperous condition than at any time since its organization. When we purchased the Asylum property at \$25,000, relying alone on the voluntary contributions of our friends to raise a sum, many thought it a hopeless undertaking, and we acknowledge we had doubts of our ability to meet our engagements and comply with our promises, although we had a credit of five years in which to make final payment. We, however, gathered encouragement from a conviction that the cause was a just one, and that God would prosper it. We now have the pleasure of announcing that we have anticipated the payment of our notes, and the property is fully paid for. A fertile tract of land, consisting of

about one hundred and fifty acres, within two miles of Clarksville, beautifully situated on the east bank of Red River, with substantial and convenient improvements, and all the appurtenances thereto attached, now belongs to the Tennessee Orphan Asylum, free from any incumbrance. When we remember that three years ago we had not one cent to begin with, this success looks more like the creations of fancy than reality. And yet it is reality. He must be an infidel who does not believe the face of God was turned toward us in this work, and we are grateful to Him that He has inspired our friends everywhere with the generous liberality which has enabled us to achieve this success. In despite of the croaking of the lukewarm, and the prophecy of our enemies that the effort to build up an asylum here would prove in the end a miserable failure, we struggled on, though shadows, clouds, and darkness did rest on the enterprise. To those who had no faith in the patriotism of our people, the thing seemed to be impossible. The prospect, it must be confessed, was gloomy enough; but a bright day has dawned upon us, and cheers us with its sunshine. Though our friends then were few, thank God we have many now, .

Our cause, when first to light it burst,
 Reared by a dauntless few,
 Appeared so small, its early fall
 Our foes prepared to view;
 But gathering more, from shore to shore
 Its influence now extends,
 Until at length we see our strength
 Enrolling myriad friends.

The Treasurer's annual report is laid before the Board, to be examined and recorded. It will be seen, after paying all the expenses of the place, the salaries of the agents and employes, etc., and \$10,062.35, the balance on cost of real estate, there was in the treasury, on May 1, 1868, the sum of \$3,132.25. The whole expenses of the house and farm, and the salaries of matron, teachers, and employes, amounted to \$2,444.35, which was surely an economical expenditure, when all things connected with the institution are considered.

The Rev. Mr. Bryson was paid \$1,000 for his valuable and laborious services in organizing twenty auxiliary societies in Middle and West Tennessee. The prevalence of cholera, and other causes not now necessary to repeat, prevented him from organizing many more. From those he did organize the handsome sum of about \$6,000 was received; and after paying all expenses of the agent, his salary, cost of printing, etc., there passed into the treasury from these auxiliary societies, to the date of the Treasurer's report, \$4,486.40. We have also received cash contributions to the same date to the amount of \$3,001.80; and from the successful and arduous labors of our indefatigable traveling agent in California, Mrs. E. M. Norris, the large sum of \$6,433.61. Nor is this all. Her labors have not ceased. We are in possession of the gratifying intelligence that she has since deposited with her banker in San Francisco five or six hundred dollars more, which, as it has not been received here, does not enter into the Treasurer's report. We can not be too grateful to these self-sacrificing agents. The

Rev. Mr. Bryson, after having, at great personal sacrifice, organized twenty auxiliary societies, whose contributions have reached the large sum above stated, and which we hope and believe will constitute a continuing fund, without abatement, from year to year, retired from this labor to engage actively in those belonging peculiarly to a minister in the service of our Lord and Master; while Mrs. Norris has traveled by land and water, and over mountains and plains, foot-sore and weary, many a mile, soliciting from far-off strangers in California their contributions in gold. It can not be inappropriate here to express to them our grateful thanks and profound acknowledgments, with the hope and the prayer that the blessings of God may rest upon them always. It is due to them that the society should recognize, by formal resolutions, our appreciation of their valuable labors. Nor ought we to be unmindful of those who have given by cash contributions \$3,001.80, during the past year. One large contribution of \$500, which does not appear in the Treasurer's report, because it never reached the treasury, made by our friend and neighbor, Mr. George W. Hillman, in the shape of an order for store goods, deserves to be specially mentioned and gratefully remembered. Mrs. Norris writes she was greatly assisted in raising the large sum reported by the Hon. Jos. B. Crockett, of San Francisco, to Mrs. Newhall, and many other ladies of that city, and to Gov. Blodel, of Nevada, and to the ladies of Virginia City, who espoused our cause with great zeal and earnestness. The Asylum is only tolerably supplied with provisions at present; nor is the farm nearly as well stocked with milch cows, cattle, hogs, sheep, and fowls as its necessities demand. The farm and garden are under very good cultivation, and we look forward to the time when it can be made self-sustaining. It is, however, far from being so at present, and we must still rely upon the charitable contributions of our friends. Having no endowment whatever, we earnestly call upon the benevolence of our friends to sustain us in our arduous undertaking, to feed and clothe and educate the orphan children of our Confederate dead. Is it not as little as we ought to do to feed, clothe, and educate the soldier's child, and supply, as nearly as we can, the place of him who died in battle in the service of his country, and was borne from the field of his fame fresh and gory to his humble but not forgotten grave, for, however remote it may be, or secluded on the hill-side or in the deep valley, it is a sacred spot, embalmed in the memory of the living and kept green by the tears of affection.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest?
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

We owe it to the ladies of each and all of our auxiliary societies, to make this public acknowledgment of our gratitude to them, for the generous contributions made to us by those societies, amounting to about \$6,000, since the last annual meeting of this board, besides large supplies in clothing, shoes, etc. It is from this source, which has now assumed the shape of an organized charity, that we are to expect in the future much of the means to carry on the institution, and make it equal to the expectations of the country.

The President and Managers take great pleasure in stating that the committee appointed to examine into the moral and educational condition of the children in the Asylum report most favorably on their moral and religious training, and their acquisition of useful knowledge. They state they have never observed a more steady and rapid improvement in any set of children anywhere. In reading and writing their improvement has been decided and gratifying. And of Mrs. McKenzie, they say she deserves your confidence in every respect.

The President can not take leave of the subject without expressing her many obligations to the lady managers of the institution, and especially to the officers, Mrs. F. B. Haskins, the Treasurer; Mrs. A. G. Munford, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Gailbraith, Recording Secretary; and the Vice Presidents, Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Hornberger and Mrs. Sears, for their prompt and invaluable assistance in all things pertaining to the duties of their respective offices, and other services connected with the management of the Asylum, which have been generously and manfully alleviated by the gentlemen of the Advisory Board, who have always been ready to aid us, under all circumstances and in every emergency.

A melancholy duty remains to be discharged. The pen hesitates to record and the tongue fails to announce the death of Dr. Edward B. Haskins, a leading member of the Advisory Board. No one had the cause of the Asylum for the orphan child of the soldier who died for his country more at heart than he. From its infancy he was its steadfast friend, and through every period of its gloomy struggle he unwaveringly stood by it. To no one more than to him is the Asylum indebted for its present prosperity; and while we bow in silence to the decree of Providence which removed him from the embrace of his friends and this scene of his earthly labors, we will be pardoned for paying this brief but sad tribute to his memory.

HON. JOHN L. HOUSE'S ADDRESS.

The ladies of Clarksville may well hail this as an auspicious day. Many of the men who perished in the cause that is lost left penniless orphans behind them, to the charity of those in whose behalf they offered up their lives. It was nobly resolved to provide an asylum where the helpless children of those gallant men might find a refuge and a home. Amid the surrounding gloom, the utter prostration of all the industrial interests of the country, it was generally feared that no such effort could be made with any reasonable hope of success. But, animated by a commendable and characteristic

determination, you resolved to make the attempt, although timidity pronounced the enterprise impracticable, and even prudence suggested that it was a hazardous adventure.

It affords me more pleasure than I can fully express to be able to congratulate you to-day, both upon the success which has crowned your noble efforts and the lofty spirit by which it has been achieved. I congratulate the county of Montgomery, that she may justly claim the honor of being the pioneer in this sacred cause, which appeals with heavenly eloquence to the holiest feelings of our nature. To-day she sends greeting to her sister counties of the State, with the soul-inspiring salutation, "There is life in the old land yet."

Two years ago a permanent organization was effected. Within that time a fine building, with one hundred and fifty acres of land attached, in the immediate neighborhood of the town, has been purchased, at the price of twenty five thousand dollars, and although it was bought on a credit of one, two, three and four years, the last dollar of the purchase money has been paid, and the association has a clear and unencumbered title to the entire property. In addition to this, the building has been thoroughly and comfortably furnished. Twenty auxiliary societies have been established in different portions of the State through the instrumentality of Rev. — Bryson, the able and energetic agent selected for this purpose. These societies raise means in their respective localities and send them forward to the parent board. The noble women of our State are lending their aid to this work with an unselfish and ceaseless devotion. The farm is in a good state of cultivation, and it is hoped that it will yield enough this year to furnish all necessary supplies. There is, also, an excellent school, where the children are being educated, and it is intended to make this a prominent feature in the future management of the institution. Those who have homes, it is proposed, may spend their vacations there, while those who have none will, of course, remain in the institution.

A few evenings since I visited the Asylum, and was forcibly impressed with the neatness, order and regularity which pervade all its departments. I frankly acknowledge that I was astonished at what had been accomplished. After paying for the property, furnishing the large building from cellar to garret, stocking the farm, and meeting all incidental expenses, there is now in the treasury the handsome sum of three thousand dollars or more.

Where so many have labored faithfully, it might be considered invidious to signalize the efforts of any individual by special mention. But I can not refrain upon this occasion from making a public acknowledgment of the weighty obligations which the society is under to Mrs. Norris for her self-sacrificing and extraordinary efforts in behalf of this cause. She has traveled far and near, and in person presented its claims to friend and foe, and by her individual efforts contributed in a large degree to the success of the enterprise. Even now, upon the far off shores of the Pacific, she pleads the cause of our orphans, and sends back substantial evidence of the gratifying success which is attending her labor of love.

The success of this institution, under all the circumstances, has been very remarkable; in fact, far beyond reasonable calculation. No government extended its munificent hand to aid it—for the government which would have cared for these orphan children, had it succeeded, is reposing in the same grave where their fathers sleep—no Congress, no State Legislature to bestow those magnificent endowments which of themselves place success beyond peradventure. None of these sources could be looked to at all.

Relying upon their own individual efforts, the friends of this cause resolved to make the broad appeal to an impoverished land in behalf of the children of our gallant dead. It was not so difficult to resolve to make the appeal, but how would it be responded to? In answering this question well might the sanguine doubt, the doubting despond, the prudent hesitate, and the timid despair. For the dead are generally soon forgotten. The charities of this world are very cold. Its Savior was cradled in a manger, spent his life as a wanderer, and died upon the cross, there being only enough charity left among men to give him a place in which to be buried. The mountains of selfishness rise on every hand, covered with eternal snow. But none of these considerations, nor all combined, were permitted to deter you from making a bold and persistent effort to provide a refuge for the orphans of the unforgotten dead. You utterly refused, in the face of the most formidable discouragements, to recognize the possibility of failure. You were "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." O, there is a faith in woman's heart that travels beyond the narrow boundaries of human wisdom, and glows with celestial fire in regions where "reason's glimmering ray" goes out in darkness—a faith that shines out in the hour of misfortune as resplendant as a burst of sunlight from the bosom of a cloud, and as beautiful as the resurrection of the flowers in Spring—a faith that clung with undying fondness to the cross, and refused to part company with the Divine Sufferer amid the very gloom of the grave. How much the world owes to this faith, how many tears it has dried, how many wounded hearts bound up, how many homes made happy, how many rough places in life's journey made smooth for weary feet, can never be known until the Recording Angel opens the books.

The reflection that the cause is worthy of every sacrifice that can be made to promote it, should serve as ample compensation for the labor already expended, as well as an incentive to future exertion. The cause of the widow and the orphan has the stamp of Heaven's own approval upon it. To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, is placed by inspiration itself among the shining evidences of pure and undefiled religion. The orphan is the ward of Heaven. The weak, the lowly, the unfriended and oppressed seemed the peculiar objects of the Savior's search while He sojourned upon earth, and they were almost exclusively the grateful recipients of His unobtrusive benefactions. It is not so difficult to bestow alms when popularity will be lost by a refusal to perform benevolent deeds, or policy suggests that our interests will be promoted by making the investment. "To do good by stealth and blush to find it

fame," springs from the spirit which Heaven approves, however rarely we may see it illustrated in the daily walks of life.

There is too much suffering in the world for the wealth that is in it—too much luxury and self-indulgence—too great a love of money, and too little interest felt in relieving the wants of the destitute and suffering. Men give to this duty a place entirely too unimportant and insignificant in their religion. In fact, many do not seem to regard it as any part of their *religion* at all. Where they find a religion without this duty occupying a prominent position in it, I am at a loss to know. They do not find it in the Bible, for its sacred pages are as fragrant with the odor of this heavenly plant as a bed of violets that throws its perfume upon the evening breeze; they do not find it illustrated in the life of Jesus Christ, for He went about doing good; and those who would follow in His footsteps, or imitate His example, must do likewise. By what authority does the servant make that an unimportant incident which constituted the chief work of his Master? So important did the Great Teacher regard this duty that He declared that not even a cup of cold water given in a disciple's name should lose its reward. If the poor and neglected ever applied to Him for aid without receiving it, if the wail of the sufferer ever fell unheeded upon His listening ear, the sacred historians have failed to record it. Wherever the weak staggered under a burden they were unable to bear, wherever the feeble and the friendless raised their plaintive cry for relief, "the Healer was there pouring balm on the heart."

It has sometimes seemed to me that the pulpit, in its ministrations, has failed to give to this subject the prominence it occupies upon the pages of inspiration. When the young man, mentioned in the Bible, came to Christ, he asked the Savior the question: "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" He was told to keep the commandments. He wished to know which. The commandments were mentioned over to him, one by one, and he replied. "All these have I kept from my youth up; this is the religion in which I was raised; it has come to me by inheritance, and has formed a part of my education. Do I lack any thing further? Have you any thing to add to the venerable creed which I received from my fathers, and in which I have walked all my life? If not, you can teach me nothing. The system of religion which you propose to establish has been familiar to me from my childhood." The young man seemed to have a very good record, if he reported himself correctly; but he was told to sell what he had and feed the poor. This was a startling announcement—a new idea to him. He dropped the subject and went away very sorrowful, for he was very rich. There may be those living in this day and generation who would be equally startled and equally sorrowful if they were told that it was their Christian duty to sell even one acre of land from their large possessions to feed the poor rather than see them suffer.

There is a picture drawn in the New Testament, and it is by the hand of the Great Artist himself, representing a very solemn and impressive scene at the last day. A certain character comes up for examination, and the following questions, substantially, are propounded: "What have you been doing in the world from which you came?

How many hungry have you fed? How many naked have you clothed? Were there any widows and orphans where you lived?" He is compelled to answer: "I had a large estate. I left my family very rich when I died. Objects of charity were abundant around me, but I never paid any particular attention to them. I had my own family to take care of, and occasionally, when it was convenient, when I could spare any means from my business, I gave to the needy." The books are opened and his account examined, and he is told: "There are some things to your credit here that are well enough in their place; but the list of your charitable deeds is very short. The number that you have fed and clothed is very small. You are credited with going to church frequently, singing a good many songs, shedding a good many tears, and praying a good many prayers. These are all well enough; but where are your *good works* that have followed you here to plead for your admission? Depart! For, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

It is perfectly idle to suppose that men can neglect those objects of want and suffering that sigh along the highways and byways of life and escape condemnation. If the Bible teaches anything, it teaches our duty in this respect unmistakably and irresistibly. If the life of Christ teaches anything, it holds this duty up to His followers so plainly that he who runs may read it. His career upon earth was one long pilgrimage of mercy; and His life is studded as thickly and as brightly with good deeds as the blue fields above us with burning stars.

The time will come in all our lives when every dream of ambition must lose its spell, when the fascinations of wealth will cease to charm us, and the applause of men to fill our hearts with pride. Then shall one desolate widow's blessing be sweeter to the soul than the plaudits of admiring multitudes, and the tear of gratitude that trembles in one lonely orphan's eye more prized than the richest diamond that blazes upon the brow of beauty, or the brightest star that shines upon the crest of heraldry. They shall constitute the jewelry of the immortal soul when it is adorned for its entrance into that land whose beauty eye hath never seen, whose music ear hath never heard, and whose unrevealed glories are beyond the conception of the human heart. "For, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where Charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

"'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor studied prayers
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

"And when a man can dwell apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust."

Religion and humanity both point to helpless orphanage, and admonish us that we can not ignore its claims without unquiet reflections here and disagreeable consequences hereafter.

But there are additional reasons which address themselves with peculiar force to the Southern people in behalf of the orphans of the Confederate dead. They are the children of men who died in a cause that had our full and hearty indorsement. They were unselfish men. They left home, father, mother, wife, children, all that the heart prizes most highly and loves most fondly; not because those objects of affection were not as dear to them as to other men, but because they felt that the voice of their country summoned them to the field. The sacrifice was great, but they had the manhood to make it; the danger imminent, but they had the courage to face it. How much they suffered, what they endured, before they offered up their lives, will never be known. How often, amid the fatigues of the long and weary march, the silence of the lonely bivouac, the monotony of the camp, the dangers of the battle-field, the gloom of the hospital, the rigors of the prison, their aching hearts made pilgrimages back to homes they were destined never to see again—to wife and children, the sunlight of whose smile should never more illuminate their pathway—are among the incidents of unwritten history.

There is one scene that can never fade from my recollection. It was on Bragg's retreat from Shelbyville to Chattanooga. As the soldiers from Middle Tennessee ascended the Cumberland Mountains, they bore in their bosoms hearts as sad as Abraham's when he climbed the mountains of Moriah to sacrifice his son. They stood upon the summit of the mountain and gazed back upon the blue hills that bounded the homes they were leaving, and bade a long and, alas! too many, a final farewell to scenes that were as dear to them as the lives they went so bravely out to peril. Who can tell how much of sorrow was crowded into that one moment of farewell! But they went forward with an unfaltering step, where they believed the path of honor led, and the hand of duty beckoned them—many of them even unto death.

The graves where they sleep are very humble. No government pours out its wealth to gather their dust into magnificent cemeteries, adorned with all that taste and art can contribute to beautify those cities of the dead. In the deep bosom of the wild-wood, where human footsteps rarely tread, many of them sleep the last sleep, with only nature and solitude as companions of their dreamless rest. The birds of the forest sing their morning and evening hymn above their unrecorded graves. No ancestral oak shall ever throw its welcome shadow above their heroic dust, and no monumental marble sentinel the undiscovered spot where their ashes repose. But they have monuments in hearts that are warmer than marble, and homes in memories that will never cast them out. Dearer to me their hallowed dust than the golden sands of all the Californias. No amount of detraction can shake my faith in their integrity, and no temptation of power or position ever make me false to the traditions of their history. I know they are stigmatized as traitors, but this hand can never consent to write such a word upon such a grave. My heart must be as cold as death can make it before it will

cease to warm at the mention of their names or to cherish the memorials of their virtue.

Thank God, this privilege is still left us. Even the ingenuity of hate has never yet invented a process by which the heart can be entered and robbed of its memories. No spy can bring reports from this enchanted land; no detective explore this unknown region; no rude soldiery put the forms of beauty that people it in arrest; and no court-martial pronounce its bloody decrees against them. This is hallowed ground, where yet no tyrant's foot has ever trod. Cruelty and oppression, and all the dark cohorts that human passion rallies to carry out its orders, stand baffled and powerless outside its walls; for the angels of God stand guard upon its parapets, and their flaming swords turn every way to guard this citadel of the soul.

We may be poor in purse, but we are rich in the treasures of the heart. Let those who feared to face us in our hour of might indulge the instincts known only to savages and cowards, by insulting us in the day of our humiliation and sorrow. Many a jackal that has now ventured out to insult and prey upon the carcass of the dead lion, once trembled in his hiding place when the roar of the living monarch reverberated amid the wilds of the forest.

There was a time when men who now insult the South were hunting for safe retreats beyond the reach of her advancing armies. There was a time when along her bristling ranks the flashes of victory ran like sheeted lightning along the broad horizon, and the shouts of triumph went up from her exultant hosts. There was a time when before her invincible armies even her powerful enemy fled in dismay; when the world looked on in amazement at the mighty strength she put forth, and the skill of her leaders, and the prowess of her arms wrung encomiums even from unwilling lips.

For four long and bloody years she fought Europe, Africa and America, and fell at last, crushed out by the sheer weight of overwhelming numbers. To characterize such a war as this as a mere riot or a mob, and assume that every man engaged in it was a conscious traitor, unworthy of trust and devoid of honor, is to trifle with truth and insult the common understanding of mankind. Reason rejects such a view of the subject as an absurdity, justice brands it as a falsehood, and the muse of history will soon transfer it to her immortal page. Questions that rallied millions of men as intelligent as the American masses to the battle-field for their solution, must have had, *did* have, two sides to them. Let us not be restive under the injustice which passion, prejudice and falsehood are daily inflicting upon us. The civilized world witnessed the conflict in which we were engaged, and took cognizance of the events that marked the mighty struggle.

The South has a history beyond the reach of mendacity, and impervious to the attacks of malice. Manassas, Fredericksburg, the Seven Pines, the seven days' fight around Richmond, Perryville, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin, and other battle-fields of the late revolution can not be ignored or forgotten. No amount of manufactured history or distorted facts can tear those memorable words from the Confederate flag or blot them from the "book of time." There are Lee and Jackson,

and Johnston and Beauregard, and Cleburn and Forrest, and Stuart and Morgan, and other "immortal names that were not born to die:" and in his heart of hearts the Southerner will cherish them, and his cheek glow with pride at their mention. Shall the Southern soldier, or any of his descendants, ever hear the name of Robert E. Lee without a thrill of delight and a feeling of veneration? Whether in his own State or at the head of an invading army upon the soil of Pennsylvania, he never forgot his honor as a soldier or violated the rules of civilized war. No smoking dwellings, no burning towns, no plundered cities, no ruined families, no female captives were seen on his line of march. No "wild mother screamed o'er her famishing brood" in the wake of his victorious army, although the plowshare of ruin had been ruthlessly driven into the sacred bosom of his own beloved Virginia, and the beautiful and romantic Shenandoah Valley had been made a howling desert. With all these provocations to retaliation, he ordered his soldiers to respect the private property of the people of Pennsylvania, and to make no war upon women and children—and they obeyed him. Noble old warrior, patriot, and Christian! Whatever the future may have in store for thee, thy virtues are embalmed in the memories of thy countrymen forever. State legislatures may pass acts forbidding the sale of his portrait, but there is a photograph upon every Southern heart which no legislative enactment can reach, and no sheriff with his *posse comitatus* obliterate.

I know there are those who would seal the lips of every man in the South unless those lips are opened to confess our sins and curse the cause in which they were committed. I know the land swarms with political pharisees who are continually thanking God that they are not as other men are, or even as these poor rebels. I know there are men born in the South who have *purchased position* by their industry in the "loyal" work of heaping what they esteem humiliating disabilities upon men, one drop of whose blood would enrich the veins of a thousand such caricatures of manhood. But who cares for their censure or courts their applause, or values the opinions of such creatures upon any subject? They belong to a race whose instincts lead them to wag the tail and bark, whether the bone that wins their hearts is thrown from a Northern or Southern hand. It is not to such slaves of party and pimps of power that honorable men yield the custody of their consciences, or submit the censorship of their actions.

In purity of motive, in stainless honor, in dauntless courage and lofty devotion to principle, the men who bore arms in the lost cause are the peers of the proudest that ever marched under any banner, or illustrated the annals of any land. Upon the floor of the United States Senate (where no son of the South is permitted to raise his voice in her defense), in a recent debate, an honorable member, who had the manhood to speak a word for this much slandered people, challenged our maligners to point to a single Confederate soldier who had violated his parole since the surrender. The challenge was not accepted and will not be. The history of the world might be safely challenged to produce from among its mouldering records an instance parallel to the high-souled and chivalrous manner in which the Confederate soldiers, in the midst of the most irritating provocations, have kept their plighted honor inviolate.

But still the lash of persecution is lifted up, and the thumbscrews of oppression applied. The hustings, the halls of Congress, the pulpit and the press seem to vie with each other in the manufacture of maledictions and the invention of new modes of supposed degradation for our people. Such men may be oppressed, but they can not be degraded. Every insult that is offered us in the hour of our weakness, every barrier of constitutional liberty that is torn down to reach us, will react upon the oppressor, and vindicate at the bar of posterity the cause they seek to make infamous by means so unworthy.

After the bitterness of defeat and the humiliation of failure, why should our oppressors wish to rob us of the poor privilege of believing that we are not disgraced? But let us suffer and be strong. This is a privilege which it is neither theirs to give nor take away. They can not build a dungeon to imprison the soul, nor forge manacles to confine the mind. Thought, like the winged lightning and the wayward tempest, scorns all the puny efforts of man to fetter or subdue it.

Shall the mother be forbid to mourn the loss of her gallant boy without first confessing that he fills a traitor's grave? No human law can ever force that mother's heart to associate with his memory a traitor's shame. She knows he was noble, brave and true, and when the last trumpet sounds, she will rise from the grave with that opinion. Shall the father be stigmatized as "disloyal," and stripped of all the attributes of a freeman, because his heart beats with a quickened pulsation at the recital of the heroic part his manly son bore in the bloody scenes of Chickamauga? If so, he will die a "disloyal" man. If it is necessary to tear from his heart all the feelings of paternal pride before he can become "loyal," he will never be able to reach that extraordinary state of political perfection. Ah, no!

"They'll tell their names in storied song,
Those men of Chickamauga fight,
And on the moss-grown cottage wall
Will hang their pictures, brave and bright."

Shall the maiden be required to turn a deaf ear to the voice of her lover because that voice once shouted in the charge of Forrest's invincible battalions? If so, the rose of "loyalty" can never bloom upon her cheek. Shall our fair countrywomen be denounced as rebellious because they strew the earliest and sweetest flowers of Spring upon the graves of our dead? Was she untrue to the claims of patriotism who, when a fair young soldier boy died far away from his home, bent above his bier, and with angelic sweetness said, "Let me kiss him for his mother?"

Shall we be told it is treason not to curse our cause, denounce our leaders, and hold in everlasting detestation the memory of our comrades who fell by our sides? We would be worse than brutes, certainly less than men, if we could thus act. Our hearts must turn to stone and our blood to water before we can indulge such sentiments and feelings toward those who led us in battle or fell in the fight.

It is *not* treason—and he is a fool who thinks so—to indulge a natural pride in the achievements of our arms, respect for the men who led us, and veneration for the

memory of those who perished. Hard, hard indeed, is the fate of those who died in a lost cause if their surviving comrades are denied the melancholy pleasure of dropping a tear upon their graves.

When reason shall remount her throne, when a prejudice that is both deaf and blind, shall cease to rule the hour, justice will be done the motives of those men. Appealing from the passions of the present evil hour to the more impartial judgment of posterity, let us submit their deeds and the cause in which they fell to the arbitrament of history.

“ Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
 Though yet no marble column craves
 The pilgrim here to pause,
 In seeds of laurels in the earth
 The garlands of your fame are sown,
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
 The shaft is in the stone.”

These are the men whose orphan children you have so nobly undertaken to rescue from the arms of want and the curse of ignorance. I feel that they are safe in your hands and in your hearts. In after years, when they have grown to the stature of men and women, made happy and useful members of society through your instrumentality, although they may have no early recollections of a home of their own to cheer their hearts and refresh their spirits, yet, when memory shall climb the green hillsides of childhood, your names will be associated with their reminiscences, and they will teach their children to bless you.



GREENWOOD CEMETERY.



The inauguration of Greenwood Cemetery was an era in the history of Clarksville enterprise which enlisted the sympathy and cordial support of all citizens who cherish the memories of departed kindred and friends. The old City Cemetery and Trinity burying ground were limited in extent, and had become so occupied that there was not a lot for sale in either. Besides this, they were organized upon a basis that provided no means to preserve them from neglect, as the weeds and briars and general air of desolation surrounding them at the time fully attested. Hon. David N. Kennedy observed the situation and became lively conscious to the fact that the day was near at hand when Clarksville would have no place free from desecration for a burying ground. He brought the fact to the attention of Hon. James E. Bailey, who had also become keenly sensitive to the great necessity, and they agreed between them to take the necessary action to provide a beautiful city for the dead. Consequently they pur

chased a lot of eight acres on the Charlotte road, with a view of adding other lots to it when the property should come in the market. They soon discovered that this lot was not suitable, when other gentlemen connected themselves with the move and the present location of about forty acres was purchased, and on the 28th of January, 1869, a charter was obtained from the Legislature for Greenwood Cemetery, one and one-half miles out the Charlotte road, since called Greenwood Avenue. The charter members were James E. Bailey, D. N. Kennedy, B. W. Macrae, C. G. Smith, John F. House, B. O. Keesee and Polk G. Johnson. These gentlemen have since composed the Board of Directors, with B. W. Macrae President and D. N. Kennedy Secretary and Treasurer, except the changes made necessary by death. Capt. J. J. Crusman succeeded B. O. Keesee and H. C. Merritt succeeded Col. Bailey. The first meeting of the incorporators was held Nov. 17th, 1871, when the Board was organized as above stated. The books were opened for subscriptions of stock, shares being fixed at fifty dollars each, and the sum of eight thousand nine hundred dollars was subscribed in stock by forty-six shareholders. A call for twenty per cent. of the stock was made on the 20th of July, 1872, and Benjamin Grove, Esq., of Louisville, an engineer of much reputation for skill in artistic landscaping and ornamenting grounds, was employed to lay out this most beautiful city in homes for the dead, where the dust of loved ones may ever rest under the green sod, free from the despoiler's hands and protected against all intrusions. A handsome residence for the Superintendent was at once built, the avenues macadamized and graveled and bordered with beds of flowers, evergreens and shrubbery planted, white stones fixed at the corner of lots, etc. The improvements continued until over twenty thousand dollars was expended in ornamentation, the company having now four thousand dollars left to the endowment fund, from sale of lots, etc., which is to be increased to ten thousand dollars from surplus and income over and above the expenses, to insure the perpetual care of the grounds. Rev. Samuel Scott, a practical man, served several years as Superintendent, and since Mr. Hatcher Neblett has been the efficient Superintendent.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, on the 26th of May, 1873, it was ordered that a public sale of lots be made on the grounds, on the 21st day of June, 1873, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and Masonic Fraternity were invited to dedicate the grounds on that day with their usual ceremonies, and the Hon. G. A. Henry, Rev. J. B. West, D. D., and Hon. J. F. House were invited to deliver addresses on the occasion.

In accordance with the above proceedings on the day appointed, the Odd Fellows and Masons and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen from the city and county assembled on the grounds, when the dedication services were solemnly and impressively performed, and the addresses were delivered, after which there were seventy-three lots sold at prices considerably above the minimum fixed by the Board.

After the appropriate and impressive dedication ceremonies by the Odd Fellows, a pleasing event was the assemblage of the Masonic fraternity. The Knights Templar, in their beautiful knightly uniforms, mounted on fine horses, formed a circle on the

grounds allotted to the burial of the Confederate dead, when Rev. Dr. A. D. Sears, Right Eminent Past Grand Commander of Knights Templar of Tennessee, in the East, assisted by Commander General J. J. Crusman in the West, by authority from the Grand Master of Tennessee, solemnly dedicated Greenwood Cemetery, in accordance with the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Order, to the repose of the dead and the care of the living, pouring upon the ground a libation of pure wine after the pronouncement of each invocation.

The addresses which followed these grand ceremonies were the finest specimens from the eagle orator, Hon. G. A. Henry, the silvery-tongued House, and that distinguished divine, Rev. Dr. J. B. West. Dr. West's address on this occasion was so charming in pathos, pure in sentiment, graceful in construction, eloquent in delivery and powerful in its appeal to the finer sensibilities of human nature, that it is thought worthy of preservation by publication in this book, and it is herewith printed.

ADDRESS OF REV. J. B. WEST, D. D.

Ladies and Gentlemen We are here in the performance of a painfully pleasing duty--painful, as it brings sharply to our remembrance the loved and the lost--pleasant, as we are here to consecrate these beautiful grounds to our beloved dead.

The occasion is one of thrilling interest. In such an hour as this, all the former sensibilities of our nature, the very tenderest emotions of the heart, rise to the surface and become intensely active. Thought and feeling are busy. The chambers of memory, on whose silent walls hang the unfading pictures of the loved, are opened, and affection fondly but tearfully traces the unforgotten features of innocence and beauty. Life and death, duty and destiny, engage our attention, and sweep the soul with swelling tides of emotion. And all nature is in harmony with the hour. A solemn silence rests upon the earth, and a mellow light pervades the whole atmosphere, through which softly echo the gentle voices of the departed.

Life itself is a great mystery. Whence it is, and whither it goeth, of their own knowledge none can tell. We see its rich manifestations everywhere, and with these we are somewhat familiar, but of the vital principle itself that puts forth these bright appearances, we know nothing. Science, in its most advanced state, stops short of its discovery. It is a secret something, we know not what; hidden, we know not where; but in all things full of out-bursting strength and excellence.

But life, in all its forms of existence, is very beautiful. Wherever seen, and under all possible conditions,

“It is a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.”

And throughout nature, and from the lowest to the highest forms of existence, there is an endless variety of delicate organisms, that charm the cultivated mind and delight the refined sense of man.

Vegetable life develops itself into forms of grace and elegance, and is crowned with a pleasing perfection. The flowers, that the soft south wind warms into life, and

that the bright sunshine paints in the colors of the sky, are of infinite variety. The giant trees, left to mature, mature with perfect grace, with strength of arm to wrestle with the storm, and yet with leaves of the most delicate texture and of every shape and shade of color. From the tender spires of grass, sparkling with dewy drops, up through all ascending series of vegetation to the great forests that wave their leafy branches in summer winds, there is a rich and charming exhibition of life. And all nature, by graceful forms and delicate tints of color, keeps the eye entranced with delights and holds the heart in perpetual admiration of the beautiful.

Animal life, by its superior organism, manifests a higher degree of perfection and beauty than the vegetable. The same laws are active in the growth and adornment of each; but, in the former, there is a richer combination of the elements of existence, and a more delicate construction of its various parts. It is life wonderfully made, replete with joyous sensations, and endowed with graceful motion. And sea and earth, and air reveal these forms of elegance. The germs of life have been sown broadcast through the universe, and have everywhere unfolded themselves in perfection and beauty. To open the eye is to entrance the mind and enrapture the heart. Whatever may be the judgment of blear-eyed ignorance and coarse vulgarity, to the cultivated and the refined, the soft and the gentle, all nature expands in perfection and is crowned with beauty.

But human life is the most beautiful of all the forms of existence. It combines the excellencies of all the other, and has besides a wealth of additional refinement and glory. In man, the beauty of the flower, advancing through long progressions, and rising up through infinite series, finds, at last, its full development, and reaches its highest expression. The mere material beauty of nature is here elevated and dignified by intelligence, and adorned with pure and noble affections. In the erect form, the graceful movement, and the encircling glory of light and love, life attains its zenith of perfection; and we stand, with head uncovered, in the presence of such majesty and beauty. And these superior excellencies beam from sparkling eyes, radiate from glowing cheeks, and are reflected from graceful forms, till the objects of love are transfigured before us, and become bright and beautiful as the light of heaven. There is beauty everywhere, but nowhere as in the human form; and we worship in adoring silence the skill that formed such wondrous beauty. Sphered in its own perfection, it is peerless as the stars, unapproachable as the light. Oh life, animated with intelligence and glowing with pure affections, thou art strangely beautiful!

But this beautiful life is very brief. As the drop of dew, it sparkles for a moment, is then exhaled and lost to sight forever. The floating vapor, interwoven with golden beams, appears but for a little while, and then vanishes away into thin air, leaving not a shadow of existence behind it. The flowers fade and fall; the green leaves sear, quiver for a moment, and then fly away upon autumnal winds; and even the solid rocks crumble, and are worn down by the gentle rains that fall to fertilize the earth. The human form, strong, erect, beautiful, bows beneath the weight of accumulating years, or stands suddenly still midway in the toilsome march of life, or pauses, with

unsaddled feet, at the very entrance of the long and weary journey that lies before it. The light fades from the beaming eye, the ruby lips lose their roseate hue, and the graceful form stiffens into rigidity. The beautiful is marred—the loved is lost. Dust has returned to the earth as it was; and the spirit has returned to God who gave it.

But, beloved, these precious objects of our affection are not dead. The pure and the good never die. Those lovely forms from which the spirit has departed, and which lie so still and tranquil, are but asleep; and sleeping in Jesus, they sleep well, with the hope of a glorious morrow. Laying them down gently in their narrow chambers, and drawing the curtains of darkness softly around them, they will sleep beneath the smile of God, and be guarded by the angels of heaven. And from this sleep, long and profound, they shall be awakened in the “great rising day.” The morn of eternity will roll a tide of light through these mouldering archways; and along these silent corridors shall echo the voice of our Father, arousing His loved children from their dreamless slumber to the light and joy of an endless life. And we bury our beloved dead, “not in the cold ground, but, in the warm earth; where the ugly seeds change to flowers, and good people turn to angels and fly away to heaven.” Reason may stand speechless at the mouth of the sepulchre, and affection tearfully ask, If a man die, shall he live again? but then comes a voice from the excellent glory, and filling the whole earth with gladness, saying, These dead men shall live, together, with my dead body shall they arise. And this dust of the dead, re-organized and glorified, shall live forever in the home of the happy. Raised to a spiritual life, and immeasurably refined, it will hold eternal companionship with the good, and dwell forever in the mansions of the blest. Over this fadeless home of the loved reigns perpetual spring, balmy winds breathe o’er flowering plains, murmuring waters brighten beneath cloudless skies, and youth, and health and happiness will dwell together forever. From beneath the eternal throne, and fed from the fathomless depths of infinite wisdom and goodness, widening seas of bliss spread abroad over those vast fields of rapture, and up and over the inaccessible heights of glory. And we will join our kindred on their blooming plains, where the bonds of affection will grow brighter forever, and love and friendship will strengthen with the revolving years of eternity. Oh, what a life awaits us, and our beloved dead, just beyond the shadows!

If these thoughts be true, we should indulge affection for the dead, and fondly cherish the memory of the departed. The dust of the dead, so dear to the living, so precious in the sight of God, and awaiting a destiny so great, should be gathered into imperishable urns, and watched with sleepless vigilance. And all people, in all ages of the world, have held sacred the dust of the dead, and denounced as sacrilegious the hand that would desecrate their graves. And this sentiment has been common to both savage and civilized people; for all have held the dead in kind remembrance, and sought to preserve the remains of the loved from destruction. And nothing is more beautiful, or touches the heart more tenderly, than the affectionate care that the rude as well as the refined have taken of their dead. The ancient Greeks and Romans burned the bodies of their dead, and then gathered their ashes into imperishable urns,

which they placed in costly tombs along their public highways. They also embalmed their bodies, and so skillfully did they perform this work, that they have come down to us, across the wastes of centuries, almost as they were when laid away by the hands of affection. And in latter times all people, but especially the cultivated and the refined, have had their public burial grounds beautified and adorned by all that art and wealth could bestow. The living are everywhere honored by the rich monuments that affection has reared to the memory of the departed.

And we are here to-day to consecrate these beautiful grounds to our dead. As others have done, we would set apart a spot of earth, to hold the "dust that once was love," and engage art and wealth in its adornment. And we would beautify these quiet homes of our dead, whose bright pictures hang in the silent halls of memory, and whose names we shall cherish forever. Next to our hearth-stones, around which cluster the dearest joys of life, should come the final resting places of our dead. It is barbarous to give the loved and unforgotten to rank weeds and to the hand of desecration, as if they held no place in our affections. Let us make a home for them, beautiful as a dream, and which shall last long as the stars shine, or the river rolls its bright waters to the sea. The place should be made so attractive that affection will make repeated and delighted visits here; and around which memory, even from distant lands, will fondly linger. We will adorn with flower and shrub these winding ways and graveled walks, and hang upon these urns garlands of love and friendship. The pearly dawn will spread its rosy light over these green hillocks, and the last beam of departing day will kiss these white monuments, and leave a blessing behind it. The night and silence will follow, and the moon and stars, with their mellow radiance, will embalm this city of the dead, and will sit beside these silent portals, keeping unwearied vigils, and patiently awaiting the re-appearance of the dearly loved and the royal guest of heaven.

It is a pleasure to have a personal interest in these beautiful grounds. And it is a solemn duty we owe the dead to provide for them a final home. Every man in all this country should purchase one of these lots, and set it apart for himself and family. If necessary we should part with the luxuries of life, nay, trench upon its very necessities, mortgage our surplus lands, to make this investment. By all means, at any reasonable sacrifice, let us secure a bit of earth in which to bury our dead.

CITY AND TRINITY CEMETERIES.

Directly after the dedication of Greenwood and sale of lots, citizens commenced moving their dead from the two old cemeteries. Many were removed from the City Cemetery and handsome monuments erected, and all were removed from Trinity.

City Cemetery, located on Front street, or old Providence pike, is as old as Clarksville, and was established with the early settlements by the purchase of grounds set apart for burial purposes, and for years used as a common burying ground. Finally more ground was added, a house built for the sexton, and lots sold for revenue to keep the grounds in order. Lot owners, however, had to take care of their own property,

and consequently lots were fenced, shrubbery and trees planted, and every one ornamented according to individual taste and inclination. The fencing was allowed to go to decay and a good fence was not kept up until after the establishment of Greenwood.

Trinity Cemetery consisted of about four acres of ground between Franklin and Main streets, about where the colored school building now stands, which was donated to Trinity Episcopal Church, about 1840, by John H. Poston, for a cemetery, and was entirely under the control and management of the church. Lots were sold for the support of the cemetery. It was fenced in and kept in good condition so long as the income lasted, but soon the lots were all sold, and the cemetery filled up; buildings had gone up on both sides, and no ground could be had for extending the cemetery and no means devised for its perpetual support, consequently, neglect followed, and then general decay and desolation. During the war the fencing was destroyed, monuments and headstones defaced and broken down, and after the organization of Greenwood the church made a bargain with Mr. George Cook, giving him the grounds for the expense of removing the dead to Greenwood.

CLARKSVILLE BOYS OF 1861.

Following is a beautiful extract taken from a little pamphlet written and published in 1885 by Lieut. Polk G. Johnson, member of Gen. Wm. A. Quarles' staff in the war of the States, memorios of the Clarksville boys of 1861, and is worthy of preservation for the noble sentiment it contains, showing the tender cords of sympathy that bind the hearts of strong men together long years after they have trodden the fields of carnage, wading gory streams, marching over mountains and rocky cliffs, bare-footed, half-clad, bleeding and hungry; then languishing in the wretched prisons of the enemy, suffering four long years' privations and such hardships as military discipline enforces; all for sentiment and principle, for home and loved ones---what a glorious example of pure patriotism. Moreover it is a brief history of Stewart College, its noble patron and principal support, Prof. Wm. M. Stewart; the opening of hostilities between the States, secession, separation, the excitement that prevailed here, and the principal leaders and actors in it:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne."

The Clarksville boys are entitled to a record "For auld lang syne, my dears."

STEWART COLLEGE.

This institution, founded by the Masons, was sold to the Presbyterian Church on the 25th of October, 1855. It was known as Masonic College till the transfer. Why it was called Stewart College was not known to any of the boys till an examination of the official records of the College, from which I copy: "That in consequence of the munificent donation, of the long-continued and disinterested services, of the ardent and untiring devotion to science, and of the high Christian and moral character of William M. Stewart, the President of said institution, that it be called in honor of him." The last catalogue, issued in 1859-1860, gives the record of the College as follows:

Board of Trustees—Bryce Stewart, Joshua Elder, D. N. Kennedy, Jas. E. Bailey, J. G. Hornberger, H. Dunlap, John McKeage, John Stacker, W. P. Hume, A. Robb,

T. J. Pritchett, T. J. Munford, A. G. Price, T. F. Pettus, J. E. Broadus, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. J. White, Gallatin, Tenn.; J. B. White, Nashville, Tenn.; A. G. Adams, Nashville, Tenn.; Philip Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; Burt Harrington, Tuscumbia, Ala.; J. B. Frierson, Maury County, Tenn.; Rev. A. H. Barkley, Madisonville, Tenn.; R. M. Patton, Florence, Ala.; Rev. W. A. Harrison, Knoxville, Tenn.

Faculty—Rev. R. B. McMullen, D. D., President, Professor Mental and Moral Sciences; Rev. A. A. Doak, D. D., Professor Latin and Greek; W. M. Stewart, A. M., Professor Natural Sciences; W. A. Forbes, A. M., Professor of Pure and Mixed Mathematics; Rev. T. D. Wardlaw, A. M., Professor English Literature and Criticism; E. B. Haskins, M. D., Professor Chemistry; J. K. Patterson, A. M., Adjunct Professor Latin and Greek, and Principal Preparatory Department; A. C. Hirst, Assistant Preparatory Department; J. E. Broadus, Treasurer; W. P. Hume, Secretary of the Trustees.

Students—Senior Class, W. B. Munford, Clarksville, Tenn. Junior Class, Robert W. Pritchett, Clarksville, Tenn. Sophomore Class, W. J. Bell, Newbern, Tenn.; G. M. Callen, Summerfield, Ala.; D. F. Clark, Gallatin, Tenn.; W. J. Dearing, Jr., Okolona, Miss.; H. M. Doak, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. H. Doak, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. W. Jones, Gallatin, Tenn.; G. A. Tompkins, Clarksville, Tenn.; Eugene Topp, Nashville, Tenn. Freshman Class, E. B. Cobb, Clarksville, Tenn.; W. A. Garth, Trenton, Ky.; B. A. Haskins, Clarksville, Tenn.; Thomas D. Henry, Hopkinsville, Ky.; P. G. Johnson, Clarksville, Tenn.; Junius Kimble, Clarksville, Tenn.; G. W. Leigh, Clarksville, Tenn.; R. E. McCulloch, Clarksville, Tenn.; S. Northington, Port Royal, Tenn.; R. Price, Clarksville, Tenn.; W. S. Sawrie, Clarksville, Tenn. Scientific Department, H. N. Allen, Montgomery County, Tenn.; T. M. Barnes, Clarksville, Tenn.; C. W. Bradley, Trenton, Ky.; H. B. Harris, California; L. F. House, Clarksville, Tenn.; W. H. McCulloch, Clarksville, Tenn.; R. C. Neblett, Clarksville, Tenn.; W. W. Thompson, Gallatin, Tenn.; A. P. Tuck, Lafayette, Ky.; R. B. Williams, Clarksville, Tenn.

Stewart College—now the Southwestern Presbyterian University—had its buildings and its campus in the city limits of Clarksville. Its object and purpose could not be better expressed than in the language of him for whom it was named, when speaking of its finances: "The amount to be raised will place the College on that elevated position of usefulness in the church and in the world which will be her glory, and enable her as a true, 'good mother' to open her treasuries of knowledge to every faithful, zealous and earnest son within her bounds, and beyond her bounds, to come and partake without money and without price." It is regretted that no catalogue was issued after the above mentioned, for very many of the Preparatory Department had been advanced to the College Department, and those in the College Department had also been advanced, and many new names had been added. But I wish only to speak from official records. To confine Stewart College to the above names would be a great injustice, and to the Clarksville boys of 1861 a greater. The boys in Stewart College in 1861 were engaged in a laudable ambition to excel each other in their studies, with

an earnest and faithful Faculty aiding them, and the other boys of Clarksville in the discharge of their daily duties.

EXCITEMENT OF 1861.

About this time a great excitement prevailed over the whole country, nowhere greater than in Clarksville. Lincoln had been elected, and the time was approaching for his inauguration. The cotton States had seceded and were preparing to organize a provisional government at Montgomery, Ala., the delegates to convene on the 4th of February, 1861. The people of Tennessee, distrustful of the Governor and its Legislature, had a convention called direct from the people to meet in Nashville on the 25th day of February, 1861, and also to vote upon the question of "Convention or no Convention." The two parties of this and counties connected with them in the Floterial and Senatorial districts, each called conventions to meet in Clarksville, on the 28th of January, 1861, to send delegates to the State Convention.

UNION PARTY.

The Union party met first in the Circuit Court room of the then Court House (now burned), and after a full organization, among the first speakers called on was Hon. G. A. Henry, who spoke warmly and eloquently of our sister Southern States, and urged our people to join them. Hon. James E. Bailey, Hon. John F. House, and Hon. Cave Johnson, and perhaps others, also spoke, and urged the people to stand by the Union. During the speech of Hon. Cave Johnson, it then being late in the day, Hon. Wm. A. Quarles asked the speaker to allow him to interrupt him, which being allowed, he expressed his regrets at having to interrupt him, but as a convention of the "Southern Rights Party" had been called for that day, and as the hour had long since passed for them to meet, and it appeared this convention would take up the whole day, he desired to announce that the "State's Rights Party" would meet at once in the County Court room below. Hon. G. A. Henry was expected to be one of the nominees of this convention, but his speech being unsatisfactory, he was not mentioned, and the following nominations were made: Senatorial District, Cave Johnson, of Montgomery; Floterial District, James E. Bailey, of Montgomery; County, John F. House.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS PARTY.

Hon. D. N. Kennedy was called to the chair. W. T. Dortch was appointed Secretary. Delegates—Stewart County, T. Ascue, C. S. Summers, S. W. Martin, E. D. Sargent, C. Brandon, Jr., A. B. Ross, Christopher Dudley, and T. H. Riggs; Robertson County, L. Moody, Jesse Darden, William Gossett, and Thomas Jones; Montgomery County, W. L. Hiter, R. F. Ferguson, M. E. Wilcox, Dr. Nick Northington, Ivory Johnson, Maj. M. G. Gholson, D. N. Kennedy, Dr. James Bowling, W. T. Dortch, George B. Fleece, Dr. E. B. Haskins, W. A. Quarles, and Dr. John F. Outlaw; Davidson County, B. F. Cheatham, A. J. Hooper, George Keeling, Col. T. Taylor, J. K. Bruce, T. Craighead, R. M. Southall, Archer Cheatham, J. F.

Brewer, George Diggons, and George Cunningham. Though not reported as delegates, the proceedings show that W. E. Lowe and Dr. Thomas Manees took part in the convention. This convention made nominations as follows: Senatorial District, G. A. Henry, of Montgomery; Floterial District, W. P. Bryan, of Davidson; County, G. A. Harrell. On the following day an address of this party was issued to the people withdrawing these candidates, and setting forth their views of public matters, signed: D. N. Kennedy, R. F. Ferguson, Dr. James Bowling, Geo. D. Martin, W. A. Quarles. Thus the Union candidates were left without opposition.

THE ELECTION.

The election was held at the appointed time. The Union party carried everything before them. Their candidates were unanimously elected, the convention defeated. An anomaly in politics; the election of their own candidates and the defeat by them of the convention they themselves called, and to which their candidates were elected.

TROUBLES NOT ENDED.

However hopeful the State may have been of these results, it is not safe to calculate that the calm of January and February will continue through the year. It's not in these months that the thunder's peal is heard and the lightning's flash is seen and felt. It's later on. So with the calm in the State. It hardly waited for the Spring-time. The shot was fired. The President called for seventy-five thousand troops. The cloud which had hovered over the State, and thought to have been calmed, gathered its strength, and a mighty cyclone swept it from one end to the other, and especially in Clarksville and Montgomery county, and carried everything before it; even the mighty old oak (Cave Johnson) was uprooted, protesting always against the right of secession, but believing in the right of revolution; and protesting still more against the right of coercion, which he had done as early as 1832, in the time of Jackson. He was seen advising all young men and old (who were able) to resist with arms. An election was held on the 8th of June, 1861, for "Separation or No Separation," when Tennessee joined her Southern sisters by an overwhelming majority. Clarksville gave but one vote against it, Montgomery county but eight, as far as we have been able to learn.

THE BEGINNING OF TENNESSEE'S PART IN THE WAR.

A Declaration of Independence having been submitted by act of the Legislature, passed May 6th, 1861, the Legislature appointed Commissioners "to enter into a Military League with the authorities of the Confederate States and with such other slaveholding States as may wish to enter into it, having in view the protection and defense of the entire South against the war that is now being carried on against it." On the same day the Governor was ordered to call out a military force of 25,000 men for active service, and 30,000 men for reserve. The Governor was authorized to issue \$5,000,000 of bonds for the defense of the State, and the "public faith and credit of

the State for the payment of interest, etc.," was pledged. County Courts were authorized to assess and levy taxes for the relief and support of the families of volunteers whilst in actual service.

Under these provisions of law and others, with special direction, the (then) Governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, called for 25,000 troops. The Clarksville boys made prompt response. No longer were groups of college boys, earnest in their studies, to be seen under the shade of the old oaks in the college campus engaged with their books: no longer the idle in gay conversation upon the steps of the college. The whole scene was changed—books were thrown away, and the grounds became a *Champ de Mars*. The tramp of the soldier, the commands of the officer (Prof. William A. Forbes) were alone to be seen or heard upon the grounds or in the halls of the college, and the same spirit animated the boys not in college. The spirit was not confined to the boys—the men were equally enthusiastic, and the noble women surpassed them all.

The first public meeting perhaps ever held, when soldiers were present, was in front of the Bank of Tennessee (now the Bank of Clarksville) when Capt. William A. Forbes marched his company (the writer at the time being one) and took position immediately in front of the stone steps now standing. At that time the present market house was not built, and it was supposed that this was the best place for a public meeting. A large crowd was present, and many strong and patriotic speeches were made. Speaking now from memory, I only remember Isaac Brunson, Cave Johnson and J. O. Shackelford, though others spoke. The boys and the men were urged to battle, and the latter speaker specially urged his own son, then in the company, to die, if needs be, in the defense of his country. I might add here that the son, a boy, obeyed the advice, and the battle-field of Gettysburg now holds his bones. The ladies organized a sewing society in the room now occupied by John F. Coutts, to which nearly every lady in Clarksville belonged, and nearly their whole time was given to making clothing for the soldiers.

It is not my purpose to enter into a detail of the organization of Forbes' company and regiment, the 14th Tenn., Sugg's 50th Tenn., Quarles' 42d, Bailey's 49th, Heiman's 10th, Woodard's cavalry, Dortch's cavalry, and other commands, but simply to call attention to the spirit of the people at that time, which urged the Clarksville boys to action. Even as Abraham journeyed to the Mount of Moriah, bearing his son, his "only begotten son Isaac," to be offered as a burnt offering, did these boys journey to the mountains of Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia, bearing with them a greater sacrifice—themselves (for what greater sacrifice than offering one's self for another, or for a cause?) But unlike Abraham, no "ram caught in a thicket by his horns" was there as a substitute. The sacrifice was made, and to-day nearly every field of battle from the Potomac, yea, from beyond, from Gettysburg to the Mississippi river, claims the precious bones of some of the Clarksville boys: and crossing this mighty river into the Trans-Miss. Dept. (as it was known in war times) one is believed to have fallen along with the noble boy of Texas, a son of the hero of St. Jacinto (a friend and companion of the writer in prison) as noble in his manhood and appearance as his father, and who

doubtless went into the battle remembering that the bridges were cut behind him, and with the words of the old hero, "Remember the Alamo," "Victory or Death," still fresh in his mind, he met death as the brave only can.

Before proceeding further, however, probably I should give the records of the students mentioned above of Stewart College. Their names are simply given as the *only* official record I could obtain, and, as I learned, the last issued of the College Department. I give it simply in illustration. The college boys who had been graduated did their duty as well; the preparatory department equally so. The boys of Clarksville and the college were equally true. As I say, I give these simply as a sample of the action of all the Clarksville boys. Above are named thirty-two boys. From the best information, after much inquiry, of the number there entered the Confederate army twenty-nine, leaving but three who did not. Of the twenty nine who went into the war all were faithful. There were killed in battle sixteen; died by disease in war or since, seven; total deaths, twenty-three; survivors, nine.

I do not wish to say anything of the details of the war, of any of its battles or engagements in this connection. The boys met all its requirements. It is a mistaken idea to think the horrors of war are composed simply of battles. There is prison life. Who that has been a prisoner doesn't understand that? Then the march through mud and water; then the march through the dust of Mississippi; then the weariness of camp life; then the fatigue of the knap-sack and cartridge box on the march; then the exposure, without cover and without blankets; then the freezing cold; then the empty canteen; then the empty haversack; then thirst; then hunger; then the going barefooted; then the sore feet; then the military discipline; then battle; then death; then to the survivors the burial of the dead; then defeat and retreat; then continued struggle; then hopes destroyed; then patriots rallying, and again and again a repetition of all these troubles, through four long years of war, with the parents and friends of the boys at home, with rare communication with them, and the boys never seeing them, while many passed into the grave. These are but *a few* of the trials. Yet the Clarksville boys and Stewart College boys bravely and faithfully bore them all.

THE RETURN.

A few only of the Clarksville boys, under a kind Providence, were permitted to return. They came, as paroled *prisoners*, to their homes. Six from Appomattox Court House, Va., concluded to take what was known as the "Northern Route"—Dr. T. D. Johnson, Wm. H. Green, A. J. Allensworth, myself, and two others whose names are not now remembered. After a walk of one hundred miles we arrived in Richmond on the 16th day of April, 1865. As soon as we could get passports we went to Baltimore. When we reached Baltimore, with other Confederates, the howl of the mob was heard: "Hang them! hang them! hang them!" was heard on every side. "They won't starve any more Union prisoners." "They won't assassinate any other President." "Hang them! hang them!" and thousands followed us with this cry, so much so that we were advised not to go to the tables to get our meals, and did not. I have read of

the howl of the mob, but never knew its meaning until then. I am glad, however, to say it came from the citizens and "Home Guards," who never heard the sound of a cannon nor the whistle of a bullet. The *soldiers*, who met us on the field, treated us with courtesy wherever we met them, as the brave always treat the brave.

This was the treatment of the so-called citizens and Home Guards. Its real and true citizens were faithful then as ever in the past. When they could avoid the mob every attention was paid us. Clothing was furnished, money was given to bear our expenses home after the Federal Government had refused us further transportation. Among the number (so long time has passed) I can only mention a few—Mr. McGraw, postmaster of Baltimore in 1844; Mr. McLaughlin, one of the proprietors of Barnum's Hotel; his noble sister; Mr. Williams, brother of Capt. Williams, of Archer's staff, and the whole of Barnum's Hotel, proprietors, clerks and employes, and many, many others whose names I regret I cannot remember. While I regret the impossibility of giving all names, I do not hesitate to say that under all the surroundings and circumstances this was the most grateful service ever rendered the Confederates.

On the 22d day of April, 1865, these six, as the first paroled prisoners, arrived upon a train at the depot, near where the old passenger depot used to stand (in front of the residence of Dr. Edward Thomas). They returned as prisoners upon parole: their flag had ceased to wave; they came in defeat; they came helpless and hopeless, but thanks to God the same noble women who had bade them go to battle were there. Whatever men may have done, the women were there. Upon one hill the Federal soldiers had congregated; upon the other, or rather at the train, the women had, the information of our return having been sent by Bryce Stewart from Louisville, who had kindly aided our return. Never did men have a warmer reception. Had we returned with a triumphal car and the trophies of war it could not have been more impressive.

MEMORIES.

— We are told that memories must be blotted out. No, never! Go to the 14th Tennessee Regiment and ask them to forget Forbes and Harrell and the long list of dead they left behind them? Go to the 10th Tennessee Infantry and ask them to forget Randall McGavock, and Heiman, and the others of their dead? Go to the 49th Tennessee Regiment and ask them to forget Alfred Robb, Anderson, Theo. Coulter, Bob Bringham and others of their dead? Go to the 50th Tennessee Regiment and ask them to forget Cyrus Sugg, Thomas Beaumont, Chris. Robertson, Fletcher Beaumont and others of their dead? Go to Morgan's Cavalry and ask them to forget Morgan and their dead? Go to Woodard's Cavalry and ask them to forget Woodard and their dead? Go to the 10th Tennessee Cavalry and ask them to forget their dead? Go to the boys at Fort Donelson and ask them to forget that noble man, Reuben Ross, who was afterwards killed in battle? Go, where I can speak from personal knowledge, to the officers and men of Quarles' Brigade, and ask them to forget its action in the war? See them in the engagements around Atlanta? See them formed for the charge on the 28th day of July, 1864, within 150 yards of the enemy's works (a day that this

brigade will never forget)? See the conflict, and the General pressing his men forward? See his horse killed under him? See him dismount a staff officer, and mounting the second it is killed under him? See him dismount the second staff officer, and the third horse falls under him? See poor Ashton Johnston, of St. Louis, Missouri, A. D. C. to the General, shot through the head and killed? See Col. W. F. Young, of the 49th Tennessee Regiment, as his arm is torn from him by the shots of the enemy and a minie ball is imbedded in the large silver watch over his heart? See Captain Dunlap, from Charlotte, drop, killed as he is carrying Col. Young from the field? See Capt. Thomas H. Smith assuming the command of the 49th Tennessee Regiment, after six of his superior officers have fallen? See the colors of the regiment with its flag-staff shot through and thirty-two bullets sent through the flag? See Col. White, of the 53d Tennessee, shot down? See Col. Knox, of the 1st Alabama Regiment, shot down? See the other officers and men who were killed and wounded? See the retreat of about 150 yards, and a new line formed, and hear the fearful cries of the wounded but a short distance from it (within hearing) but beyond their reach? See the fearful carnage, by which more than one-half of the brigade was killed or wounded? See the hospital next day, with its pile of amputated limbs, and the suffering of the wounded? Go to the graves of poor Ashton Johnston (a boy of eighteen years) and Capt. Dunlap, the only two of our dead carried from the field? See the coffins made for them of planks off an old fence, and hear the solemn service, as it is read, "Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust," in the presence of a few men, for no women were there (the enemy's shell and shot having driven them away)? Who can think of a grave without a woman?

The idea prevails that men in war become used to the sight of blood and are hard hearted. No greater mistake was ever made. Duty compels them at times to "let the dead bury their dead," but the sorrow to the soldier over his fallen comrade is equal to that any man is ever called on to bear.

"For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ever so vile.
This day shall gentle his condition."

When we remember this day and the official report of Quarles' Brigade on the next, recording the names of the killed and wounded, being over one-half of the brigade, and remember our friends (men like ourselves, with the same prospects in life), is it strange we should have felt—

"Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant; but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!"

"Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name!
*Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark—
He falls in the blaze of his fame.*"

Can we forget the long, dreary marches from Atlanta, the fight at Jonesboro, and the proud exultation in every step of the boys as they came upon Sherman's rear, cut his communications, and took up the line of march for Tennessee? Can we forget the barefooted boys who marched the rocky hills of Georgia and Alabama with the blood running from their shoeless feet, and who would each evening, when the weary march was ended, almost fight for a green hide, stripped from the cattle, with which to make them moccasins? These boys left their homes with the almost certainty of imprisonment, and of death. They received the one or the other—*death or imprisonment—the great majority both*—these boys in Quarles' Brigade uncomplainingly following their leader. Ask them of the march into Tennessee and the battle of Franklin, with only a small part of the army, separated from their supply trains, with little artillery, the same unfaltering heroes dashing at the enemy's lines? Ask them about the "Rebel yell" when the first lines were taken? About the unbroken ranks as they pushed on for the second time, hidden by the smoke of the enemy's guns, with their comrades falling around them, their feet torn from under them by shot and shell, and, exhausted, falling against the enemy's works? Recovering their breath they mounted the works to be pushed back by superior numbers. Unconquered as they were, they pushed the guns over the works where others were fighting.

Ask about the old cotton gin? Ask this brigade to forget its General (William A. Quarles) the man who, among the first of the people, called the boys to arms, and who *to the last* was with them? Ask them to forget the fearful charge at Franklin, when their General, more unfortunate than in the *past*, had no horses killed under him, but himself was carried to the rear by one of his old faithful horses still left? A kind Providence, in the past, had spared him. In the other conflicts he, in his service to his country, had lost three horses. Now he is carried to the rear, shot through the hand (severely) and also through the arm. Severely shot twice, he remained in the hospital until long after the close of the war. Ask this brigade to forget Theo. Coulter, Robert Bringham, J. G. Hallody, Robert J. Goostree, J. R. Jarrell, and many others who were killed; the gallant Col. Thomas M. Atkins, who was captured, and others? Ask them to forget the manly form of Stephen A. Crowley, a boy of twenty years of age, when five fatal shots went through his body and he was "gathered to his Father's?" He was an orphan boy, but a true soldier always, and no man of Quarles' Brigade will ever forget him. Capt. Thomas H. Smith! The Clarksville boys are not willing to forget Captain Smith (the few of us who are left). They, like all other boys in time of great trouble (in fact, at all times) need a father. When captured at Fort Donelson, and they were carried to Camp Douglass, at Chicago, Ill., he was a father to them, and closed as brilliant a career as any man might be proud of, being shot through the neck at Franklin, in the very fiercest struggle of the battle; and being made a prisoner, did not recover till long after the war.

Ask the boys to forget the above! Then go ask the Christian to forget Bethlehem and the life of sacrifice and suffering it gave the world. To forget Gethsemane and Calvary—"the agony and bloody sweat;" the scourges and the crown of thorns; the

cross and its Victim? When the Christian forgets these, Christianity is dead. When the patriot forgets the sacrifices made for country, patriotism is dead. But these memories are holy memories; they are to be preserved as we preserve the memory of those dear to us who sleep in our cemeteries.



GEN. WILLIAM A. QUARLES.

BY POLK G. JOHNSON.

Brig.-Gen. William A. Quarles was born on the 4th day of July, 1825, near Louisa Court House, Virginia. His parents were Virginians. Their ancestors came to Jamestown at an early day in the colonial history of that State. His maternal ancestry were Huguenots, his mother on that side being of the fourth generation in descent. His father and grandfather were lawyers. His maternal grandfather was Clerk of the Superior Court of his county. In 1830, at the age of five years, he was brought by his family to the southern part of Christian county, Ky. He was taught at home until old enough, and sufficiently advanced for college, when he was sent to the University of Virginia on September 1st, 1845, where he pursued his academic and law studies until called home by the death of his father, whose family and the business of his estate required his attention. He was admitted to the bar in 1848, and permanently settled in Clarksville. He was eminently successful in his profession, and at the beginning of the war not only occupied the first position at the bar of his county, but also in the State, and had accumulated an estate which made him independent. In the Presidential canvass of 1852 (Pierce and Scott), he was elector for his Congressional District on the Democratic ticket, his opponent being Hon. John A. McEwen, of Davidson county. In 1858 he was a candidate for Congress against Hon. Felix K. Zollicoffer, a Whig, without hope of election, but to keep up the organization of his party. The district was largely Whig, never less than 1,500 majority. Gen. Zollicoffer had already served in Congress and was very popular. The result was the defeat of Gen. Quarles by only 250 or 275 votes. Soon thereafter he was appointed Circuit Court Judge during the sickness of Judge W. W. Pepper, and held the office for about a year, turning over his salary to Judge Pepper. He was soon afterwards appointed President of the Memphis, Clarksville & Louisville Railroad Company, and was greatly instrumental in the building of that road. In 1859, without solicitation, he was appointed Bank Supervisor of the State by Governor Harris. He enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all the leading Democrats of the State at that day, and the respect and confidence

of all parties. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Cincinnati in 1856, Charleston in 1860, and Chicago in 1883.

The call to arms in 1861 found him in easy circumstances, enjoying a lucrative practice and surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures an elegant home and a refined family could afford. But his country called him from these surroundings to the field. He obeyed. It is not surprising when it is remembered that he was born upon Independence Day, and was descended from the Huguenots, that he should have been among the first to respond to the call. His service was promptly tendered to the Confederate Government at Montgomery, Ala., and he was urged by the Secretary of War (Walker) to remain in Tennessee and aid in inducing Tennesseans to join their Southern friends. This he did. He was soon appointed aid-de-camp upon the staff of Gen. Samuel R. Anderson. His official relations as Supervisor of the Bank, enabled him to be chiefly instrumental in obtaining for the State three or four millions of dollars. The second military camp organized in Montgomery county was named Camp Quarles, thus showing not only the prominent part taken by him in the beginning, but also the high esteem in which he was held by the people. He was appointed from the staff of Gen. Anderson to the command of a camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham in Robertson county, where he organized the famous 42d Tennessee Regiment, and was ordered to Fort Donelson. Here it might be said that his military record began. Among the first to espouse the cause of the South, he participated in the first great battle of the West, and through the long struggle of four years was always with his command and foremost in battle until shot down at Franklin, where he lay till long after the close of the war. He was no short-lived hero who

“Struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more,”

but a real, living, breathing hero, true to every duty whether it be in camp or on the long and weary march, or in the fierce and angry conflict of arms.

He was engaged in the following battles: Fort Donelson, Tenn.; Port Hudson, La.; Jackson, Miss.; New Hope Church, Ga.; Pine Mountain, Ga.; Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; Smyrna Depot, Ga.; Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Ga.; Lick-Skillet Road, Atlanta, Ga.; Franklin, Tenn. At the last battle he fell, fearfully, and, it was supposed, mortally wounded, with two minie balls, one through his arm near the shoulder, the other through his hand. His command was nearly destroyed. His A. A. G., Wm. B. Munford, and his A. I. G., S. A. Cowley, were killed by his side. We have no official record of the killed and wounded. A newspaper report at the time says the 49th Tennessee Regiment lost in killed, missing and wounded, 92 of 129 who went into the battle, thus leaving 37 men in the Regiment. It is the opinion of all the survivors that the other regiments suffered as severely as the 49th Tennessee. In this conflict General Quarles, true as he always was to his cause, made extra efforts to shield his staff and men from danger. He was always in front upon horseback, but especially upon this occasion, until his horse carried him wounded to the rear, as the

command supposed, to die. This would probably have been the result had he not fallen into the hands of the great chaplain Tennessee gave to the Confederacy. Every soldier knows his name, and the name of Rev. C. T. Quintard is only mentioned here for the instruction of posterity. It can not be known what might have been the results if he had not been present to nurse the wounded soldier; he occupied the double relation of surgeon and spiritual adviser, and the General now lives and is a member of the faithful chaplain's church.

In the other engagements in which Gen. Quarles' brigade was engaged, as also in the skirmishes which it had daily, it suffered in losses about as other commands, except at the battle of Lick-Skillet Road, Atlanta. This battle began at about one hour before sundown, or rather Quarles' brigade was ordered to the attack at that time. The General, in a slouch hat and in his shirt sleeves, ordered the advance and assault upon the enemies' ranks. His horse was killed under him. He dismounted a staff officer and took his horse and again made the charge. Again his horse fell. His brigade was defeated. The official record made the next day by the writer shows: Killed, 76; wounded, 400; missing, 19. The brigade had been reduced by previous engagements and this number of killed and wounded was more than one-half of the whole brigade. The brigade, and especially the writer, desired to know the fate of its General, and they asked:

"Lives he, good Uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting:
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was."

Here, and upon this day, a brotherhood was formed, not with oaths and pledges. It was born of patriotism and love of country, nurtured in the fatigue of camp and upon the march, approved its manhood on the field of battle and sealed its bond with the blood of heroes.

After the close of the war and Gen. Quarles' recovery from his wounds, he returned to Clarksville, where he has since been engaged in the practice of law, with the same success that attended him before the war, being employed in every suit of importance. He represented the counties of Robertson, Montgomery and Stewart in the State Senate in 1875. He represented Tennessee again in the National Conventions of 1880 and 1884; and has at all times been prominent in politics, though rarely a candidate for office, and has probably done more service for his party and sought less of recognition therefor than any man in the State.

Being confined to small space by the historian, this is all I can say of our General. Having served upon his staff and knowing his gallant deeds both in camp and upon the field, the writer thinks a whole book would scarcely do him justice. The sadness and pain to me of this short sketch can hardly be realized. Calling to mind the boys who composed the personal staff of Gen. Quarles and remembering the fate of each, Ashton Johnston, A. D. C., killed at Lick-Skillet Road, Atlanta; W. B. Munford, A. A. G., and Stephen A. Cowley, A. I. G., killed at the battle of Franklin; G. Thomas Cox, A. A. G.; Thomas L. Bransford, Ord. Officer, and Captain Shute, A. A.

D. C., all since dead, reminds the writer that though he has not reached his fortieth year he is the sole survivor of that noble little band of boys.



QUARLES' BRIGADE.

The following is from the pen of Gen. Quarles, in answer to an inquiry in reference to the history of his brigade :

Limited as this communication must be, it will be impossible for the writer to do justice to this noble brigade. What we will say will be the rough sketch of the picture rather than a real and life like portraiture of the service it performed. The space will admit of a mere summary of events, and will necessarily exclude those details so necessary and so important to give grace and soul and a life hereafter to the story of the chronicler.

When I claim for this brigade a position in the front rank of the soldiers of the South—as I shall with perfect confidence claim—indeed, when it is claimed that it was one of the best, if not the best, brigade in the service, I trust it will be understood I make no invidious distinctions, or, in fact, any claim of superior merit; but the excellence of its soldiery was the result, partly accidental arising from inferior opportunity, and partly, it is but just to say, to the first rate material of which it was composed: for every soldier in its ranks, and every officer having command, was a volunteer. Its muster rolls have the names of but five conscripts on their pages. They rallied to their flag because honestly and earnestly they believed the struggle they were about to make, and did make, was not to dissolve, but to preserve, the Union—a common birthright inherited from revolutionary ancestors—a union of co-equal sovereignties, with a constitution of government of equal rights and equal obligations, and each of these sovereignties, it was believed, was equally bound, in proportion to the relative strength of each, to preserve, guard, and obey the laws of the Federal government within the limits of its constitutional provisions.

To do full justice to the regiments composing this brigade the services of each should be given before it became a part of the brigade organization. Each regiment and the battery (Yates') attached to it, had won honorable distinction in hard-fought battles before it became a part of Quarles' brigade. But this detail of service must necessarily be left to the future chronicler of each component part when its history is written. At Shiloh, at Donelson, at Island No. Ten, and others, they had had their baptism of fire, and even though but a few weeks before, at their quiet homes in the pursuit of a peaceful life, they had exhibited that steadiness of courage in resisting, and readiness and vigor in making, attacks, for which they afterward became so well known

in the Army of Tennessee. Indeed, upon the occasion of an application for one or more regiments to act as a support and reserve for this brigade, which, as it happened, was holding the most important, and, at the same time, the weakest part of the line, General Hood, then in command of the army, said in reply: "No, sir. It is unnecessary. Quarles' brigade has never lost a picket line. I will be responsible that that portion of the line will be held." And it is with proud satisfaction that I here say that this just and deserved compliment was equally as applicable to the brigade to the end of the war. They never lost a picket line, or gave way to the enemy, until ordered by their officer, it mattered not what the condition of things or what the superiority of numbers. Hood, "the bravest of the brave," was chary of compliments, but when he believed it was deserved, and the time came to speak, he was ever ready to bear willing tribute of praise. The old soldier who has himself had the experiences of the varying fortunes of war, will well understand the high measure of praise this language imparts, and will be ready to look leniently upon the pride and profound gratification with which I—who owe so much to this noble brigade, and who even to this day can number every individual, both men and officers, among my dearest and warmest personal friends—repeat this so fully-merited compliment. But I am admonished by my fast-increasing lines that I must forbear, hoping at some future time and occasion to do justice to the unexcelled courage, conduct and merits of the men and officers, inclusive, of the whole, both field and staff, whose enduring courage and uncomplaining fortitude under such privations and hardships as neither the retreat from Moscow nor that of our Revolutionary army to and at the camp of Valley Forge, can furnish parallels—and even mark and number these soldiers along with those of whom it may be said: They may have had their equals; they have never been excelled.

I can not close this article without a word of acknowledgment and deserved tribute to my staff, composed mainly of young and unmarried men. When it became my duty, as it often did, to send them into the very jaws of death, I had at least the poor satisfaction of knowing that if any casualty occurred there would be no widows' tears or orphans' cries to be heard. Their faithful and uncomplaining service, their amiable accomplishments in camp, their high and honorable characters, their unflinching courage on the battle-field, and always-ready hand to aid in soothing the wounded or ministering to the sick, made them not only the admiration of all who knew them, but dear to me as if they had been the children of my own loins. Alas! how sadly I write these lines, a poor tribute to my noble boys, now that twenty years have passed away, and along with it so many of them. But one remains on earth of my personal staff—Polk G. Johnson. At the time I appointed him my aid-de-camp—though the position was one of importance—he was but a beardless boy in his teens. His conduct did not disappoint my expectations. Faithful in the discharge of every duty, he was gifted with a versatility that rendered him most useful in taking the place, as he often did, of other staff officers, who, from sickness, wounds, or other casualties, were unfit for service. As assistant inspector-general, assistant adjutant-general, etc., or in his own official position, he was to me invaluable, obedient to his superiors, polite and affable to and with

the men—always ready to get between them and the harsh applications of military rule—he tempered discipline with kindness. Cheerful and happy in temperament, he aided greatly in making the dull routine of camp life enjoyable, and never shrank from sharing the hardships or doing his part of the labor of the march and the bivouac. But it was in the battle—when the pickets had fallen back and the lines met, or when the column of attack, with firm and silent march, met the death-bearing storm of battle—shot and shell—that he proved himself “every inch a soldier.”

I had read in classic literature of the “*guardia certameries*” (the joy of the contest) but never realized it till I saw him in battle, where death and glory stood hand in hand ready to be wooed and won by the daring and the brave. . . . But my boy aid-de-camp of the glorious hours my subject arouses my memory to recall, is now the man of forty years, as true, as faithful, as ready to do every duty of civil life as of that hour, beloved and respected by all. He fills an office of great importance and trust (Clerk and Master of Chancery Court, at Clarksville, Tenn.) with honor to himself and satisfaction to those having business with his office and its court.



THE FORTY-NINTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY POLK G. JOHNSON.

Just before the war the people of Montgomery county were almost unanimously in favor of preserving the Federal Union; but when President Lincoln called for troops to subdue the South, there was a complete revolution in public feeling. At the election held for “separation” or “no separation,” they were almost unanimous. I remember but one vote in the whole county for “separation.” The spirit of the people was high. Every man able to speak spoke in opposition to the proclamation of the President, and advised resistance. The women were equally enthusiastic, and encouraged their husbands and sons to take part with their Southern friends. The little boys and girls evinced their sympathy with this feeling by wearing cockades, some of blue ribbon and a palmetto branch as representative of South Carolina, and some of red ribbon with corn-shucks and corn as representative of Tennessee.

During the excitement Gov. Harris made a call for troops, which was promptly responded to, Col. Wm. A. Forbes organizing the gallant Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, which was forwarded to Virginia. Col. Forbes was then a professor in Stewart College, and all the students were anxious to join him; but he would not allow the

boys to go to war without the consent of their parents. At this they were indignant, thinking the restriction uncalled for.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might,
Nor lagging backward let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head disheveled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

He, however, allowed the boys in college to drill, and thus they were preparing for the conflict ahead. Stewart College, now the Southwestern Presbyterian University, had its campus in the city limits of Clarksville. The excitement which prevailed over the whole country was nowhere greater than in Clarksville, and the boys fully participated in it. The boys had to submit only for a short time, as the Governor had to make a second call. When this call was made James E. Bailey, then upon the Military Board of the State, at Nashville, came to Clarksville to raise a company, which was done in a few days; and on the 29th day of November, 1861, he organized a company of one hundred and twenty-one men, and was elected Captain. The spirit of the boys would not permit them to remain at home. No longer were groups of boys in the College, earnest in their studies, to be seen under the shade of the old oaks in the College campus, engaged with their books; no longer they idle in gay conversation upon the steps of the College. The whole scene was changed. Books were thrown away, and the grounds became a *Champ de Mars*. The tramp of the soldier, the commands of the officer (Prof. Wm. A. Forbes) were alone to be seen or heard upon the grounds or in the halls; and the same spirit animated all the boys not in college. No wonder, then, that they made such prompt response to the call. Col. Wm. A. Forbes, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, afterward killed at the second battle of Manassas, had prepared these boys for active service. Of thirty-two boys in the College Department of its last catalogue of 1859-60, twenty-nine entered the Confederate army, leaving but three who did not. Of this twenty-nine all were faithful. There were killed in battle, sixteen; died by disease, seven; total deaths, twenty-three; survivors, six.

The above is written to show the material of which the gallant old Forty-Ninth Tennessee was made, this being the first company (A). The other companies were composed of material equally as good. On the 6th day of December, 1861, this company left Clarksville on a steamboat for Fort Donelson, amidst the shouts of the citizens, the waving of the handkerchiefs of the ladies, and the firing of guns from the fort at Red River, and arrived at Fort Donelson that night. Thus commenced the organization of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment.

In December, 1861, it was organized by the election of James E. Bailey, Colonel; Alfred Robb, Lieutenant Colonel; and D. A. Lynn, Major. R. E. Douglass was appointed Adjutant, and Dr. W. B. Williams, Surgeon. The regiment was composed of the following companies: A, Captain James E. Bailey, of Montgomery county.

B, Captain T. K. Grigsby, of Dickson county; C, Captain M. V. Fyke, of Robertson county; D, Captain J. B. Cording, of Dickson county; E, Captain J. M. Peacher, of Montgomery county; F, Captain D. A. Lynn, of Montgomery county; G, Captain Wm. F. Young, of Montgomery county; H, Captain Pugh Haynes, of Montgomery county; I, Captain T. A. Napier, of Benton county; K, Captain Wm. Shaw, of Cheat-ham county. A Chaplain was not appointed until after the re-organization in 1862, when the Rev. James H. McNeilly, now pastor of the Moore Memorial Church, Nashville, was appointed. No soldier discharged his duty better than this "man of God," who ministered to the wounded on every field of battle, and in the immediate presence of the enemy. F. P. McWhirter acted as Adjutant during the battle of Fort Donelson. E. T. Freeman was appointed First Lieutenant and Adjutant at Clinton, Miss., and won the admiration of the whole command by his gallant conduct on every field. After the re-organization in 1862, Dr. L. L. Lindsey was appointed Surgeon, and Dr. R. S. Napier Assistant Surgeon. After its organization the regiment remained at Fort Donelson, drilling, building fortifications, etc., until the battle of Fort Donelson, except that two companies were sent to Fort Henry, but ordered back before the attack on Fort Henry. When the enemy were moving on Fort Donelson a part of the regiment (volunteers) were sent out as cavalry under the command of Col. N. Brandon, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, who was at home on leave of absence, and had a skirmish with them, when they were worsted with a loss of six or eight wounded and ten or twelve captured.

During the battle of Fort Donelson the regiment was in the fort supporting the water batteries, under the command of the gallant Captains Reuben Ross, Thomas H. Beaumont, and B. G. Bidwell, until Saturday evening, February 15, 1862, when the Federals captured our works on the right, and were rapidly advancing upon the fort. Col. Bailey, then commanding the fort, promptly ordered the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Tennessee Regiments to attack the enemy, which was gallantly done, and the enemy driven back to the works. In this attack Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Robb, of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee, was mortally wounded by the side of Col. Bailey, his old law partner. No braver or better soldier or man ever died. He went into the battle upon a large white horse, and being himself a very large man, was a fine target for the sharpshooters. He was shot through the breast by one of these, and when shot put his hand on his breast, and saying he was shot started to the rear. Several men followed him, and he would have fallen from his horse in fifty yards but for their assistance. The men managed to get him to his quarters. During the night he was carried to the boats at Dover to be sent to Clarksville with the other wounded. Two boats were at the wharf, one fastened to the bank and the other on the side of this boat. He was placed on the first boat to be carried through to the second; in crossing from the one to the other the boats separated—the men holding his legs let loose and his body fell into the river, and he would have been drowned had it not been for his faithful old colored servant (Uncle Abram Robb) who, holding his arms, pulled him into the boat. He died at his home February 17th, 1862. Uncle Abram still lives, respected by both white

and black. We were surrendered with the army on February 16, and sent to prison—the field officers to Fort Warren, the other officers to Johnson's Island, and the privates to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. The privates were exchanged September 17, 1862, at Vicksburg, Miss., where they met their officers, who had been exchanged in Virginia. The regiment was re-organized at Clinton, Miss, September 29, 1862, when Col. James E. Bailey was again elected Colonel. In about ten days we were ordered to Corinth, Miss., to re-enforce Gen. Van Dorn, then about to attack the enemy at Corinth; but only reached Holly Springs, and were there halted, as our army had been defeated and were retreating. From Holly Springs the regiment was ordered to Port Hudson, La., and arrived there in October, 1862. It sustained the severe bombardment of March 14, 1863, when Commodore Farragut succeeded in passing our batteries with two gun-boats. Soon after this Col. Bailey, who had been sick for several months, resigned, and in August, 1864, was appointed one of the judges of the military court attached to Hardee's corps. We were ordered from Port Hudson April 6, 1863, and marched to Jackson, Miss., by way of Brookhaven. At that point we made a detour to the Southern railroad, Jackson then having been captured by Gen. Grant. We were with the first infantry command which entered Jackson after Grant left the place and besieged Vicksburg. We were placed in Loring's division, and served through the Mississippi campaign with Johnston's army, taking part in the engagements around Jackson from July 10 to 16, 1863. After the retreat from Jackson we were ordered to Mobile, Ala., arriving there September 1, 1863. Here Capt. W. F. Young was promoted to the command of the regiment. From Mobile we were ordered to the Army of Tennessee, and arrived at Missionary Ridge November 24, 1863; and though ordered into battle it was too late, as our army had then been defeated. Retreated with the army to Dalton, and were placed in Gen. John C. Breckenridge's division. On January 14, 1864, we were ordered to Mobile, arriving there January 21. Were then sent to Gen. Polk's army in Mississippi to meet Gen. Sherman's advance through that State, joining the army at Brandon, and placed in Gen. French's division. We retreated with Gen. Polk's army to near Meridian, Miss., where we were again ordered to Mobile. From Mobile we were ordered to the Army of Tennessee, reaching it May 26, 1864, and taking part in the Georgia campaign under Johnston and Hood, being in the engagements of New Hope Church, May 28, 1864; Pine Mountain, June 15; Kennesaw Mountain, June 28; Smyrna Depot, July 4; Peach-Tree Creek, Atlanta, July 20; and Lick-Skillet Road, Atlanta, July 28.

In the last battle the losses of the regiment were greater than in any other engagement during the war, unless it be that at Franklin. Col. W. F. Young lost an arm while gallantly leading a charge upon the enemy, and many good and brave men were killed and wounded. The colors of the regiment had thirty two shots through it, and two or three through the flag-staff. In this battle the Forty-Second and Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiments were consolidated under the command of Col. Young, of the Forty-Ninth, and being on the right of Quarles' brigade met and checked the advance of the enemy; and such was the havoc that in less than fifteen minutes almost every

officer was killed or wounded, and Capt. Thomas H. Smith, of the Forty-Ninth, seventh from seniority when the fight began, found himself in command. Notwithstanding the terrible onset, the troops maintained their position without shelter under heavy fire for several hours, when they withdrew in perfect order to a new line about one hundred yards in rear of their position. The writer, as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of Quarles' Brigade, of which the Forty-Ninth was a part, made an official report to division headquarters on the following morning, a copy of which is now in his possession, and shows: The effective strength of the brigade going into battle, 913; killed, 76; wounded, 400; missing, 19; total, 495.

It will be remembered that at this time the commands which had been raised in territory subsequently occupied by the enemy, and held in his possession from an early period of the war, had been unable to recruit their ranks, and so had been reduced to mere skeletons, and a brigade was about equal to an ordinary regiment. More than one half of the men of the brigade were killed or wounded in this action. In connection with this engagement it would be unjust not to mention the action of the gallant Mississippi battery, commanded by the noble Yates, which supported the regiment and the rest of Quarles' Brigade. This battery was greatly impeded in its march to the field by the road being filled with troops, but by the energy of its gallant Captain was up in time for the charge. As soon as it reached the field it opened upon the enemy under a terrible fire of artillery and musketry, and in less than five minutes eighteen were killed or wounded. It suffered greatly afterward, and won not only the admiration of the regiment, but of Quarles and staff and all who saw its action. From this time the regiment continued with Hood's army to the end of the Georgia campaign, and went with it to the campaign ending at the Alabama line. Crossed the Chattahoochee River at Pumpkin Town, and advanced to Big Shanty, taking part in the capture of that garrison, and also in the action at Acworth, and assisted in destroying ten or fifteen miles of railroad. The command then marched to Resaca, and thence to Dalton, via Sugar Valley Post Office, and were engaged in the destruction of the railroad until the surrender of Dalton, on October 13. It was with Gen. Hood during his march to Tusculum, Ala., and was upon the banks of the Tennessee one month after its departure from Pumpkin Town.

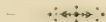
After crossing the Tennessee River, the regiment was with Gen. Hood during the Tennessee campaign, taking part in all the engagements of his army. It was in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. The regiment went into battle under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas M. Atkins, who had been promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain of Company A (Bailey's old company) and to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment at Big Shanty. He had the love and affection of the whole command, and the regiment did its duty nobly. Capt. R. F. Coulter, of Company G, was acting Adjutant, and was killed in the charge near the gin house, where the bravest of the regiment fell. Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of Company F, who was severely wounded at Franklin, and saved the colors of the regiment, furnished me with a copy of the *Chattanooga Rebel* of January 15, 1865, which gives a list of the killed, wounded and

missing. This paper says: "Killed, twenty; wounded, thirty-six; missing, thirty-six; total, ninety-two. The regiment went into battle with one hundred and eight guns and twenty-one officers. Several of those in the list of missing are known to have been wounded." The men acted well—many of them were taken prisoners within the enemy's breastworks, and "these had been gloriously led by their officers, many of whom had fallen either upon or near the Federal breastworks, dying as the brave should prefer to die, in the intense and exalted excitement of battle."

It then moved with Hood to Nashville, and took part in the engagement there, December 16, 1864, and retreated with his army after its defeat, in Walthall's division. On the 20th of December, 1864, it came under the orders of Gen. Forrest, commanding the rear-guard, and was engaged on the 24th in the battle south of Lynnville, and the engagements at Anthony's Hill and Sugar Creek. Another has said: "Each Confederate officer and soldier appeared to act and fight as if the fate of the army depended on his individual conduct. And never were there manifested higher soldiery virtues than by Forrest's heroic band including the infantry. . . . The men marched bare-footed in many cases, often waist deep in ice-cold water, while sleet beat upon their heads and shoulders." The same writer says of Sugar Creek: "The creek was about saddle-skirt deep, and through it the Federal cavalry dashed rearward without regard to any ford, and after them followed Walthall's dauntless men, charging waist-deep through the icy water." The regiment then retreated with Hood's army to Tupelo, Miss., and remained there until ordered to North Carolina, to join Johnston's army. Took part in the battle of Bentonville, on March 19, 1865, and was surrendered with the other remnants of that army.

This ends my brief sketch of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, a gallant, noble organization of true and loyal men, of whom, as a part of Quarles' Brigade, after one of their bloody encounters, it was said by General Hood: "They belong to a brigade that has never lost a picket line, nor given back in the presence of the enemy." When I think of them as they stood in line at their first dress-parade on the bloody field of Donelson, my mind recurs to the poet from whom I must make a second quotation:

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.



COL. WILLIAM F. YOUNG.

This gallant officer entered the service as Captain of Company G, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, at the beginning of the war. He was afterward promoted to the

command of the regiment, with the rank of Colonel. Concerning the merits of this officer, we have the following from the pen of Lieut. Polk G. Johnson:

This brave and gallant Confederate soldier lost an arm at Atlanta, in the battle of Lick Skillet Road, July 28th, 1864, and had a minnie ball embedded in his large watch over his heart. His regiment suffered terribly. A ball passed through the flag-staff and thirty-two minnie balls through his flag, and over one-half were killed or wounded. While being carried from the field two men carrying him—Captain Dunlap, of Dickson county, and the other whose name I have forgotten—were killed. The writer buried Captain Dunlap the next day, with Lieutenant Ashton Johnson, of Quarles' staff. A humble man, who parents came from Virginia, he was born in Bowling Green, Ky., March 26th, 1830, and moved to Montgomery county, Tenn., in 1832; and from his early youth he engaged in farming—plowing the fields with his own hands and gathering at the harvest-time. Thus his life was spent until called to the war in 1861. His good parents, of whom he is justly proud, taught him to believe in God and to discharge his duty always faithfully. He did not forget this teaching, and in all his relations to family, church, and State, he has been true. He was among the first to respond to his country's call in 1861, and among the last to leave it after "its banner had been furled." He took part with his regiment in the battle of Fort Donelson, shared their prison life, and was with them ever afterward, except when confined in the hospital from the loss of his right arm at Atlanta. He began his military career as a private soldier in Company G, of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee; was elected Captain of his company at its organization, and ordered to Fort Donelson. Here this regiment was organized, with James E. Bailey, of Clarksville, as Colonel, and Alfred Robb, of Clarksville, as Lieutenant Colonel, and the other necessary officers. The subject of our short sketch afterward was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and has ever retained the confidence and respect of both officers and men of his command. After the war he continued his old occupation of farming, and added thereto school-teaching, being unable to do manual labor, which he followed until 1870, when he engaged in the business of auctioneering, and has followed it since. He is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and an honest and faithful Christian.



FOURTEENTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY R. F. McCULLOCH.

The Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment was organized at Clarksville, Tenn., in May, 1861, under the first call of Governor Isham G. Harris for troops to serve in the war

between the States. The regiment was composed of eleven companies, to-wit: Company A, Clarksville, Tenn., W. A. Forbes, Captain; Company B, Montgomery county, M. G. Gholson, Captain; Company C, Robertson county, Wash. Lowe, Captain; Company D, Stewart county, H. C. Buckner, Captain; Company E, Stewart county, N. Brandon, Captain; Company F, Stewart county, W. E. Lowe, Captain; Company G, Montgomery county, Isaac Brunson, Captain; Company H, Clarksville, Tenn., F. S. Beaumont, Captain; Company I, Robertson county, W. P. Simmons, Captain; Company K, Montgomery county, J. W. Lockert, Captain; Company L, Montgomery county, E. Hewett, Captain. These eleven companies, representing in the aggregate over one thousand men, were brought together at Camp Duncan, in the vicinity of Clarksville, and the organization was completed by choosing the following field and staff officers: W. A. Forbes, Colonel; M. G. Gholson, Lieutenant-Colonel; N. Brandon, Major; W. W. Thompson, Adjutant; Dr. J. F. Johnson, Surgeon; Dr. John Martin, Assistant-Surgeon; Major John Gorham, Quartermaster; Captain Frank Green, Commissary; R. J. Goostree, Assistant-Commissary; Dr. J. M. Pirtle, Chaplain. The regiment, thus organized, remained at Camp Duncan about two weeks, when it moved ten miles further out on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, where we remained several weeks, perfecting the command in company and battalion drill. At this point, known as Camp Quarles, the regiment received its arms and accouterments. The arms with which we were supplied were antiquated in pattern, having been changed from flint to percussion locks; but they were the only muskets to be had, and the men received them without complaint.

About the middle of July, 1861, orders were received calling the regiment to Virginia to join the forces under Gen. Beauregard, then commanding our army on the plains of Manassas. We took the train for Nashville, and from Nashville on through East Tennessee, expecting soon to be on the field and ready for the fray. Arriving at Haynesville, our orders were countermanded and we pitched our tents and waited. At this point the news that the first great battle of Manassas had been fought was published to the regiment. Here we were joined by Col. Maney's First Tennessee Regiment, which had been halted under orders similar to our own. From Haynesville we were ordered to the department of Northwestern Virginia, then commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee. The Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment was now brigaded with Col. Maney's First Tennessee and Col. Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Regiments; the brigade being commanded by Brigadier-General S. R. Anderson.

Arriving at Millboro, West Virginia, our line of march was directed across the mountains to Big Springs, where we arrived about the middle of August, weary and foot-sore from the long and tedious march. After remaining in camp at this point about four weeks, the regiment, with five day's rations in haversacks, was ordered out on the famous Cheat Mountain expedition. Of this expedition much has been said and written, but no tongue or pen has yet, or ever can, set forth in their *true* colorings the privations, hardships, and sufferings endured by the troops on this memorable march over the trackless mountains. The Fourteenth Tennessee, in company with the other

regiments of the brigade, reached the position to which it had been ordered, and on the top of Cheat Mountain received its first baptism of fire. From Cheat Mountain, having accomplished but little in the expedition, we were ordered to retrace our steps; and after another weary march of three days over the rugged mountain-slopes, we found ourselves in our old quarters. We remained in Northwestern Virginia until the latter part of 1861, when, in December, we were ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, and were placed under the command of Major-General Thomas J. Jackson. At this point it is proper to note the following changes in the field and staff of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel M. G. Gholson having resigned his commission, Major N. Brandon was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain G. A. Harrell, of Company A, was promoted to Major. Lieutenant William McComb was promoted to Adjutant. Major Gorham having resigned the position of Quartermaster, Captain A. J. Allensworth was made Quartermaster instead. Dr. Johnson having resigned the position of Surgeon, Dr. Daniel F. Wright was appointed Surgeon of the regiment.

During the winter of 1861-62 the Fourteenth Tennessee took part in the campaigns of Gen. Jackson, around Winchester, Romney, and Bath, which campaigns resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from this portion of the State. The regiment was present at the bombardment of Hancock, Md., and was for several hours exposed to a heavy artillery fire, during which Col. Forbes constructed a bridge across the Potomac River for the passage of the troops. The bridge, however, was not used, as the enemy evacuated the town and were in full retreat before its completion. The campaign in the valley being over, we were ordered to the defenses on the Potomac River below Washington City, and for the time were placed in the division of Major-General French. Here (Col. Maney's regiment having been ordered to Tennessee) Col. Turney's First Tennessee Regiment took its place in the brigade. We remained on the Potomac but a little while, orders being received which removed us to the Peninsula, where we joined the forces under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Yorktown, and were assigned to the division of Major-General Gustavus W. Smith.

At this point the regiment was re-organized, the field officers being: W. A. Forbes, Colonel; G. A. Harrell, Lieutenant Colonel; Wm. McComb, Major; and R. C. Bell, Adjutant. On the retreat of the army from Yorktown, the regiment was engaged in the battle of West Point, where Hood's Texas brigade and our own drove back a heavy force of the enemy, who, under cover of their gun-boats, had landed and attempted to cut our retreating column in two. In this engagement, insignificant as it appears in the light of subsequent events, the regiment lost several valuable officers and men, among the number Capt. J. J. Crusman, of Co. H, who was severely wounded and permanently disabled.

Shortly after reaching the defenses around Richmond our brigade commander, Gen. Anderson, resigned his commission, and Col. Robert Hatton was promoted to Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the brigade. On the 31st of May, 1862, the Fourteenth Tennessee was an active participant in the battle of Seven Pines, fighting with great gallantry, and losing many of its best and bravest men on this stubbornly

contested field. In this battle Dr. John Martin, Assistant Surgeon of the regiment, was killed while faithfully discharging his duties, caring for the wounded of the regiment. Here, too, our brave commander, Gen. Hatton, lost his life while gallantly leading his brigade against the enemy. After the fall of Gen. Hatton, Brigadier-General J. J. Archer was assigned to the command of the brigade, and from this time to the close of the war the Tennessee Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia was known as Archer's Brigade. After the battle of Seven Pines we were assigned to the division of Major-General A. P. Hill.

The seven days' fight around Richmond followed in close succession on the heels of Seven Pines. On the 26th day of June, 1862, the army under command of Gen. R. E. Lee moved out of camp, crossed the Chickahominy River, and attacked the enemy under Gen. McClelland. The Fourteenth Tennessee participated in these sanguinary conflicts, leaving its dead and wounded heroes on the fields of Chickahominy, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, and Frazier's Farm. In all of these conflicts the regiment bore itself gallantly, moving with unflinching nerve and steadiness wherever duty called it. On these hotly contested fields the Fourteenth lost heavily in killed and wounded, while charging the almost impregnable works of the enemy. Having driven the enemy from the Peninsula, the attention of our army was soon directed to another quarter. Again breaking camp, we took up our line of march, and under command of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson, to whose corps we had been assigned, took part in the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, where the Fourteenth again suffered severely in killed and wounded, owing to the greatly exposed position the regiment held in the line. In this battle Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Harrell was mortally wounded. From Cedar Mountain the Fourteenth moved with Jackson's corps to the rear of Pope's army on the plains of Manassas, and on the 30th and 31st of August, 1862, was hotly engaged in what is known as the second battle of Manassas, the regiment holding its position in the line for twenty six consecutive hours, and repulsing with great slaughter the repeated charges of the enemy. In this battle the regiment again lost heavily. Here Col. W. A. Forbes, while bravely leading the regiment in a charge against the enemy's batteries, was killed. Maj. Morris was also mortally wounded in this battle. (When Lieutenant-Colonel Harrell died, Major McComb was advanced to the position of Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. Morris to the position of Major.) Lieutenant-Colonel McComb now became Colonel. Capt. J. W. Lockert, who had been promoted to Major, was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. J. H. Johnson was advanced to the position of Major.

After the battle of Manassas came the battle of Chantilly, on the first day of September, 1862. During this year the soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia had but little rest. The regiment was soon on the move again, and on the 15th of September took part in the fight at Harper's Ferry, which resulted in the capitulation of that post with its force of about twelve thousand men, and an immense quantity of valuable stores. The fight at Harper's Ferry was scarcely ended before the thunder of Gen. Lee's artillery at Antietam, Md., called our division to his assistance. Moving out at

early dawn on the 17th of September, the Fourteenth, with other troops of the division, commanded by A. P. Hill, made a forced march of twenty miles, forded the Potomac River, holding aloft muskets and cartridge-boxes to keep them dry, crossed into Maryland, and arrived on the field of Antietam in time to meet the enemy and drive it from the right flank of our army, thus saving the day, which, but for the timely arrival of Hill's division, would have been lost. In this engagement Col. Wm. McComb was severely wounded while bravely leading the regiment in the charge. The day following the battle of Antietam we remained in position, holding the ground from which the enemy had been driven. On the 19th of September the army slowly retired across the Potomac. Arriving on the Virginia side, the regiment had not settled in camp before it was again ordered out, and took part in the battle of Shepherdstown (the enemy having followed us across the river). In this battle the regiment, as in other engagements, acted with conspicuous gallantry, driving everything before it. The enemy were routed, driven into the river, and to their list of killed was added the names of numbers drowned. After the battles of Antietam and Shepherdstown, the enemy changed his base of operations, appearing in force on the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg, Va. The Army of Northern Virginia was still in his front, occupying the heights in the rear of the town. In this position we remained comparatively quiet until the 13th of December, when the enemy, under Gen. Burnside, moved across the river and attacked our forces. In this battle (Fredericksburg) the Tennessee Brigade, commanded by Col. P. Turney, held the extreme right of the infantry line. The enemy advanced, in three lines of battle, across an open field some half mile in width, with lines as evenly dressed and step as regular as though on dress-parade. Lieutenant Colonel Lockert, who commanded the regiment in this action, ordered his men to hold their fire until the word was given. In breathless silence we waited until the front line of the enemy reached a point not fifty yards distant from our battle-line, when, the command being given, the work of death began. Line after line was hurled against the Tennessee Brigade, only to be hurled back again, broken, disorganized and routed. In this action the loss of the Fourteenth Tennessee, though severe, was small when compared with the terrible punishment inflicted upon the enemy. Col. Lockert, always brave, on this occasion won the admiration of the entire command by his gallantry in the fight. Col. Pete Turney, commanding the brigade, was severely wounded early in the fight. It is proper here to state that, in his advance, the enemy effected a breach in the line to the left of the Tennessee Brigade, taking the Fourteenth Tennessee in rear, causing for a time some confusion, and resulting in the capture of some of our men. The enemy, however, was driven back with great slaughter, and the breach speedily closed.

With the battle of Fredericksburg the active work of the army closed for the Winter. In the Spring of 1863, the Fourteenth Tennessee again found itself confronting the enemy on the field of Chancellorsville. On the 1st day of May, 1863, it moved with Jackson's corps around the flank of Hooker's army, and took an active part in the battles of the 2d and 3d of May, fighting gallantly and losing heavily in killed and

wounded. In this battle, Colonel McComb was again severely wounded while charging the enemy's second line, after capturing a battery of artillery and a number of prisoners. When the regiment was withdrawn from the lines in front of Chancellorsville to participate in this movement, two of its companies—to-wit, Company H, commanded by Capt. W. S. Moore, and Company L, commanded by Capt. A. Collins and Lieut. Thomas Herndon—were left on the skirmish line in front of the enemy's works. These two companies remained in this position, skirmishing with the enemy, until 4 o'clock p. m., when they were relieved by other troops, and ordered to rejoin their regiment—now several hours in advance of them—with all possible haste. In executing this order these companies were much retarded, the road being blocked with artillery and wagons, and there being much confusion in the trains, as the enemy was pressing and threatening their capture. They moved forward, however, with great difficulty, and after marching several miles, were requested by some officers of artillery (who had hastily unlimbered their guns) to halt and support their batteries, and assist in driving back the enemy. (A regiment of Georgia troops which had accompanied the trains for their protection, had been completely routed by the enemy, and were flying in dismay and confusion.) The two companies quickly formed their lines on the left of the batteries, and after a stubborn fight of nearly an hour's duration, succeeded in driving back the enemy, thus saving the entire train of wagons and artillery which otherwise must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. The train having been rescued from danger, the companies resumed their march and joined the regiment in bivouac at 12 o'clock that night, being just in time to move with the regiment to its position in the line, and to participate in the general engagement which took place on the morning following. In this great flank movement our corps commander, Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, lost his life while reconnoitering in front of his lines. This sad event cast a shadow of gloom over the entire army. Our division commander, Gen. A. P. Hill, was also severely wounded in this action, the division being commanded through the remainder of the fight by Gen. Wilcox. After the death of Jackson, Gen. A. P. Hill was advanced to the position of Lieutenant-General commanding the corps, Major-General Heth taking command of our division.

This brings us to the famous Gettysburg campaign. In the latter part of June, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia again took up its line of march, and crossed the Potomac River, passing through the State of Maryland into Pennsylvania. On the 1st of July, while resting at Cashtown, orders were received directing the Tennessee Brigade to move into Gettysburg and occupy the town. When almost within sight of the town we suddenly struck the enemy's pickets, and the Fourteenth Tennessee, with the other regiments of the brigade, soon became hotly engaged with Reynold's corps. The remainder of the division, hearing the heavy firing, came rapidly to the front and moved into action, and after a stubborn and bloody fight the enemy was driven through and a mile beyond the town. In this the first day's battle at Gettysburg the Fourteenth suffered considerable loss in killed and wounded. At one time the regiment was almost entirely surrounded by the enemy, and some of our best men were captured. Twice

during this engagement the colors of the regiment were shot down, but they were raised as often and waved triumphantly in the face of the foe. In this action Brigadier-General Archer was captured, and Capt. G. A. Williams of his staff severely wounded. On the 3d of July the division of Major-General Heth, of which the Fourteenth Tennessee was a part, was selected to make the ever-memorable charge against the enemy's works on Cemetery Hill. The regiment moved to the position assigned it in the line, lying flat upon the ground during the terrific artillery duel which preceded the charge. The earth quaked and trembled under the thunder of four hundred guns, and the air seemed filled with hissing and screaming shells and other missiles of destruction. This duel lasted about two hours, when the firing ceased, the command was given, and the regiment moved forward with the other troops to the charge. A terrific fire of grape, canister, and shell was opened by the enemy on the assaulting column, but heedless of the carnage about it, this gallant old regiment moved steadily forward up the slope of Cemetery Hill, and carried its colors triumphantly into the works of the enemy, under a murderous fire of musketry which had also been opened upon it. The occupation of the enemy's works was of short duration, however; the Tennessee Brigade, which was the only one that reached the works, being driven out by an overwhelming force, after fighting stubbornly to hold the position from which the enemy had been driven.

On the retreat of the army from Gettysburg, the Fourteenth Tennessee was one of the regiments composing the rear-guard, and was hotly engaged in the battle of Falling Waters, Md., where the enemy's cavalry, with reckless bravery, charged down on Heth's division, and were slaughtered almost to a man. With the close of the Gettysburg campaign the active work of the Army of Northern Virginia also closed, little being done during the remainder of 1863, except in the way of maneuvers. The regiment, however, was engaged in the action at Bristoe Station on the 14th of September of this year—an unfortunate affair, in which the Confederate troops suffered severely. The next field on which the Fourteenth Tennessee found itself confronting the enemy was the Wilderness, on May 5th to 7th, 1864. Here this gallant band stood in line of battle, without rest, for eighteen hours, beating back the forces of the enemy successively hurled against it. From the Wilderness it moved with the army to Spottsylvania and took part in the great battle fought on that field on the 12th of May, 1864. From Spottsylvania it moved again to the field of Cold Harbor, on the 1st of June following; from thence to the defense of Richmond and Petersburg, taking part in the many battles fought from time to time on that line. Here Colonel William McComb, for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field, was promoted to Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lockert was made Colonel of the regiment.

The Fourteenth was actively engaged in the last battle fought on this line, on the 2d day of April, 1865, retreating with General Lee to Appomattox Court House, where, on the 9th day of April, 1865, its last battle having been fought, and its duty nobly done, the remnant of this grand old regiment laid down their arms. In thirty-three

pitched battles, and double as many skirmishes with the enemy, the Fourteenth testified its devotion to the cause it served by deeds of valor, and the blood of its slain. Its heroic dead lie buried on all the great battle-fields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, mourned by the remnant of their comrades who survived the conflict.



FIFTIETH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY CHAS. W. TYLER.

In the early Fall of 1861 a few companies of infantry under command of Colonel Randall W. McGavock, of Nashville, were stationed at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, about thirty miles below Clarksville. This command was known as McGavock's battalion, and was the nucleus of the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, which afterwards became the garrison regiment at Donelson. Lieut. J. H. Holmes was the Adjutant of this battalion; Clay Roberts, Quartermaster; Thomas Shamerall, Commissary; and Lieut. George W. Pease, a gallant young Pennsylvanian, who had left home and come South just previous to the breaking out of the war, was acting by appointment of Governor Harris as Drill-Master of the raw troops. Although he was a stranger and from the North, this young man soon became very popular with all the soldiers. He served with the regiment during the entire war, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. For the brave stand which he took in behalf of the South, his father disinherited him; and after the war, his family, except one sister, refused to see him or to allow him to visit them. He died in Memphis, in 1874 or 1875.

On the night of November 19th, 1861, at 10 o'clock, the company to which I belonged (afterward Company E of the Fiftieth) left Clarksville for Fort Donelson to join McGavock's battalion. At 2 o'clock the next morning we reached the landing at Donelson, and climbed the muddy hill to the fort, prepared to play our part in the great drama. From time to time other companies were added to ours, and at length on Christmas day, 1861, we organized as a regiment by the election of field officers. The new regiment was called the Fiftieth Tennessee, and the companies were commanded as follows: Company A, Capt. T. W. Beaumont, Montgomery county; Company B, Capt. George W. Stacker, Stewart county; Company C (an Alabama company), Capt. Jackson; Company D, Capt. Sam Graham, Stewart county; Company E, Capt. C. A. Sugg, Montgomery county; Company F, Capt. A. Richards, Stewart county; Company G, Capt. Gould, Cheatham county; Company H, Capt. H. C. Lockert, Stewart county; Company I, Capt. Wm. Martin, Stewart county; Company K, Capt. A. Wilson, Humphreys county. Capt. George W. Stacker, of Company B,

a man of considerable wealth, who had uniformed his whole company and otherwise greatly aided the Stewart county volunteers, was elected Colonel of the regiment. Capt. Cyrus A. Sugg, of Company E, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel; and Capt. H. C. Lockert, of Company H, Major. Lieut. C. W. Robertson, of Company A, was appointed Adjutant; Billy Morris, of Company D, Sergeant-Major; Robert L. Cobb, Ordnance Sergeant; Clay Roberts, Quartermaster; Jo. Newberry, Commissary; Dr. Gould, Surgeon; and Dr. W. B. Mills, Assistant Surgeon. To fill the vacancies created by the election of regimental officers, Lieut. A. Allman was elected Captain of Company B; Lieut. John B. Dortch, Captain of Company E; and Lieut. E. Sexton, Captain of Company H. Colonel Stacker resigned just one month after his election, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sugg was then promoted to full Colonel, Lockert to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant C. W. Robertson was elected Major. Lieut. T. E. Mallory, of Company E, was appointed Adjutant in Robertson's stead.

We had built log-huts and gone into Winter quarters inside the fort, and were quite comfortable. Our friends in Clarksville sent us good things by nearly every boat; and some of the companies of the regiment were raised in the immediate vicinity of the fort, and their friends and relatives visited them frequently. On January 19th, 1862, we marched to Fort Henry, twelve miles across the country, on the Tennessee River. We returned in about ten days, and on February 6th were ordered back, but learned of the surrender of the fort and of our brigade commander, General Tilghman, before we reached it. On the 11th Forrest's battalion of cavalry had a fight near Fort Donelson, killing two or three Federals and capturing one. This man when brought in was a show. He was the first man in blue uniform we had ever seen, but the sight of them soon became common enough.

During the battle of Fort Donelson, which took place February 14th and 15th, 1862, the regiment remained most of the time in the fort. Capt. Beaumont's company (A) was detailed to man the heavy guns at the river, and had a terrific artillery duel with the enemy's gun-boats, finally driving them back and foiling them in their efforts to pass the fort. Lieut. W. C. Allen, of Capt. Beaumont's company, was complimented in an official report for his gallantry on that occasion. On the evening of the 12th four companies—B, C, D and E—were sent out to re-enforce Col. Roger Hanson's Second Kentucky Regiment, which had been literally cut to pieces. The Forty-Ninth Tennessee was with us, and Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Robb of that regiment was killed on the occasion. That night about 12 o'clock we evacuated the fort and marched up to Dover, two miles. There we stood shivering in the cold for hours, while the three Generals—Buckner, Floyd and Pillow—held a council of war in the old hotel on the river bank. The enemy's camp-fires blazed brightly all around us, and looked cheerful enough as we stamped our feet in the snow. We expected orders to cut our way through them, but instead were ordered back to the fort, and reached just before daylight. In a short while a courier came from Gen. Buckner to Col. Sugg with an order to raise a white flag over the fort. Curses both loud and deep followed this intelligence. There was no white flag in the regiment, nobody expecting

need one, but Ordnance Sergeant R. L. Cobb had a white sheet, which was run up at daylight. Nearly half the regiment escaped from the fort. All the field officers, and about five hundred and fifty others, men and officers, remained and were surrendered. The regimental officers were sent to Fort Warren, the company officers to Johnson's Island, and the non-commissioned officers and privates to Camp Douglas, Chicago. All that summer they remained in prison. On September 18, 1862, the regiment was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., and officers and men once more met on the soil of the Confederacy.

On the 20th, at Jackson, Miss., the regiment was re-organized. The company officers were as follows: Co. A, Capt. W. C. Allen, Montgomery county; Co. B, Capt. George W. Pease, Pennsylvania; Co. C, Capt. Jackson, Alabama; Co. D, Capt. Sam Graham, Stewart county; Co. E, Capt. T. E. Mallory, Montgomery county; Co. F, Capt. James Dunn, Stewart county; Co. G, Capt. Tom Mays, Cheatham county; Co. H, Capt. E. Sexton, Stewart county; Co. I, Capt. Sam Allen, Stewart county; Co. K, Capt. Curtis, Humphreys county. On the 24th an election was held for regimental officers. Col. Sugg and Major Robertson were both re-elected. Capt. T. W. Beaumont was elected Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut. Williams, of Co. H, was appointed Adjutant; J. B. Sugg, Quartermaster; John L. W. Power, Commissary; W. Turner, Sergeant-Major; Cave Morris, Ordnance Sergeant; and Dr. R. D. McCauley, Surgeon.

October 8th the regiment was sent by rail to Corinth to re-enforce Gen. Van Dorn; found that officer retreating, and fell back with him to Grenada, having several severe skirmishes with the enemy. On December 24th Jefferson Davis and Gen. Joseph Johnston reviewed the troops, and the next day they were ordered to Vicksburg. Fought the enemy under General Sherman on the 28th, and drove them back to their gun-boats. In November, 1862, a month previous, the regiment had been temporarily consolidated with the First Tennessee Battalion, of which S. H. Combs, of Sparta, was Major, and John W. Childress, now of Nashville, was Adjutant. Dr. R. T. Rothrock, now of Nashville, was Surgeon of the consolidated regiment and battalion. On January 5, 1863, the men were ordered to Port Hudson, Louisiana, and remained there four months. When the Federal gun-boat "Indianola" ran by the batteries at Vicksburg and showed herself above Port Hudson, Colonel Beaumont offered to take the Fiftieth and either capture or destroy her, but the offer was refused. On the night of March 14th occurred a most terrific bombardment that shook the earth and illuminated the heavens. No grander or more awful spectacle could will be imagined.

On May 2d the regiment left Port Hudson and marched on foot to Jackson, Miss. On May 12th, at Raymond, Miss., occurred a warm engagement with the Federals, in which the Fiftieth took an active part. During most of the engagement it was detached from the rest of the brigade, and for five hours held the enemy in check. Colonel Sugg commanded the brigade during this action, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Beaumont was in command of the regiment. During the engagement he was wounded in the head and knocked down. Two men stepped from the ranks to carry him back, supposing him dead, but he sprang to his feet, and, ordering them into line, resumed

command of his regiment. At Jackson, some days after, Major Robertson, of the Fiftieth, commanded the skirmish line and made a gallant stand against a large force of Federals, for which he was complimented in an official order by General Joseph E. Johnston. The regiment remained in Mississippi until September, 1863, when it was sent to Georgia to re-enforce General Bragg. On the way the train on which the Fiftieth was carried came into collision with another at Big Shanty, Georgia, and thirteen men were killed and seventy-five wounded. Captain T. E. Mallory, of Company E, was among the dangerously wounded, but afterward recovered.

September 18th the regiment reached Bragg's army, on the eve of the battle of Chickamauga, and next morning went into the fight. It was nearly annihilated. A letter now before me, written by Colonel Sugg, October 10, 1863, says: "We were in it three hours; one hundred and eighty-six men went into the fight, fifty-four only came out. Colonel Beaumont and Major Robertson killed, Major Combs severely wounded, Captain Williams killed, Lieutenants Hays and Whitley killed, Lieutenant White will probably die, Captains Pease and Sexton wounded, Lieutenant Holmes Wilson severely wounded, Lieutenant Wheatly wounded, and a host of men, among them Sam and George Dunn; George Hornberger and John Crunk killed; Isbell missing; John Benton, Billy Boiseau, George Warfield, Bob McReynolds, John Willoughby, Holt Franklin and Robert J. Franklin, wounded."

Colonel Sugg commanded the brigade in this action, and in an official report General Hill, corps commander, gave him the credit of capturing ten steel guns from the enemy. Beaumont fell early in the action, and Major Robertson took command of the regiment. He ordered his men to drag these captured guns to the summit of the ridge, and turning them on the now retreating foe, he put them to flight. Again on Tuesday morning, when the enemy was making an obstinate resistance in a dense thicket, another Confederate brigade, which had been ordered to dislodge them, refused to advance. The men of this brigade were then ordered to lie down, and Trigg's brigade, commanded by Colonel Sugg, with a yell charged over their friends and into the enemy's lines, and drove them from their position. Here Major Robertson fell mortally wounded, and Colonel Sugg was struck four times, though not seriously injured.

The loss of the two brave officers, Colonel Beaumont and Major Robertson, was seriously felt by the regiment. These two heroes had gone out as officers in the same company. One was Captain and the other was First Lieutenant of Company A. They were fast friends in life, and in death they were not divided. No braver and nobler man ever offered up his life for any cause than Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Beaumont. He was one of four brothers who entered the Confederate service, three of whom were killed in battle. He was born and reared in Clarksville, Tenn.; studied law, but had adopted journalism as a profession, and at the time of the breaking out of the war was the editor of the *Nashville Banner*, the most prominent Whig paper in the State. He was a man of high intelligence and courage, and never faltered upon what he thought to be the path of duty for fear of consequences. Major Christopher

W. Robertson was a native of Dickson county, Tenn., and had just graduated with high honors at the Lebanon law school when the call to arms came. To my mind he was the noblest Roman of them all; brave and firm and self-reliant—proud without arrogance, pious without hypocrisy, intelligent without display; he was as modest and gentle as a woman, yet utterly fearless in danger. When he stepped to the front and gave the word of command, all obeyed him, for he was a born leader of men; and yet he was a brother to the humblest soldier in the ranks. In the twenty-third year of his age, in front of his regiment, and leading his men on to victory, he fell to rise no more.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

A few weeks after the fight at Chickamauga came the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25th, 1863, and the regiment again suffered severely. Here Colonel Sugg was mortally wounded and taken from the field. Fletcher Beaumont, the Adjutant, and a younger brother of Colonel Beaumont, while leading a charge, was killed with the battle-flag in his hands. Lieut. Joel Ruffin, of Company E, was shot through both legs, and wounded a third time in the thigh. The regiment lost many others of its best men. Colonel Cyrus A. Sugg, who lost his life in this engagement, was a farmer before the war, living in District No. 1, Montgomery county. He was twenty-nine years of age, remarkably intelligent, popular with all his neighbors, and beloved by all the men when he took command of the regiment. He was cool and collected in the hour of danger; generally went into battle smoking his pipe, and never suffered himself to become excited during an engagement. After he was wounded he was carried back to Marietta, Ga., where he lingered some two months, and died in December, 1863.

In these two battles—Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge—the regiment had lost all its field officers, many of its company officers, and more than half of its men. The Fiftieth Tennessee, the First Tennessee Battalion (commanded by Major S. H. Colms), and the Fourth Confederate Tennessee (commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel O. A. Bradshaw), was then consolidated. S. H. Colms was made Colonel; O. A. Bradshaw, Lieutenant-Colonel; and Captain George W. Pease, of the Fiftieth, was promoted to be Major of the new regiment. John W. Childress was Adjutant, and Dr. R. G. Rothrock, Surgeon; Poston Coutts was Ordnance Sergeant. After the fall of Atlanta, Colonel Colms, on account of ill health, was assigned to post duty at Macon, Georgia, when Bradshaw was promoted to full Colonel, and Pease to Lieutenant-Colonel.

During the hard Winter of 1863-64 the regiment was in winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia. In the early Spring of 1864 it fell back with the army under General Joseph E. Johnston, before Sherman's overwhelming force, and participated in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta, along the line of that famous retreat. At Resaca, Calhoun Station, Adairsville, Kingston, New Hope Church, Pumpkin-Vine Creek, Dead Angle, Peach-Tree Creek, in all the battles around Atlanta, and at Jonesboro, with constantly

diminishing ranks, the old Fiftieth faced the enemy. Among others, at the terrible spot named by the soldiers "Dead Angle," fell young John B. Robertson, the only brother of Major C. W. Robertson. He was a mere boy, and had been with the regiment only a few days, having come South, as he said, to take his brother's place. He was acting as Sergeant-Major at the time of his death. Captain John L. W. Power was wounded on the 29th of June. James Easley, of Company E, a gallant soldier, and very popular, and many others whose names I cannot now give, were killed. There was no rest for the men day or night, and fighting and lying in the trenches had reduced the regiment to a mere skeleton.

When General Hood took command of the army, and after the terrible fighting around Atlanta, issued a stirring address to his soldiers and turned their steps northward, the hearts of the Tennesseans beat high with hope. Nashville was to be recaptured, and the flag of the Confederacy to float once more over the loved ones at home. But it was not to be. At Franklin, and in sight of the Capitol at Nashville, blood flowed like water, and brave men fell by hundreds. All in vain! Once more the shattered remnant of the army took up its march southward, and on New Year's Day, 1865, the Fiftieth crossed the Tennessee line and stood on the soil of Alabama. The handwriting was now on the wall.

After a few days' rest, the command was sent by rail to Smithfield, N. C., and here, in the last days of the Confederacy, the Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Nineteenth, Fiftieth, Fifty-First and Fifty-Second Tennessee Regiments were all consolidated into one feeble regiment, which was called the Second Tennessee. Bradshaw remained the Colonel of this regiment, and Pease Lieutenant-Colonel; Rothrock was Surgeon. The men of the Fiftieth and the First Tennessee Battalions, and the Fourth Confederate Tennessee, which had been formerly consolidated, were all placed in one company. This was made the color company of the regiment, and John W. Childress was Captain. There was a good deal of skirmishing after this and some heavy fighting, but no one had any heart in it. The most ignorant soldier in the army knew that the cause was lost, and every life taken was felt to be a useless sacrifice. Still the men marched and countermarched, and stood to their colors, and did all they could to stay the advance of Sherman's victorious troops. Then came the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and "last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history," the army of old Joe Johnston laid down its arms and gave up the fight at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

Ragged and weary and heart-broken, when the men of the old Fiftieth fell into line for the last time, and stacked arms in the presence of the enemy on that dreary April morning, only these were left to answer at roll-call: Company A, J. L. Martin, Poston Couts, A. Black, W. J. Black, W. Trotter, R. R. Mills, J. J. Tourin; Company B, B. R. McCauley, C. E. McCauley, E. T. Hale; Company C, eight men names unknown (this was the Alabama company); Company D, Matt Jones, Alfred Downs, Thomas Cook, William Wallace, George Sanders; Company E, John L. W. Power, H. W. Boiseau, J. H. Willoughby; Company F, James Somers, — Sevier;

Company G. W. Thompson, Miles Yarbrough, John Hale; Company H, Thomas Broadie, Henry Atkins, James Barnes; Company I, none; Company K, J. J. McCauley, Thomas Cowley, and Rufus Knight. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, and a host of other brave and true men, all dead—dead as the cause for which they had so long contended.



WOODWARD'S CAVALRY.

BY HON. AUSTIN PEAY.

At Oak Grove, Christian county, Ky., on the 9th of April, 1861, a company of cavalry was organized, with Thomas G. Woodward, a West Point graduate, as Captain. Oak Grove is near the Tennessee line, and many Tennesseans, anxious to become soldiers, united their fortunes with this Kentucky company. The citizens around Oak Grove were ardent Southerners, and gave liberally of their means to mount, arm, and equip the company. Lieut. Darwin Bell and Orderly Wm. Blakemore were sent on a secret mission to Cincinnati for arms, and succeeded in purchasing enough fine Colt's revolvers with which to arm the company. It was the intention for the company to unite with the Kentucky State Guards, but the action of the State was so dilatory that on the 25th of June, 1861, it was mustered into the Tennessee service as an independent organization. It numbered one hundred and eight men and officers, and no finer body of men, or better equipped, ever sought or obtained service anywhere. It saw no active service for some months, but was drilled in the camps of instruction at Boone, Cheatham, and Trousdale. When the army invaded Kentucky this company led the van-guard, and penetrated as far as Hopkinsville, the home of many of its members, returning to Bowling Green in the early Winter. At Bowling Green the company grew to such proportions that it was divided into two companies, and then merged into the First Kentucky Cavalry as Companies A and B; Capt. Darwin Bell commanding Company A, and Capt. Wm. Caldwell, Company B. Woodward was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. Ben Hardin Helm, a noble gentleman and chivalrous soldier, who gave his life for his country on the field of Chickamauga, was Colonel of the regiment. The regiment was twelve hundred strong.

Hard service, picketing, and scouting through the Winter of 1861 and 1862 characterized the company's history, and a few skirmishes, in which the men bore themselves well and gave promise of the valor which they afterwards displayed upon many a hard-fought field. When the army retreated from Kentucky, the regiment was its rear-guard, and with sickening heart followed its dreary march through the whole State of Tennessee, until once again it formed its lines and confronted the enemy at Shiloh.

Then it was stationed at Florence, Ala., and gave General Johnston accurate information of the advance of Buell's army, which precipitated the attack at Shiloh. After the battle—which, but for the untimely death of that great soldier, General Jackson, would have been the most complete victory of the war—the command followed the varying fortunes of the army in Mississippi and Alabama until, in May of 1862, under General Adams, it was sent on a raid into Middle Tennessee. Here it was engaged in several hard fights. At Winchester, Tenn., Companies A and L, with a fool-hardy courage, under orders of Captain Cox, of Adams' staff, who was in command, charged the Court House, filled with Federal infantry, halted in its front, fired their guns and revolvers in its doors and windows in the faces of the astonished foe, and then retreated under a murderous fire, which left many of the best and bravest of their men dead and wounded. At Huey's Bridge the First Kentucky and some companies of the Eighth Texas charged a Federal regiment intrenched in camp, and killed and captured every man of them, but with fearful loss of life among its officers and men. The advance of the Federal infantry drove Adams' command from this portion of Tennessee across the river to Chattanooga. Here, on the 25th of June, 1862, the time of enlistment of Companies A and B expired, and they were mustered out of the service. Some of the men re-enlisted at once, and joined a command which Forrest was raising for a raid into Tennessee and Kentucky, but the greater number returned to their homes, situated within the Federal lines, in the two States mentioned.

On the 12th of July, just seven days after disbandment, Woodward had returned into Kentucky, and in Christian county began the organization of a new command. His old men almost to a man gathered around him, new recruits flocked to him from Kentucky and Tennessee, among whom, from Clarksville and vicinity, were Baker D. Johnson, Cons. O'Brien, Ed. Hyronemous, Clay Stacker, W. R. Bringham, George Dick, Jeff. Armsby, Ike Nix, Sy. Davidson, John Henderson, William Spurrier, Robert Gibbons, W. W. Valliant, Frank Lurton, West Orgain, Buck Orgain, A. Lyle, Henry Lyle, and William Rice, and he soon had a large regiment in the field. The men were generally not well armed, and, like all new recruits in the beginning, wanting in discipline; but under Woodward's fine system of military tactics they soon became disciplined and hardened in the usages of war. They met the enemy often, and with varying success. Clarksville, with Colonel Mason and its entire garrison, was captured with but little loss. Fort Donelson was attacked, but the attack was repulsed with severe loss. The next morning the enemy, presuming upon the repulse of the day before, followed to the rolling mills, and charged with a regiment of cavalry. Woodward had had warning of their approach, and was ready for them. The command was placed in position under the river bank and in the demolished works of the old mill, while the small four-pounder was in position at a bridge which was a little way in front. The Federal cavalry scarcely gave the command time to get into position before it charged in column down the road. On they came with headlong courage. The cannon was overturned after one discharge, and the cavalry, with drawn sabers, swept down upon our position. The tale was soon told. The men poured a terrific fire

from both sides of the road into their serried columns, and the road was soon choked with dead and wounded men and horses. Two front companies were annihilated, not a single man escaping to tell the bloody fate of his comrades. The rear companies never came through, but turned and fled. The command lost not a man in the action, and its retreat was in safety to Clarksville.

Woodward remained in Kentucky drilling and enlarging his command until after the battle of Perryville and Bragg's retreat from Kentucky. The Federals then sent General Ransom, with a large command, into Southern Kentucky to drive Woodward out. Near the little town of Garrettsburg, in September, 1862, the Federals struck Woodward's Regiment in line of battle. The conflict was sharp and brief. Overpowered by numbers, armed only with shot-guns, and upon ground unfitted for cavalry fighting, the men were no match for the long-range rifles of the trained infantry and artillery of the foe, and broke in disorder and fell back in great confusion, leaving a good many dead on the field, and carrying off as many more wounded. The next day Cumberland River was crossed, Kentucky faded in the distance, and the homes of our birth were left to the possession of the foe.

Near Charlotte, in Dixon county, the command was camped for some time. The regiment was enlisted for one year's service, and here came the tidings that the Confederate authorities would receive no enlistments for less than three years' service, and it came coupled with the command to swear the men in for three years and place the regiment under Forrest, who was then preparing to invade West Tennessee. At this time Forrest was as much feared and despised as he was afterward appreciated and beloved. So the men refused to submit to the terms proposed, and the regiment went to pieces, as the night-gathered clans of McGregor dissolved before the light of the morning. Woodward's work had come to naught before its full fruition. His disappointment was great; but, nothing daunted, he gathered around him a company of a hundred men, followed Forrest into West Tennessee, and did yeoman service, participating in every engagement of that hard campaign, and winning the highest commendation for himself and men from his chief—that glorious old dead hero, who never said to his men, "Go," but, "Follow me!" In this campaign Lieutenant Joe Staton was killed. He was a man of great vanity, but of courage true as steel, of brilliant mind, and as gallant an officer as ever drew a saber or buckled a spur.

When Woodward returned from the campaign in West Tennessee, his command was camped for weeks in the neighborhood of Columbia, Tenn. The old comrades again flocked to his standard; there was no peace for them while their beloved South writhed in the grasp of the foe and fought for liberty. They came in troops and companies; to-day in squads of three or four, to-morrow in organized companies, mostly from Kentucky, but a goodly sprinkling of Tennesseans, most of whom joined Company A, commanded by Will A. Elliot, himself a son of Tennessee. Company C was composed entirely of Tennesseans, and its Captain, Tom Lewis, was as noble a gentleman and brave a soldier as ever lived or died. Soon once more by his indomitable exertions Woodward had organized a fine, serviceable body of men. Seven full com-

panies answered at his roll-call, and stood ready to follow him to battle—not sufficient for a regiment, yet it was received as such. Woodward was elected to the command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Tom Lewis as Major. Its companies were commanded and distinguished as follows: Company A, Will A. Elliott, Captain—about one-third Tennesseans; Company B, Given Campbell, Captain; Company C, Tom Lewis, Captain—after Lewis' promotion to Major, commanded by Lieutenant Jackson; Company D, Robert Biggs, Captain; Company E, John Crutcher, Captain; Company F, J. H. Harvey, Captain; Company G, Joe Williams, Captain; C. D. Bell was Adjutant, and Edward Gray Sergeant-Major.

Thus organized and officered, and constituted a regiment, the command was sworn into the Confederate service for the war. It was the famous Second Kentucky, and if its country had a history its record should be written deep upon it. But who can write its history? It would take a volume in itself to contain it. It cannot be done. Its roll has been lost; and could it be called, more voices would answer from the farther shore than from this. The chronicler stands appalled at the magnitude of the task. How write the eulogies and elegies of its living and dead? Its dead sleep in every State of the South, and many a stream has been dyed with their blood. From the deep-moving current of Green River to the slumberous waters of Cape Fear these veterans marched and fought. From where the winds of winter sweep in shrill cadences over the hills of Northern Kentucky to where the warm waves of the ocean lave the sand-beaches of Carolina they followed the flag of their country with unflinching devotion through victory and defeat, until with sorrowing hearts they saw it furled and laid away forever. Who can write its history, illustrate its devotion, and call the roster of its dead? How it followed a cause until that cause was irreparably lost; how it fought under Forrest—the most beloved leader of them all—in his numerous hard battles in many campaigns: in East Tennessee, under the chivalrous Kelly; and then to Chickamauga, where Forrest dismounted his men and led them into battle as infantry, and when the enemy were defeated and routed he mounted his impetuous riders and pushed them right upon Chattanooga. Here Forrest, followed by Major Wm. Caldwell, Adjutant C. D. Bell and Lieutenant Pack Edmunds, daringly charged into the streets of the town, where Forrest's horse was killed.

After this battle the regiment, in spite of its prayers and entreaties, was taken from Forrest, and, with the First and Ninth Kentucky, organized into a brigade and placed under the command of J. Warren Grigsby, and assigned to General Joseph Wheeler's corps of cavalry. This was in obedience to new regulations from Richmond, putting regiments from the same State in brigades together. Forrest was to be sent into West Tennessee, and was allowed some troops with him. He asked for the Second Kentucky and McDonald's Battalion, but for some reason his request was refused.

Immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, Wheeler gathered his forces together, and, crossing the Tennessee far above Chattanooga, swept around the enemy's rear through the whole of Middle Tennessee, leaving ruin and devastation wherever he marched. At Farmington a battle was fought, in which the Second Kentucky bore

the brunt of the fight and lost heavily. It would be an endless task to attempt to follow in detail the service under this distinguished General, the Prince Rupert of the Confederate army. After the raid into Tennessee and some further service in East Tennessee, the command was recalled to the main army, and General John S. Williams was sent to command the brigade, under whom it served until the close of the war.

After the disastrous defeat at Missionary Ridge, Wheeler covered the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta; and after the battle of Jonesboro, followed and captured Stoneman and his command in the heart of Georgia; and then, again crossing the Tennessee River near Knoxville, made the circuit of the enemy's rear. On this raid Williams' Brigade was separated from the main command, and being hard pushed returned by way of East Tennessee and Virginia, reaching Saltville in time to join in the battle there under General John C. Breckenridge, which resulted in the total overthrow of the Federals and the saving of those valuable works.

Hood had invaded Tennessee, and Sherman was marching for the sea. Williams' Brigade was sent to join Hampton, who was the only foe Sherman had in his front. This General was another Forrest, and fighting was hard; but how useless! A few cavalry, however great their valor, could not successfully check the countless hordes of Sherman; and hordes they were, more pitiless than those of Attila or Genghis Khan, leaving fiery destruction in their march. Hampton fought them at every step, and kept their plunderers from scattering too far from their line of march. On the plains in front of Columbia, S. C., General Williams' Brigade was engaged in the heaviest contest of the war, for it and the Second Kentucky left its best and bravest dead on the field.

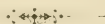
Soon after the foe reached the sea the command joined General Johnston, who was gathering the scattered fragments of Hood's army in North Carolina. History tells how those decimated veterans fought at Bentonville. Part of that history belongs to this veteran regiment. Hope had fled, death had thinned its ranks, but with unconquered resolution its men fought; but it is but truth and justice to say that they never met the foe in those last days but their battle-scarred banner floated in victory over his silenced batteries and broken columns. But the dread fiat, which struck sorrow to so many faithful hearts, had gone forth from the Lord of hosts, and the cause was lost.

President Davis dispatched to General Johnston at Raleigh to send, as an escort for himself and the remains of the Government, a thousand of his best cavalry. Dibrell's Division, composed of Williams' and Dibrell's Brigades, was sent. The division reached the President at Greenville, and followed him in mournful march until about three days before his capture, beyond Washington, Ga. It was a mournful cortege that wound along over the hills of Carolina and Georgia in those memorable May days of 1865. On this march one morning the writer witnessed a scene that made a strong impression on his youthful mind. An ambulance, which was in the train and near the front, had mired in the mud, or broken something, which caused a halt. On one side was Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, with shoulder to the wheel; on the other side was John T. Reagan, Postmaster General; and looking on were Charles G. Mem-

mingers, Secretary of the Treasury, and Samuel Cooper, Adjutant-General of all the armies; while a little farther off, mounted and looking on, were President Davis and General John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War.

The regiment was paroled May 9th, near Washington, Ga., and allowed to retain their horses; but at Chattanooga their horses were taken from them, and they sent to Nashville and lodged in the penitentiary during the night. In the morning the men were marched into the city, made to take the oath, and allowed to go to their homes—sadder and wiser, if not better, men.

Such is but a cursory sketch of a regiment composed of the flower of the youth of Kentucky and Tennessee, and which did its duty in a great historic conflict. Its record here is incomplete, and it is not possible now, and never will be, to write an accurate history of its career. No history of Tennessee could be complete, or just, or honest unless meritorious mention was made, even nameless though they be, of those gallant sons who, merging their identity in this Kentucky regiment, gave their service and fought and died for the land^o and cause which they, in common with their mother Tennessee, loved so well. Some of them go through life dragging their poor wounded bodies, and no government ministers to them with fostering care, while the graves of many more who died in battle dot the hills and plains of the South, and the eye of affection cannot find their last resting-place. No monument rises above them, no cenotaph perhaps will ever have carved on its voiceful marble their glorious acts; but how useless are all of these! for marble and monumental brass corrode and fall into dust, yet the memories of these soldier-dead live and flourish in the hearts of their comrades, green as the grass that grows above them, and in the traditions of their grateful country their heroic deeds shall live forever.



FORTY-SECOND TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY THOMAS A. TURNER.

I may say of Cheatham county what Polk G. Johnson, in his history of the Forty-Ninth, says of Montgomery: "Her people were almost unanimously in favor of preserving the Federal Union," until President Lincoln issued his call for troops. The change of feeling which followed, however, was complete. After this all were for the South, for secession—men, women, and children. The company in which I enlisted and served (G) was organized when Governor Isham G. Harris made his first call for troops, but failed to get in, so soon was the order filled. We kept together, however, and continued to drill once a week, so that when a second call was made we were ready, and Capt. (Dr.) Isaac B. Walton marched us over to the railroad near Cedar

Hill, in Robertson county, and we pitched our tents at a place since known as Camp Cheatham. I think this was about the 1st of October, 1861. In the organization of our regiment we had only five companies of Tennesseans, the other five being Alabamians. The Tennessee companies were commanded by Captains Isaac B. Walton, I. N. Hulme, Levi McCollum, J. R. Hubbard, and — Whitfield. The Alabama companies were commanded by Captains John H. Norwood, — McCampbell, Henry Leadbetter, and — Gilson. We elected W. A. Quarles, Colonel; Isaac B. Walton, Lieutenant-Colonel; and Levi McCollum, Major. Our field officers were all Tennesseans. Our Alabama companies expressed some dissatisfaction at this, so on our arrival at Camp Duncan (fair grounds, Clarksville) our Lieutenant-Colonel, Isaac B. Walton, being an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman, with great magnanimity tendered his resignation, reducing himself to the ranks, in order that an Alabamian might be chosen in his stead. His place was conferred upon Capt. John H. Norwood, than whom no man was braver.

We were again removed, and stationed at Fort Sevier, overlooking Cumberland River, just below Clarksville. On Thursday, February 13th, 1862, we were ordered to Fort Donelson, at which place a battle had already begun. This was our first engagement. We went down the Cumberland River on board the steamer "General Anderson," landing at Dover about 2 o'clock p. m., amidst a shower of shells from the enemy, in which several of our men were wounded. Quarles' regiment was instantly ordered to the left wing to support the Thirtieth Tennessee, which was being charged by the enemy, but before we reached the scene of action the gallant Thirtieth had repulsed the foe. We were next ordered to the right wing to support a battery commanded by Captain Green. At this point the Federals had made a charge, attempting to capture certain artillery, but were met and driven back by the Tenth Tennessee, commanded by Colonel Heiman. The enemy made a most desperate effort to capture this battery, and succeeded in dismounting every gun in it. They also killed or wounded almost every gunner, together with many of the horses. After they were repulsed, we were ordered into the ditches, to protect us from shells and sharpshooters. It was here that we began to understand the seriousness of war. Here around us lay our brethren, mangled, cold, stiff, dead. Among the dead here I remember to have noticed six of the gallant old Tenth. Soon night came on, and with it cold rain, then sleet, then snow; and to make our distress complete, our men were nearly all without coats—the evening of our arrival being very warm, we were ordered to leave our baggage at the wharf, which we did, and never heard of it again; hence, in this condition the Forty-Second Regiment fought the battle of Donelson, and in this condition they were surrendered on the morning of the 16th of February, 1862. I simply state here that though Friday was a busy day the enemy were repulsed wherever they made an attack, and every Confederate soldier's heart beat high in anticipation of a glorious victory. Saturday the same feeling prevailed—I mean among the private soldiers (of whom I was one)—and there never was greater surprise in any camp than in that of the Forty-Second Tennessee, when it began to be whispered early Sunday morning

that the troops who had fought so bravely were to "pass under the yoke," not whipped, but surrendered.

In the engagement at Fort Donelson the Forty-Second had quite a number killed and wounded. Being only partially acquainted with other companies than my own, I am not able to give names. Our company (G) lost one killed—George Dye, private. Wounded: G. W. Weakley, Orderly Sergeant; J. E. Turner, private. The other companies suffered, but I cannot give names or numbers. After our surrender the privates were sent to Camp Douglas, Illinois, and the officers to Johnson's Island. The privates were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862; the officers were exchanged in Virginia, but soon joined us at Vicksburg. The regiment re-organized at Clinton, Miss., about the last of September, 1862. W. A. Quarles was again elected Colonel, and I. N. Hulme was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. Levi McCollum was re-elected Major. The five Alabama companies who had served with us until now were put with Alabama companies, and we received five Tennessee companies in their stead. The Forty-Second was then composed of ten companies of Tennesseans from Middle and West Tennessee.

From Clinton the Forty-Second journeyed exactly as did the Forty-Ninth, to which the reader is referred. In March, 1863, Colonel Quarles was made Brigadier-General, when, by seniority, Hulme became Colonel; McCollum, Lieutenant-Colonel; and Hubbard, Major. We left Port Hudson, La., on the 6th of April, 1863, *en route* for Jackson, Miss. Thence we were ordered to Vicksburg to re-enforce General Pemberton. We were within fourteen miles of that place when it surrendered July 4th, 1863. We began our retreat from Bird Song Pond on the morning of the 5th of July, falling back to Jackson, at which place we held the enemy in check for several days. We were with General Loring, and served under General Johnston in his campaign in Mississippi. We were next sent to Mobile, Ala.; thence to Dalton, Ga.; thence back to Mobile; thence to Mississippi again.

General W. A. Quarles was now commanding our brigade. Our former commander was General S. B. Maxey, of Texas, a gallant and chivalrous officer; and though the brigade loved him dearly, yet they had great satisfaction in his successor, General Quarles, whom every soldier in the brigade loved and served as a son does a father. When off duty he was "one of us," but when occasion demanded it he was dignity itself. He was a brave and brilliant soldier, yet careful and prudent; wise in council; full of executive ability. Our division commander was General French, Lieutenant-General Polk commanding the corps. We went from Meridian, Miss., to Mobile, Ala., being thence transferred to the Army of Tennessee. Our division commander then was General E. C. Walthall, of Coffeeville, Miss., an excellent officer. We were in the engagements at New Hope Church in May, 1864, and Pine Mountain and Kennesaw in June. At Pine Mountain General Polk was killed. After his death General Johnston took charge of the troops.

We were in the engagements at Smyrna Depot, Peach-Tree Creek, Atlanta, and Lick-Skillet Road. At Peach-Tree Creek and Lick-Skillet we suffered severely, par-

ticularly in the latter. The battle of Franklin, however, was more destructive to our regiment by far than any previous battle had been. We were only a skeleton when the battle began. The Forty-Second went into that battle with about one hundred and seventy-five men, and came out with about half that number. Here our Colonel, I. N. Hulme, received a wound from which he never recovered. I would mention here our color-bearer, an Irishman named Maney, a man literally without fear. He had his head nearly severed from his body while trying to plant the flag on the third line of the enemy's works. To the best of my recollection the Forty-Second came out of the battle of Franklin with about eighty-five men. The company to which I belonged went into the battle with twenty seven men, and came out with thirteen killed and wounded, eight of whom were killed dead on the field. Our Brigadier-General, Quarles, received a severe wound in the arm in this battle. Major-General Walthall had his horse shot under him. Adjutant-General Stephen A. Cowley was killed, with many other brave and true Tennesseans, whom I would gladly mention, but cannot recall their names; so I "leave them alone in their glory."

From Franklin we pursued the enemy to Nashville, arriving there December 16, 1864. We contended with the Federal forces there for three days, but accomplished nothing, and retreated on the 20th. On this retreat I was captured near Spring Hill, Tenn., and sent to Camp Chase, O. Was exchanged in March, 1865, by way of Richmond, Va. Was sick in a hospital at Greensboro, N. C., when the armies surrendered. Hence my story of the Forty-Second Tennessee Infantry practically ends with the battle at Nashville.



TENTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY LEWIS R. CLARK.

The Tenth Tennessee Regiment was organized at Fort Henry, May, 1861; Colonel, Adolphus Heiman; Lieutenant-Colonel, Randall W. McGavock; Major, Wm. Grace; Adjutant, John Handy, succeeded by La Fayette McConnico; Sergeant-Major, W. F. Beatty; Chaplain, Rev. Father Henry Vincent Brown; Surgeon, Dr. Alfred Voorhies; Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. Dixon Horton; Assistant Quartermaster, John McLaughlin; Assistant Commissary Subsistence, Felix Abby. Company A was organized at McEwen's Station; Captain, John G. O'Neill; First Lieutenant, James McMurray; Second Lieutenant, James White; Brevet Second Lieutenant, William Burke. Company B

was organized at Nashville: Captain, Leslie Ellis; First Lieutenant, John McEvoy; Second Lieutenant, William Grace, elected Major, and succeeded by William Poe; Brevet Second Lieutenant, William Gleason. Company C was organized at Nashville: Captain, John H. Anderson; First Lieutenant, William F. Beatty; Second Lieutenant, Henry Carter; Brevet Second Lieutenant, L. P. Hagan. Company D was organized at Clarksville: Captain, William M. Marr; First Lieutenant, Lynch B. Donoho; Second Lieutenant, J. Monroe, afterward elected Captain of Company E, and succeeded by Edward Ryan; Brevet Second Lieutenant, William Dwyer. Company E was organized at Nashville: Captain, John Archibald, resigned, and succeeded by Lieutenant J. Monroe, of Company D; First Lieutenant, W. S. Flippin, succeeded by George A. Digons; Second Lieutenant, O. H. Hight; Brevet Second Lieutenant, James P. Kirkman. Company F was organized at Nashville: Captain, St. Clair Morgan; First Lieutenant, Moses Hughes; Second Lieutenant, John Long; Brevet Second Lieutenant, J. N. Bradshaw. Company G was organized at Nashville: Captain, Boyd M. Cheatham; First Lieutenant, William Sweeney; Second Lieutenant, Bartley Dorsey; Brevet Second Lieutenant, A. L. Berry. Company H was organized at Nashville: Captain, Randall W. McGavock, elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and succeeded by Lieutenant William Ford; First Lieutenant, William Ford; Second-Lieutenant, Robert Joynt; Brevet Second Lieutenant, James Finucane. Company I was organized at Pulaski: Captain, Lewis T. Waggoner, succeeded by John Handy; First Lieutenant, John Handy, succeeded by La Fayette McConnico; Second Lieutenant, La Fayette McConnico; Brevet Second Lieutenant, — McCoy. Company K was organized at Nashville: Captain, S. Thompson; First Lieutenant, Joseph Phillips; Second Lieutenant, John W. Bryan; Brevet Second Lieutenant, Robert Erwin. When the Tenth Tennessee Regiment was first organized at Fort Henry, it was without either Surgeon or Assistant Surgeon, and the health of the men was under the care of the Surgeon of the post, Dr. D. F. Wright, and his assistant, Dr. Joseph M. Plunket, until Dr. Voorhies was assigned to duty as Surgeon of the regiment.

This regiment remained at Fort Henry from the time of its organization in May, 1861, perfecting itself in drill and discipline, until the bombardment by the United States forces on February 6th, 1862. The forces at Fort Henry were commanded by Brigadier-General Lloyd Tilghman. Colonel Heiman, of the Tenth Tennessee, commanded a brigade composed of his own regiment and the Fourth Mississippi, and Lieutenant-Colonel McGavock commanded the Tenth Tennessee. After a bombardment lasting about four hours, the sixty-four pound rifled gun in the fort exploded, killing and wounding six or seven of our men, and the hundred and twenty-eight pound smooth-bore gun was dismounted by the force of its recoil. There was no infantry engagement at Fort Henry. Before the white flag was hoisted, General Tilghman ordered the infantry forces to withdraw and fall back to Fort Donelson. As Colonel Heiman passed through the works, he shot one of the enemy who was entering the fort to get a close look at the Confederates. Colonel Heiman resumed command when he overtook the regiment about two miles from Fort Henry. It was a very trying march

to Fort Donelson, where we arrived quite late at night, having waded a number of small streams much swollen by rains and melted snow. We were constantly harassed by pressure from the enemy's cavalry, which we had to resist several times by forming in line of battle and driving them back.

The fighting commenced at Fort Donelson on February 13th, 1862, with the enemy in overwhelmingly superior numbers. Our works were assaulted several times during the day, and shelled repeatedly during the night. The next day showed a steady continuance of the fight, which was rendered very trying by the bad weather, the ground being covered with snow in a slushy, half-melted condition, freezing at night and thawing in the daytime. The third day we repulsed an attack of the enemy and drove them several miles. It was owing to the terrific losses inflicted upon the assaulting forces by our regiment that it earned the sobriquet of "The Bloody Tenth." Among the enemy's forces engaged in our front, the Second Iowa—which was a magnificent body of men—suffered the most severely. By this time our men were completely worn out. With three days of steady, hard fighting, and two nights of sleepless exposure in the trenches to guard against an apprehended assault, we were thoroughly exhausted. Then rumors came that we were about to be surrendered. Captains John H. Anderson and William M. Marr escaped and joined other commands; but the great majority of the men were so tired and exhausted that they slept in spite of their efforts to keep awake, and the next morning, February 16th, 1862, we found ourselves prisoners, and stacked our arms, after inflicting a loss upon the enemy in killed and wounded equal to the total Confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners.

We were carried to several different prisons. The field and staff officers were taken to Fort Warren, the line officers to Johnson's Island, and the non-commissioned officers and men to Camp Douglas, at Chicago. At Camp Douglas we were kindly treated for a month or two, while under the charge of Colonel Mulligan, who had himself been captured with his command by General Price in Missouri. But when Mulligan's command was relieved from this duty, we became guarded by "home guards" and "sixty days men," who, having no chance to punish their enemy on the field, treated us who were in their power with atrocious barbarity in numerous ways, and even to the extent of shooting through the barracks at night, killing and wounding prisoners asleep in their bunks. We were removed from Camp Douglas in September and arrived at Vicksburg, Miss., where we were exchanged, on the 24th of that month.

Re-organized at Clinton, Miss., October 2d, 1862: Colonel, Adolphus Heiman, succeeded by R. W. McGavock, succeeded by William Grace, succeeded by J. G. O'Neill; Lieutenant-Colonel, R. W. McGavock, succeeded by William Grace, succeeded by S. Thompson, succeeded by J. G. O'Neill; Major, William Grace, succeeded by S. Thompson, succeeded by John G. O'Neill; Adjutant, Theo. Kelsey, succeeded by Robert Paget Seymour; Sergeant-Major, Morris Griffin; Chaplain, Rev. Father E. Bliemel; Surgeon, Dr. Mallet; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. S. W. Franklin; Quartermaster, Captain Ed. McGavock; Commissary, Captain John B. Johnson. Company A, original Company A: Captain, John G. O'Neill, succeeded by James

McMurray: First Lieutenant, James McMurray, succeeded by C. H. Stockell. Company B, original Company K: Captain, S. Thompson, succeeded by John W. Bryan; First Lieutenant, John W. Bryan, succeeded by Joseph De G. Evans; Second Lieutenant, Joseph De G. Evans, succeeded by Robert Erwin; Brevet Second Lieutenant, Robert Erwin, succeeded by James Wiley. Company C, original Company F: Captain, St. Clair Morgan, succeeded by C. C. Malone; First Lieutenant, Clarence C. Malone. Company D, original Company G: Captain, William Sweeney, succeeded by Bartley Dorsey; First Lieutenant, Bartley Dorsey. Company E, original Company B: Captain, Thomas Gibson (resigned and succeeded by James P. Kirkman); First Lieutenant, Theo. Kelsey (made Adjutant, resigned Lieutenantcy, and succeeded by James P. Kirkman); Second Lieutenant, James P. Kirkman. Company F, original Company H: Captain, A. L. Berry. Company G, original Company E: Captain, George A. Diggon; First Lieutenant, John D. Winston; Second Lieutenant, William W. Foote; Brevet Second Lieutenant, William Lanier. Company H, original Company I: Captain, Joseph Ryan. Company I, original Company D: Captain, John L. Prendergast; First Lieutenant, Lynch B. Donoho; Second Lieutenant, James T. Dunlap; Brevet Second Lieutenant, William Dwyer (resigned, joined Morgan's Cavalry, killed north of Ohio River.) Company K, original Company C: Captain, Lewis R. Clark; First Lieutenant, L. P. Hagan; Second Lieutenant, James Conroy.

About ten days after the re-organization at Clinton we were ordered to Holly Springs, where we were placed in the brigade commanded by General John Gregg, of Texas, a magnificent soldier and a splendid man, whom we all loved dearly. He was killed in one of the battles in Virginia in the Fall of 1864, having been transferred there in command of a Texas brigade. From Holly Springs our brigade was ordered to Water Valley, where we were reviewed by President Davis; thence to Tippah Ford, back again to Holly Springs, then to Waterford, Oxford and Grenada. Colonel Heiman's health had been seriously impaired by his confinement in prison, and it now became evident that his strength was steadily failing. In December he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and shortly afterward quietly and peacefully entered into rest at Jackson, Miss.,

Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

By the promotion of Colonel Heiman Lieutenant Colonel McGavock became Colonel. Major Grace became Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain S. Thompson became Major. Near the close of December, 1862, our brigade was ordered to Vicksburg, and near there met Sherman's forces and defeated them in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. On January 6th, 1863, our brigade was ordered to Port Hudson, La., where we remained several months, occupied mostly with camp duties and drilling. On March 13th, 1863, we were bombarded by the United States fleet of mortar-boats, gun-boats and men-of-war of the old navy. Our brigade occupied the extreme right of the Confederate position, with the right of our brigade resting below the hot-shot batteries upon

the river bank. The bombardment took place at night, and was in the highest degree brilliant and exciting. The grand entertainment was illuminated by the burning of the splendid United States frigate Mississippi, which had gallantly advanced up the river to a position opposite our right flank, where it was fired by our hot-shot batteries.

About this time Dr. Sidney W. Franklin, a young but very skillful physician and surgeon, was assigned to duty as Assistant Surgeon of our regiment. He remained with us until after the fall of Vicksburg, about which time he received a well-deserved promotion to Surgeon, with the rank of Major, and was assigned to duty with the Fourteenth Mississippi.

On May 2d, 1863, our brigade was ordered from Port Hudson, and five days later, on May 7th, met the enemy at Jackson, Miss., and repulsed them. We marched thence to Raymond, Miss., where, on May 12th, 1863, we met the corps commanded by the Federal General John A. Logan. We were so largely outnumbered, and had so much ground to cover in guarding the different approaches to the town, that the different portions of the brigade were often separated more than within supporting distance of each other. The greater portion of the day was occupied in resisting attacks, making quick charges and rapid changes of position to right or left to support other portions of the brigade, as the developments of the battle indicated to us to be necessary. It was in one of these movements that Colonel McGavock received his death wound. His tall, commanding person, with gray military cloak thrown back over his shoulder, displaying the brilliant scarlet lining, made him a very conspicuous figure at the head of his regiment. Noticing from the sound of the musketry that the enemy were pressing our men very closely on the right, we moved in that direction, charging on the enemy's flank. At such close quarters, no doubt many shots were aimed directly at Colonel McGavock, and presently one struck near the heart, from which he died in a few minutes. The writer saw him directly afterward, as he lay stretched upon the field, with his stern, determined features relaxed into a softened expression,

As he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Dr. Franklin was one of those Assistant Surgeons who held it to be the duty of that officer to attend his regiment on the field of battle, and was very near Colonel McGavock when he fell, took charge of his remains after the battle, and had them conveyed to the Court House, whence he had them interred next day with all proper respect and attention.

Our regiment being consolidated with the Thirtieth Tennessee, Colonel Turner, of that regiment, took command of the consolidated regiment on the field, and after several hours of hard fighting we were ordered to fall back, and the brigade closed together and marched back to Jackson. It was very difficult for Logan's corps to believe that they had been fighting a mere brigade, but they were finally convinced when they found that all the wounded left in their hands belonged to the same brigade. Among the wounded in this battle were Captain John L. Prendergast, with a severe wound in

the hip, and Captain George A. Diggons, wounded near the knee, which disabled him from further active service.

After the battle of Raymond our brigade fell back to Jackson, Miss., and during the remainder of May and June we were on a continuous march, watching the operations of the enemy against Vicksburg; moved through Canton, Yazoo City, and Big Black Bottom, and back again to Jackson, where we intrenched. Here we were attacked by the enemy, and we repulsed them. In the meantime Lieutenant-Colonel Grace took his promotion to Colonel, Major Thompson became Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain John G. O'Neill became Major. About the latter part of July, 1863, we fell back from Jackson, via Brandon, Morton and Forrest City, to Meridian, and thence to Enterprise, where we had a temporary rest in camp. This summer's campaign was excessively trying to the men. Continuous long marches, over hot, dry, dusty roads, and under the piercing rays of the relentless sun, made the scarcity of water severely felt.

On September 11th, 1863, our brigade was ordered to Mobile; thence, via Montgomery, through Atlanta, to join General Bragg's Army of Tennessee, near Ringgold, Ga. On the route our train had a collision with the south-bound freight-train near Cartersville, Ga., on September 14th, 1863, in which several hundred men were killed and crippled, belonging mainly to the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment and First Tennessee Battalion. We effected a junction with the Army of Tennessee on the night of September 17th, and on the 18th advanced with the whole army in line of battle, repeatedly striking the enemy's cavalry outposts, and having small skirmishes. On the next day we attacked the main body of the enemy, and for two days (September 19th and 20th, 1863) we had terrific fighting, whipping the enemy disastrously, and driving them in perfect rout into Chattanooga. This was the famous battle of Chickamauga, and a very costly one it was to our regiment. Tennyson immortalized Cardigan's Light Brigade for the famous charge made by them at Balaklava. Their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was *less* than two-thirds of the number that went into the charge. We carried three hundred and twenty-eight men into action at Chickamauga, and lost two hundred and twenty-four killed and wounded—*more* than two-thirds. We lost only two as prisoners, and they were both wounded. Among the killed at Chickamauga were Captain St. Clair Morgan, Captain Wm. Sweeney and Adjutant Theo. Kelsey. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson received a wound in the foot, which rendered amputation necessary, and disabled him. He retired, and Major O'Neill became Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant John D. Winston, as chivalrous and gallant a soldier as ever drew a blade, received wounds from which he afterward died in hospital. There was not a man of us but loved him and mourned his loss. Captain Prendergast received a severe wound in the hand and arm. We lost several Color Bearers, but as soon as one was shot the colors were seized by one of the color guard, and were never allowed to touch the ground. After this battle Lieutenant Robert Paget Seymour was made Adjutant. He was of a distinguished Irish family, a godson of the Earl of Clanricarde, and had belonged to the Royal Household Troops. He served through the Crimean

war as Adjutant of the Sixth Dragoon Guards. I do not know what has become of him since the war, but a braver spirit and a tenderer heart never animated the form of man. He was a *soldier*, every atom of him.

After the battle of Chickamauga, the army moved forward and occupied a line across the Chattanooga Valley, near the town, with our right resting on Missionary Ridge and our left on Lookout Mountain. Here we staid about two months. Our brigade commander, General John Gregg, having been badly wounded at Chickamauga, the brigade was broken up, and portions sent to re-enforce other brigades. Our regiment, the Thirtieth Tennessee, and the Fiftieth Tennessee were sent to Tyler's Brigade, commanded previously by General W. B. Bate. About November 20th, 1863, the enemy in our front began to show some activity; made a determined assault on Lookout Mountain, and carried it on November 23d. The next day found our lines disposed on the crest of Missionary Ridge, and early in the day we were attacked. The position of our regiment was a little to the right of General Bragg's headquarters. Assault followed assault, which we regularly repulsed. Finally, the enemy broke through in several places to the right and to the left of our brigade, and we could see other commands falling back; but our brigade fought steadily on. The position of our regiment was the left flank of the brigade. All the troops on our left fell back, and we could see the Federal forces pouring upon the ridge. Then all the rest of our brigade fell back, leaving our regiment and the Thirtieth Tennessee angry and fighting still, with both flanks exposed. We learned afterward that a command had been passed down the line of our brigade for us to fall back, but it did n't reach "The Bloody Tenth," and so we staid until to stay longer was to be captured. Then the Colonel ordered us back, and in going back we captured some adventurous Federals who had gotten in our rear. Reluctant to fall back at all, we halted in the valley immediately in rear of Missionary Ridge, faced toward the enemy, and were about to resume the fight, when we received orders to fall farther back, where the remainder of the brigade had taken position. There we checked the progress of the enemy, and that night took up the line of march toward Dalton, Ga., which we reached in a few days, and there went into Winter-quarters.

General Tyler having been badly wounded at Missionary Ridge, Colonel Tom Smith, of the Twentieth Tennessee, took command of the brigade. For about five months we lay in Winter-quarters. On May 2d, 1864, the enemy in our front showed some activity, and for about ten days there was lively skirmishing at Rocky Face Ridge, Ringgold Gap, and Buzzard Roost, in which our regiment was engaged some four or five days, the picket firing being kept up quite constantly at night. We were now fairly launched upon the famous campaign of 1864. On May 12th we fell back to Resaca, and although no general assaults were made, we had two days of regular, steady fighting, during which Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill was severely wounded through both lungs, disabling him for several months. Again falling back, we were assaulted by the enemy at New Hope Church, May 27th, and we handsomely repulsed them. Continuing our retrograde movement, we reached Pine Mountain, and made a stand

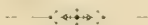
for a fight, during which there was some desultory musketry and artillery dueling on our part of the line on June 15th. Lieutenant General Polk was killed about seventy-five yards to the right of our regiment. Reached Kennesaw Mountain June 24th, and had continuous fighting until June 28th. All of the small growth on the mountain being literally shot away, we changed the name to Bald Mountain. After this, we were occupied several weeks between Marietta and Atlanta, changing positions and watching the movements of the enemy, until we finally engaged them at the battle of Peach-tree Creek, on July 20th, in which our division commander, W. H. T. Walker, was killed. Two days later, on July 22d, our command again met the enemy and fought the battle of Decatur, about six miles from Atlanta. It was here, I think, that the Federal General McPherson was killed. After this battle we found our brigade on the extreme right of the army, General Hardee's corps, to which we belonged, forming the right wing of the army. On August 5th we found our front uncovered, and shortly afterward it was reported that the enemy were attempting to flank our left wing. Our brigade was temporarily detached from Hardee's corps, and ordered to the extreme left, where we reported to General Stephen D. Lee, and were attached to his corps. We at once threw up some works about equal to skirmish-line rifle pits at half distance. The next day, August 6th, we were vigorously assaulted in our half-intrenched position; repeated charges were made in the most determined manner, but we repulsed them in every instance. Occasionally some of the enemy pressed into our very lines, only to find themselves prisoners. Finally we ourselves made a charge, and captured a good many prisoners. Occupying the field, we found that we had killed, wounded, and captured more men than we had in our brigade. This little engagement occurred near Utoy Creek. It appears in our reports as "the skirmish on the left, August 6th, 1864," and in the Federal reports as "the battle of Utoy Creek, August 6th, 1864." Our loss was light in this engagement, but was heavy at Peach-Tree Creek, July 20th, and at Decatur, July 22d, and also in the battle of Jonesboro, later on in August and immediately preceding the evacuation of Atlanta. At the battle of Jonesboro Colonel Grace received his death wound, and after a few days died, deploring the fact that he could render no more service to the cause that he loved so much.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

Rev. Father Blimel was killed while administering the sacrament of extreme unction to the dying on the field of battle. A gallant soldier of Christ, who feared death in no form while doing the work of his Lord and Master. In this battle we lost many of our pluckiest and bravest fellows. Captain Berry was wounded in the leg, and Captain Prendergast was struck by a piece of shrapnel on the hip that was wounded at the battle of Raymond, which caused his old wound to open again. Our gallant Color-Sergeant, James Hayes, was killed.

The regiment participated, with heavy losses, in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30th, 1864; and Nashville, December 16th, 1864. After this there was much hard marching, leading up to the battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19th, 1865.

Shortly after this the evacuation of Richmond threw its gloomy pall over us, and a little later the surrender at Appomattox Court House wrung our hearts with grief. Then came what seemed to us some purposeless wanderings and changes of position, resulting finally in our going into camp at Greensboro, N. C., where we were surrendered April 26th, 1865. And there ended the military career of as gallant a set of fellows as ever marched, fought, and bled on the green earth. There were not quite a hundred left to participate in the closing scene. Of these, every one had been wounded—a number of them seven times, several of them five times. It was the saddest scene ever witnessed under the broad canopy of heaven. An army in tears! Brave hearts, that the most appalling dangers of the most terrific battles could not daunt, were now crushed with the desolation of despair.



EARLY BUSINESS OF CLARKSVILLE.

Returning to the establishment, growth and business enterprise of the town, Clarksville was no doubt first established as a fort; located in the junction of Red and Cumberland Rivers by the pioneers evidently for the convenience and comfort of pure sparkling spring water, and also as a better defense against the enemy, the rivers being an obstruction to the stealthy approach of hostile Indians. John Montgomery and Martin Armstrong entered the land on which Clarksville is located, as before stated, in January, 1784; after the land was surveyed, Martin Armstrong laid out a town. A fort was erected at the town spring, which now supplies water to the foundry of Whitfield, Bates & Co., and the General Assembly of North Carolina, to which the State of Tennessee then belonged, on application of the purchasers, enacted a law incorporating 200 acres of land lying in the fork of Cumberland River and Red River on the east side, to establish a town, to be a town common, by the name of "Clarksville," agreeably to the plan laid off by said Martin Armstrong. For ten years after this settlement the Indians were very troublesome, making constant raids, and whole families were murdered and scalped in their houses; people suffered all kinds of privations, mental anxiety, the loss of loved ones by the scalping knife, caused strong hearts to falter. The town and country was almost depopulated of the early settlers before the Indians could be driven out. Colonel Valentine Sevier's two sons, John Curtis and John Rice, elsewhere spoken of, were killed January 7th, 1792, at the place now known as seven-mile ferry (three miles from town by land), by Double Head, the Cherokee chief, and his party. They were on their way in small hand boats with a number of other men to reinforce General Robertson at the French Lick, now Nashville. Curtis, Rice, and the two Sevier boys were killed by the first volley fired by the Indians from

ambush. The other parties saved themselves by quickly rowing to the Clarksville side and abandoning their boats, which the Indians got possession of, scalped the dead and carried off the provisions. Colonel Sevier died in 1800. The reader must conclude that the town of Clarksville progressed slowly under such surroundings and circumstances. The occupants of the then backwoods were not the invited customers and welcome visitors, as those are who now occupy the same fertile lands. Colonel Montgomery was killed by the Indians November 27th, 1794, on a hunting excursion to Eddyville. The party was in camp when surprised, and Montgomery might have escaped, but died defending Colonel Hugh Timon after he was wounded. Colonel Montgomery rendered valuable services to the public in many ways, was prominent in all public affairs, and the county was named in honor of him for his distinguished services.

Six hundred and forty acres of land was included in the grant from North Carolina to John Montgomery and Martin Armstrong for the consideration of £10 in payment for every one hundred acres of land. The grant was signed by Richard Caswell, Governor, Captain-General, and Commander-in-Chief, at Kingston, N. C., September 22d, 1784; the entry made January 16th, 1784. The prominent citizens at that time were John Montgomery, Martin Armstrong, Amos Bird, Anthony Crutcher, William Crutcher, George Bell, Aeneas McCallester, Robert Nelson, Lardner Clark, William Poke, and Anthony Bledsoe.

During the years 1790 to 1793 inclusive, lots sold more freely. James Adams bought Lot No. 18, one-half acre of land, for £10; John Boyd bought No. 71 for £10; Phebe McClure, Lot No. 16, £10; Robert Dennehy, Lot No. 2, containing three acres, for £10, also an out lot of three acres for £10, and Lots Nos. 3 and 4, each three acres, for £10 each. November 17th, 1791, James Adams bought of George Bell Lot No. 18, one-half acre, for £10. January 18th, 1792, Martha Curtis bought Lot No. 51 for £10. Elijah Robertson, of Davidson county, bought Lot No. 80 for £10 on the 18th of April, 1792. George and William Briscoe sold Lot No. 53, containing one-half acre of land, on March 18th, 1793, to Robert Dunning, for £40. James Davis bought a lot of seven acres on the north side of Red River, April 17th, 1793, for £100. It appears from this transaction that land on the Providence side of the river was valued higher at that early day than it is now. Perhaps it was the river front and water advantages, or the high point for a fort and guard against the approach and surprise by the Indians, that made such lots worth nearly \$70 per acre. However as the country increased in population it proved to be a good business point until Red River was bridged over, making easy access to Clarksville. John Montgomery, Lardner Clark and Anthony Crutcher were partners in most of these transfers; Robert Nelson was connected with the partnership in some instances, and in some cases Colonel Montgomery was alone in the speculations.

The Indian troubles were about over, and the population increased faster than was anticipated; the town soon had to be enlarged, and the Legislature passed an act October 25th, 1797, adding fifty six town lots and fifty six out lots, the lands of Peter

D. Roberts, to be laid off with proper streets and alleys, each town lot to be 88 feet front and 247½ feet long, one-half acre, and each out-lot to be 912 feet in breadth and 476 feet long, one acre, "the largest side of which lot shall be east and west." A commercial city of the importance of Clarksville at this date, was not dreamed of by the early settlers. Their conception was simply a county seat, a place to record deeds, marriage licenses, and other contracts, settle differences by law, swap coon skins, buffalo hides, grated meal, hominy, flax and home spun cotton, and therefore the narrow streets which characterize the city of seven hills. Wagons or vehicles of any kind were very scarce at that early day, nor does history give any account of the mule, although the negro was here. Ox carts and truck wagons were principally used; truck wagon wheels were made by sawing three inch blocks off of large black-gum logs and making a hole in the centre for the axletree. According to early writings of W. R. Bringham, there was but one vehicle in use in Clarksville up to 1826, and that an ancient one-horse cart used for every purpose. Steamboats had not been invented when Clarksville was laid off and chartered for a town, consequently there was but little trade or traffic of any kind. People gathered in close settlements that they might be able to defend themselves against the Indians, and cultivate small corn and truck patches to the extent of the clearings they were able to make, and relied greatly on hunting and fishing for a living. They brought with them the old North Carolina spinning wheel and hand loom. The men raised corn patches and went hunting. The women raised flax and cotton and spun the thread and wove it into cloth to clothe their husbands and fathers. (This country owes its prosperity to the mothers after all.) Silk and broadcloth was then out of the question, and calico cost one dollar per yard; salt ranged from \$5 to \$16 per bushel. River traffic was carried on to a limited extent by canoes and small hand boats.

A copy of the Clarksville CHRONICLE, dated Wednesday, January 21st, 1818, is now in this office, which contains many interesting items connecting the present with the past history of Clarksville; names and incidents familiar to many people of this day and worthy of preservation. The paper is 18x24 inches, four pages, five columns to the page, or twenty columns. Vol. IV, No. 33, of the New Series, indicates that this paper is four years old, which dates it back to August, 1813, as the beginning of the new series. As to what the old series was, no reliable information can be had, but it is evident that the CHRONICLE was published earlier than 1813, and we think it was in existence in 1808. This paper was "printed and published by Wells & Peebles at two dollars a year in advance, or three dollars at the expiration of three months." It is made up very much like weeklies of the present day, and printed on coarse white paper in pica (large type). It was the official organ for Robertson, Dickson, Humphreys and Stewart counties. The first page has a three column sketch, in the form of a letter to Lady Besborough, giving an interesting account of the adventures, wounding, great suffering, and remarkable escape and recovery of her brave son, Col. Ponsonby, a British officer; on the battle field of Waterloo. It has several columns of Congressional reports on the financial condition of the government. The fourth page contains

advertisements of several land sales in Humphreys county, by the Sheriff, Wm. H. Burton. Mr. Lemuel Sledge gives notice that he has been employed by the Trustees to take charge of Mount Pleasant Academy, to commence first of January, 1818; he intends teaching reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, together with the Latin language, etc. H. E. Wells is County Ranger, and by his advertisement of stray horses taken up, it appears that horses were very cheap; a mare and colt valued at \$7.00, a good young 3-year-old valued at \$15.00, and mare and colt valued at \$25.00. A. Cheatham, Sheriff and Ranger of Robertson county, has some stray notices, and advertises the farm of Robert B. Mitchell to be sold in the town of Springfield on the 9th of February, 1818, to satisfy a writ of *renditioni exponas* from the honorable Circuit Court of Sumner county. John H. & R. Poston have just received from Philadelphia a very large and general assortment of "merchandise," including almost every article to be found in a store in the western country, which they offer for sale at the most reduced prices for cash or credit; the highest price given for tobacco of the first quality until 15th January; dated Clarksville, December 8th, 1817. The above advertisement indicates that John H. Poston was one of the first merchants of Clarksville, and shows how business was done in those *good old days*. The Postons, however, did not have the trade all to themselves. Here is another: "Samuel Vance still continues to carry on the mercantile business in Clarksville in his new storehouse at the southeast corner of the Public Square, where he has lately opened a large and splendid assortment of merchandise, suitable for present and approaching season, which he is determined to sell unusually low for cash or to punctual customers on a credit. He expects to purchase produce, but has not yet determined on any price for any particular species." Nathan Peeples and Heydan E. Wells publishes a notice as Administrators of David Peeples, deceased. These gentlemen were the publishers of the CHRONICLE. Nathan Peeples advertises 337 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land on Yellow Creek, three miles below the furnace, which shows that iron was made in this section of Tennessee at that early day, and also that the early settlers had not neglected to plant orchards, the advertisement stating that "there is a good apple and peach orchard on the place, also a stone still-house with new log addition, making the house fifty feet in length, three stills and about sixty tubs, and also a new horse-mill adjoining the distillery." The CHRONICLE advertises "Almanacs for the year 1818 for sale at this office," also "job work neatly executed at this office." James Hopkins, of New Orleans, offers \$100 reward for a runaway negro man named Isaac. "Caldwell & Laird, boot and shoe makers, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they are keeping on hand a constant supply of the best materials suitable for all kinds of work in their line of business," etc. "James Blackwell has just received a quantity of good apple brandy, which he offers for sale at the following prices for cash, by the gallon, \$1.25; by the quart, 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents; by the pint, 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents; one-half pint, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents." J. B. has also on hand a quantity of first-rate cider, "perhaps the best ever drank in Clarksville (but if you should not believe me call and taste for yourselves)," which he offers for sale as follows: For a gallon, 75 cents; for a quart, 25 cents, and so on. This advertisement presents a sin-

gular fact in trade, that apple cider was worth more than apple brandy, considering the quantity of cider required to make a gallon of brandy. If all the cider made at the present day could be sold for 75 cents per gallon, then there would be no apple brandy at three dollars per gallon. The following advertisement also appears on the fourth page of this ancient little CHRONICLE, which was made to serve so many ends and so many counties: "My wife Polly having left my bed and board without any just cause, and has threatened to run me in debt, for the benefit of myself and others notice is hereby given that I will not pay any of her contracts, and I forewarn all persons from trading with her or harboring her, as I am determined to enforce the law as far as I can. December 26th, 1817. John Richards." This was one way men had for managing their wives in olden times. Mr. Richards simply intended to starve his wife out by threatening to prosecute anybody who furnished her shelter and board, and force her to return home and attend to the cooking, which was for the benefit of himself and others. Had Polly received any of the benefits, doubtless she would not have left. P. D. Melton advertised \$50 lost in Clarksville on the 6th inst., offering \$10 reward for the money, which was comprised in a \$20 note on the State Bank of North Carolina, a \$20 note on the Bank of Kentucky, and a \$10 note on the Nashville Bank. Notice is given of the dissolution of the firm of Wall & Co., Dover, signed Henry Wall, Thomas M. Smith and John M. Smith; dated December 5, 1817. "Cash will be given for clean cotton and linen rags at this office," is what the proprietors of the CHRONICLE say, but it is not to be presumed that anybody was fooled by this notice, as country editors were never suspected of having money enough to pay for rags. A letter dated October 13th, 1817, contains an account of the invasion of the Island of Margarita, by General Morello, and terrible slaughter of men and destruction of property by the Spaniards. The second or editorial page of this interesting little sheet, is filled with Congressional proceedings, discussing a change of the laws regulating surveys, in regard to the islands of the Tennessee and other rivers, pensioning officers of the revolutionary war, the South America question, and the American navy, which question was still up at the last session of Congress, and is likely to be present with the next general General Assembly. The local page begins with an article from the Zanesville (Ohio) Messenger, discussing the Ohio paper currency. From the reading of this article the conclusion is reached that there was not a sound currency bank in the country at that date. They were all shaky, and it was difficult to keep the broken banks all in mind. The article begins: "The notes of unchartered banks (with one or two exceptions) are nearly all out of circulation. When we say out of *circulation* we do not mean that they have been called in and honorably redeemed. Far from it. Thousands and tens of thousands of them are scattered over the country and lie useless in the pockets of their possessors, who indulge the hope that at some future period they will pass. But before the unchartered banks are fairly put down, the chartered banks begin to shake. The names of some of the banks are Wooster Bank, Parkersburg Bank, New Salem, Penn., gone hook and line; Granville, key lost; New Philadelphia Bank, rather short of cash; Owl Creek, this respectable institution still exists, and the stockholders generally offer

fifty cents good money for one dollar of Owl Creek (it appears that the owls started this bank for the purpose of feathering their nests); Canton, not chartered, maintaining its credit against all attacks; Mansfield, very scarce; Virginia Saline, as it was six months ago; Perryopolis, or Glass Bottle, broke! not even the pieces saved; New Salem, Ohio, down; Steubenville F. & M., few in circulation; German Bank of Wooster, of questionable stability." The editor seems to think that the people "would" learn in the hard school of experience that three things were indispensably necessary to the institution and management of banks, to-wit, a solid capital, honesty in the directors, and prudent management, and he was correct. The banks of that time were nothing but swindling machines, notwithstanding the frequent reference to the good old days of the past. Following this, under date of New York, December 12th, 1817, is a stirring account of a destructive fire at St. Johns, New Foundland, which occurred on the 7th of November; news by the schooner Parker, Capt. Boyd, from Halifax, which fire destroyed 250 buildings, stores and dwelling houses; loss estimated at £500,000 to £1,000,000, 800 barrels of flour destroyed in one house, and the consequent suffering of people from starvation; all vessels to be had were chartered by the authorities to send the suffering people away to places where they could be provided for. Notice is given that Henry H. Bryan, William E. Williams, Sterling Neblett, Stephen Thomas and Stephen Cocke, Esquires, constitute the quorum to hold the Montgomery County Court for the present year. The paper learns that "the Marine of Algiers has revived and succeeded in capturing three Spanish, one Dutch and one Russian vessel in the British Channel." An advertisement announces "private" entertainment, kept at the sign of the Bell, by Buckner & Williams, Charlotte, Tenn. This paper has the column rules inverted in mourning for Hon. Bennet Searcy, and contains his obituary in the fourth column of the third page. Judge Searcy was for years a distinguished citizen of Clarksville. He must have been here in the seventeens, and owned considerable property, which he sold, or some was sold at Sheriff's sale, when he moved to Nashville. His death left a cloud over the title of the property, which was settled by the Supreme Court only a few years ago at considerable expense to the present owners. The obituary is as follows: "Departed this life at Nashville, on Sunday, the 11th inst., after a short but painful illness, Bennet Searcy, Esq., Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit. He was possessed of as many virtues, and as few vices, as are to be looked for amongst beings liable to err. During the time he filled the chair, in the capacity of judge, his decisions were impartial and always marked by a strict adherence to justice. It was in performing his duty he caught the disease which terminated his life. He was an affectionate husband, a tender father, and merciful master; his doors were always open to the weary, his hand never refused assistance to the needy. Among the circle of his relations and friends his loss will long be felt; to the former he was dear by reason of his warm and ardent affection, to the latter for his amiable qualities. But it must be a source of consolation to them to know that if virtue entitles a man to a seat amongst the blest, he must be happy; then ye surviving friends weep not for his loss, but bow with submission to the will of Him who from seeming evil knows but

to bring forth good, and from whose eternal and unalterable fiat there is no appeal.

The life of man and all of his greatest joys,
Are the most frail of nature's frailest toys;
Like rain drops trembling on the leafys pray,
The gale scarce breathes, and scatters them away."

Sol. A. Kelrell publishes "an earnest request" to his customers to pay up. Heyden E. Wells, Ranger, gives "last notice" to those indebted to the county for strays to pay up or he will send an officer. Cornelius Anderson, Administrator, advertises for sale four likely negroes belonging to the estate of William Dunlap, on McAdoo Creek. "Pay the printer" is the heading of a spicy notice, the like of which can be found in most country papers at the present day, notwithstanding the country is now running on a cash basis. Jacob Bright cautions all persons from trading for a note that he gave to H. W. Moore, dated July 26th, 1816, for \$250, which he has paid. Then follows a long list of advertised letters, by James Elder, Postmaster, among which are many familiar names of the present day. C. D. McLean and Mary B. Searcy give notice as Administrators of Bennet Searcy, and also warn intruders against cutting timber on the Searcy lands. John Moore forewarns all persons against trading for a note on him for \$15, payable to William Walker, because it was a fraud. The editor then winds up by announcing "blanks of all kinds for sale at the CHRONICLE office," just the case now and will be for the next hundred years if the world stands.

Up to 1826 there were but forty families in Clarksville, a population of 215 white people. In this number there were sixty-five unmarried men, eight unmarried women, and fifty-five children. The most reliable information concerning the early business history of Clarksville is obtained from Mr. A. L. (Sandy) Johnson, who is still living and has a vivid recollection of men and things. Mr. Johnson is now eighty-four years of age. He immigrated to this section in 1819, and made his first visit to Clarksville in 1820. At that time Hugh McClure was engaged in merchandizing in a small store just where the People's Warehouse now stands. He kept a small stock of mixed dry goods and groceries. John H. Poston perhaps had the largest store, located on the southwest corner of the square, where now stands Coutts' old furniture house. Dr. M. Rowley & Scott had a drug store on the site of the present handsome Tobacco Exchange. Rowley & Scott sold out to Dr. P. F. Norflett in 1836, and in November of the same year Dr. Rowley bought out Dr. Norflett. A man by the name of Dailey kept a hotel on the site of John Young's harness shop, opposite the Market House. The old Court House stood on the present site of the Market House, and several shanties or whiskey saloons occupied places on the north side of the square. An old dilapidated blacksmith shop owned by Sam Wade occupied the present site of the Alwell block, southeast corner First and Franklin streets; Mr. Horace D. Marshall, who is still active and living on the farm he settled in early life near Hampton's spring, was then a youth learning his trade in this shop. John Collins and partner were hat makers in a shop below the present site of the Franklin House. Mr. Prouty had a

wool carding machine just back of Dr. Rowley's drug store, fronting on the alley leading out down the river to the cemetery. Mr. Lyons had a saddle shop then, and a cotton gin stood on the present site of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. John Cain had a tailor shop on the north side of the square, and charged \$12 for making a coat.

A little later Eli Lockert opened a hotel where the Franklin House now stands. Ned Barker built a dry goods store and sold goods where Crusman's house now stands; he owned a number of lots in that block. Sam Lyons built the first two-story brick house that was ever erected in Clarksville, which was much talked of at the time as a progressive movement. The house was erected on the northwest corner of First and Franklin streets, the corner now occupied by Isaac Rosenfeld, or the site of the hardware house of Fox & Smith.

Jack Hale soon became a prominent and popular personage as a saloon keeper and horse trader. Ned Barker and Thomas Atkinson were among the first tobacco shippers, loading flat boats at Cumberland town (New Providence). Very soon Andrew Vance and John Dicks entered the shipping trade with the first steamboat ever controlled by Clarksville people. The General Green and the General Robertson were the only steamboats that navigated the Cumberland River up to 1822, when a new boat called the Nashville entered the trade. Tobacco shipping to New Orleans was done principally by flat boats up to about 1840.

James Elder, grandfather of John, Martin and Earnest Elder, was postmaster here in 1818. He owned the square of ground on which now stands the Elder block, between the square and First street, and Franklin and Main streets, and lived in a small house on this lot. After the brick Court House was built on the square, it was decided to open a street or alley through Mr. Elder's lot. Mrs. Elder had a fine strawberry patch in the garden, and the street was laid off through it, utterly destroying the bed and depriving the good lady of an early supply of delicious berries. She resisted the invasion with all the force that lieth in a woman's tongue. But the wicked city fathers closed their ears to all objections, and laid off the street, notwithstanding the amiable owner of the strawberry bed made the air hot around their heads with burning words. After the street was laid off they named it "Strawberry street," as a memorial to the hot spell of weather that prevailed in the garden while they were laying it off. This street was soon after occupied by the professional men, lawyers, doctors, and saloon keepers, and took the sobriquet of "Poverty Row."

Samuel Hinton was among the early merchants, and sold out October 27, 1836, to Stephen Neblett and Ben. J. Hinton. Colonel George Smith came here from Wilson county, Tenn., and was a partner in the dry goods business with T. W. Barksdale in New Providence, in 1831, and became associated with Mr. Allen Johnson in the same business in 1836, still giving his personal attention to a store in Wilson county until 1841, when he moved to Clarksville. He moved to Port Royal, merchandizing, in 1844, and returned to Clarksville in 1854, taking charge of the Franklin House. He was elected Mayor in 1858, serving four years, and also served two terms as County

Trustee. Colonel Smith died here in 1864, in the 69th year of his age, a true and noble man, honored and loved by everybody.

After the red man was moved back west of the Mississippi River and hostilities ceased, the country settled rapidly, and although there was not more than two or three houses on the road between Clarksville and Hadensville, the facilities for crossing Red River by ferry failed to accommodate the people who turned their attention to Clarksville as a trading and shipping point for tobacco. In busy seasons both banks of the river would be lined with people, wagons and carts all day, waiting for the slow hand ferry boat to set them across, and it was not until about 1829 that the first bridge was constructed over Red River to meet the demand. It appears that this was the private enterprise of Hon. James B. Reynolds, the Irish Count, and was then as now a toll bridge, and became a little tub mill for its owner. In November, 1836, this bridge was condemned as unsafe, and Mr. Reynolds relinquished it to a committee composed of J. H. Poston, C. Crusman, Samuel Lynes, A. Vance, John Dicks and L. W. King, who employed Major McFall to repair the structure, and gave the public a guarantee to keep it in fix for safe crossing until a new bridge could be built. Mr. Reynolds surrendered his charter with great reluctance, but did it on certain conditions for the good of the public, that a stock company with \$18,000 to \$20,000 capital might be organized to build a good safe bridge.

The first market house erected was a small shanty, or four posts in the ground to support a roof, which was located on the lower end of the square. It was used until the back end or first part of Washington Hotel was erected, and stood in front of that building, now the site of People's Warehouse. In the Spring of 1837 the Board of Mayor and Aldermen appointed Saul McFall, G. A. Davie and G. A. Henry a committee to let out the contract and superintend the building of a new market house. The contract specified that the house should be 50 feet by 27 feet and built on brick pillars. This house stood on First street, between Franklin and Strawberry streets, about fifteen feet from Crusman's present building. The old Washington Hotel was probably built about 1825 or '26, as there were then two hotels. P. Gibson occupied the Washington Hotel up to December 10th, 1836, when he sold out to G. A. Davie and Marius Hansbrough. Soon after this Davie bought out his partner and became sole proprietor. Public balls were fashionable in those days, and there were frequent occasions for a fancy ball at the Washington Hotel. Balls were more frequented than churches, and it was not until 1831 that the pioneer Methodist raised the gospel standard and erected a church in Clarksville. Balls were principally for the elite society and classified to suit the character of guests wanted. Jewel-decked ladies and clawhammer gentlemen were scarcely expected at a dollar ball. A three dollar ball admitted all classes of gentlemen who could raise the cash, and afforded a general mingling, but the five dollar balls and waxed floors were intended exclusively for the upper ten: elegant ladies, and gentlemen in silk hats, clawhammer or pigeon-tail coats with brass buttons, and diamond breast-pins. Ladies were invited and admitted free; gentlemen were also invited, but had to walk up to the bar and buy a ticket before entering the

ball-room. A hotel then was not complete without a ball-room and a bar-room, to furnish spirits for the weary traveler and festive gentleman.

From 1835 to 1840 Clarksville exhibited considerable enterprise and received a new impetus, and in 1846 had 1,128 population. In 1837 the wharf was built (steamboat landing macadamized) by a chartered company. Thompson Greenfield, who was then a public-spirited merchant and very useful man, was treasurer of the company and made a call for first installment of stock July 17th, 1837. T. W. Barksdale was a prominent merchant and figured conspicuously in the affairs of Clarksville. Among other important movements he was Secretary of the Clarksville and Russellville Turnpike Co., chartered in 1839. Barksdale & Cheatham was a dry goods firm here in 1833. The firm of Wm. Greenfield, Cromwell & Co. was dissolved November 1st, 1835, by the death of Wm. Greenfield, and the firm of Barksdale & Cromwell succeeded; Mr. Barksdale went out September 1st, 1836, and Alex. H. Cromwell closed the business of the two firms. Thomas E. Blake and Thomas M. Duff bought the store of Peacher & Caldwell in April, 1837. Goods were sold on twelve months' credit then, and a merchant or anybody who had credit could engage in business, but it was only those who had plenty of money and much discretion that could maintain themselves over a year; consequently there were frequent changes to bridge over, one merchant giving another twelve months to administer on his estate. John D. Bradley was Postmaster in 1838, and the advertised letter list was larger then than now, so few ever thought of calling for their mail. In a long list of still familiar names, is a gentleman who was here further back than the oldest inhabitant can remember, who is still here, and evidently "come to stay." The gentleman referred to is Mr. John Smith, who is still fresh and likely to welcome the next generation.

McClure & Galbraith was a prominent business firm in 1836. On the 30th of June that year they advertised the arrival of their new and very large stock, consisting of twelve hogsheads of sugar, thirty sacks of coffee, 1,000 pounds of loaf sugar, and two pipes of cognac and champagne brandy.

W. Fowler, perhaps, established the first jewelry store in Clarksville about 1836 or 1837. He was a shrewd, eccentric old bachelor, and with all was good natured, popular and successful. Those well acquainted with him enjoyed joking and ridiculing him about his single blessedness, which he took in good humor, persisting in his eccentricity and shunning the ladies. Finally the old gentleman announced his intention of marrying; nobody believed it, in fact no one believed any woman would have him, but every doubting Thomas, who was regarded as honorable and good for his contracts, was allowed to step up to the counter and buy a watch and chain, at double price, payable when the proprietor of the store should take to himself a rib. Mr. Fowler soon sold out his stock of watches on this proposition, brought on another stock which was disposed of in the same way, and gold watches and fob chains were common at every meeting house in the country on Sunday; men who were not in the habit of attending the gospel warnings became regular church-goers, occupying pious seats, to advertise Mr. Fowler's jewelry store. The old gentleman concluded that his scheme

was really a first-class missionary enterprise: nevertheless, after carrying the joke as far as practicable, he went off and married a nice lady, and then called on the gentlemen to pay up. Purchasers never joked Mr. Fowler after that, but their long faces and fancy fob chains became standing advertisements for the old man's jewelry shop. Several years after this Mr. Fowler sold out, leaving Clarksville about 1846. He built two houses about where Kincannon, Son & Co.'s store now stands, which was known as Fowler's Hall.

Samuel H. Northington and John Duke were the first cabinet makers, commencing business here June 16th, 1836. Mr. Northington is still here, the popular proprietor of the Northington House, esteemed for his plain manners, honest and upright course. He is a better success as hotel-keeper than a cabinet-maker, keeps a good house and receives a large patronage.

Thomas Kemp was the first sign and ornamental painter that any account is had of. H. P. Carney & Co. were in some kind of business in 1839. They advertised ten boxes of glass, 8x10 and 10x12, as just received, in a manner as if thought sufficient to stock the country.

Very little is known of the change in business, the new men coming and enterprise of the town between 1823 and 1836. Mr. Sandy Johnson, in his reminiscences of 1820 to 1823, had but slight acquaintance with men and things in town. He was engaged in cutting saw-logs, sawing lumber and building flat-boats for Stephen Pettus, who had an old-fashioned upright or sash saw mill on West Fork, where the New York Mills now stand, and followed the business of boat building. Mr. Pettus paid him \$8 per month for such work, and he had to pay fifty cents per yard for domestic for shirts and \$1 per yard for home-made jeans for coat and pants. In 1823 he made a trip to New Orleans on a flat-boat which he had built for Mr. Pettus, and on his return commenced in the iron works to learn the forger's trade. He was then twenty-two years old, and it required so much domestic and jeans to keep him in clothes that he was kept constantly at work, and was not much about town, as most of the country boys are nowadays. Thomas F. Pettus, son of Stephen Pettus, who distinguished himself in an honorable successful business career as a man of great enterprise and worth to the community, was two years old at the time Mr. Johnson commenced work building boats for his father (born 1818). He has been dead eleven years, passing away at the height of noontide splendor, while the successful old man of the forest, knight of the forge hammer, and cultivator of the soil, is still here hale and hearty, enjoying the blessings of well-to-do, happy children around him. The first business venture by Thomas F. Pettus was with C. Myrtle, June 7th, 1837, at nineteen years of age, when Myrtle & Pettus bought out T. H. Trice & Brother, merchants, at New Providence. This partnership did not continue long. Pettus moved to Kentucky Landing and there engaged in the tobacco business till 1844, when he returned to New Providence and became the life and soul of that place until his death in 1875. He was the inspiration of the New Providence Savings Institution, and President of the bank up to his death; was also a leading spirit in establishing the New Providence Tobacco Market, which

so nearly divided honors with Clarksville during his life, and until Hopkinsville Market was established, breaking down New Providence. He was also extensively engaged in milling and other enterprises, and was Vice-President of the Clarksville Tobacco Board of Trade when he died. His hand was found in every good cause and public enterprise, and his life full of honors. Mr. Pettus was twice married, his first wife being Martha Cowherd, a Virginia lady. To them were born six children, the eldest being John A. Pettus, now one of the leading enterprising men of Clarksville. His second wife was Arcana C. Bibb, who still survives and occupies one of the handsomest residences on Madison street. To them only one son was born.

Moore & Broadus was a prominent business house of Clarksville in 1837. They advertised on May 26th of that year correcting a report that had gained circulation to the effect that they "would not take such money as Planters', Union, Memphis or Yeatman, Woods & Co.'s Banks." It is very evident that the currency of that day did not enjoy full confidence, and those who possessed much of it did not sleep sweetly, but it was the best the people had, and the best thing to do was to keep it in circulation, no man being willing to keep it long. S. A. Sawyer, now the head of the great firm of Sawyer, Wallace & Co., New York, was about this time a prominent merchant of Clarksville, taking his start here which has led to fame and fortune in the commercial world. Robert M. House & Co. opened the first exclusive wholesale and retail grocery house in Clarksville. Mr. House was a half-brother of Hon. John F. House, the present distinguished citizen, and was one of the most popular men that ever did business in Clarksville. This exclusive venture in groceries alone was made March 18th, 1837. A man named Barrett was probably his partner in business. The firm found popular favor, and supplied groceries to merchants of all the towns East as far as Bowling Green, and for fifty miles around. The firm did not exist over twelve months, House buying out his partner and continuing business alone. His house was located on the site of the Frech building, or that of John Hurst & Co., and the street from March till June was daily crowded with wagons, which, after unloading tobacco, stood all day waiting to be loaded at House's store with groceries for the interior. It is very common now to hear old men refer to those good old days of honest Bob House, before railroads were built, and when the town was prosperous and enjoying more trade from away back in the country than now. A comparison with the business of the present would show that there are several grocery houses now, either one of which is doing more business than all of the houses in town at that day, when the entire trade of the back country was commanded. For instance, here is an advertisement of R. M. House, March 18th, 1837, heralding to the country the arrival of an immense stock of groceries, just received per steamboat John Randolph from New Orleans, as follows: Twenty hogsheads prime sugar, one hundred sacks coffee, fifteen barrels loaf sugar, five barrels white clarified sugar, 120 sacks l. blown salt, 30,000 Havana cigars, twenty five boxes imported and Young Hyson tea, two tierces fresh rice, twenty-five boxes sperm candles, two boxes Cosby's H. D. tobacco, ten baskets champagne wine, ten boxes champagne cider, two pipes champagne brandy, two pipes cognac brandy.

ten barrels French brandy, one put old Jamaica rum, ten barrels N. E. rum, one pipe Holland gin, five barrels Boston gin, one cask Old Madeira wine, five barrels Canary wine, ten barrels Malaga wine, five barrels Teneriffe wine, fifty boxes claret wine, twenty boxes Muscat wine, one barrel Copen brandy, fifteen boxes cordials, 3,000 boxes table salt, fifty reams wrapping paper, five boxes pineapple cheese, twenty boxes shaving soap, five boxes sarsaparilla syrup, five boxes lemon and ginger syrup. Pepper, spices, cloves, &c., completes this large wholesale stock purchased as the principal supply for the large scope of country trading at Clarksville, and perhaps Mr. House had more of such goods than all of the other houses combined. McClure, Galbraith & Co. soon entered into competition with House, buying large stocks, but they did not continue long. Mr. House continued in the business until his death. Some years before his demise he took in partnership with him a young man named John Ivie, from Robertson county, who had been a faithful clerk in the house, and afterwards married his oldest daughter, Miss Columbia House, the reigning belle of Clarksville. Mr. Ivie succeeded House & Ivie.

Patterson & Flinn was a new tailoring firm here in 1836. This was undoubtedly the identical Billy Patterson that was struck by somebody at a muster gathering, but the question who struck him has not yet been answered. Samuel McFall was one of the most valued citizens of Clarksville along in the twenties and thirties. He was everybody's man for everything, and nothing was considered well done that he did not have a hand in. He was a carpenter by trade, was superintendent of street work, prominent in all town affairs, county affairs, the courts, a leader in the church, a man of level head and big heart. Mr. James A. Grant, in his reminiscences of the olden times, remarks that "Major McFall was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of that day. He was County Court Clerk for a long term of years, and made an excellent official. He was an extremely kind-hearted man, and was broken up by going security for others. He gave up home, negroes, land and money to pay security debts, which left him a poor man in old age. He died a consistent member of the Baptist Church, of which Dr. Ridley was pastor at the time. He was indeed a 'man in whom there was no guile.'" Mr. Grant continues: "Many years ago Mr. Paris Peter, now a farmer in Washington county, Ky., came to this city to work at carpentering with Major Samuel McFall. The Major was an excellent workman himself, but it turned out that the young mechanic was superior to any he had ever employed. All wood work was done by hand in those days. An order came to have a geometrical stairway put up, and Mr. Peter was asked if he could do such work. He said he could, but as the Major was not an expert himself on such jobs, he was loth to give him the work. Mr. Peter did the work in a manner that elicited the notice and admiration of all people, and from that day until he left the city he stood at the head of his class. Mrs. Jas. E. Bailey's residence on Madison street, for durability, neatness of finish and design, stands a monument to his good workmanship. He was a gallant Confederate soldier through the war, after which he married, bought the old family homestead near Mackville, Ky., and has since been cultivating the soil."

Horse racing was a very common sport along in the thirties, and a good track was kept up in Rev River bottom east of the Russellville bridge, where Mr. James P. Gill now keeps up a track for training his trotting and pacing horses. It was only the nabobs in those days who could afford blooded horses and indulge in racing, and those aspiring to the higher rank of aristocracy felt the importance of owning a race horse, even if sure of getting beat every time. Wood Lawn Jockey Club was the style of the organization. The following names composed the board of directors signed to a call for a meeting of the club at the Washington Hotel on the first Monday in June, 1837: A. M. McLean, Reuben Pollard, James Hinton, Spottswood Smith, E. L. McLean, Upton Organ, Wm. Rogers and Stephen Neblett. After the meeting the following announcement was made: "A race. A sweepstake to be run over the Red River course, near Clarksville. Mile heats, \$100 play or pay, free only for three-year-olds, to close and name by 20th of August, and to come off first day of September next (1837), three or more to make a race." The second day announced for two-year-olds single dash mile heats, same terms as for three-year-olds on first day. Such was the leading sport for many years, the effect of which was the introduction of fine animals, the best strains of blood developing fine horses of great endurance. The trotting horse was not recognized then—it was the fastest horse, the one that could "git there" first. Later on, however, the racing blood was crossed on the imported Arabian pacing horses, which has led to so great speed and endurance in trotting horses of the present day.

The horse racers, however, did not have things altogether their own way and enjoy all the honors of doing good for the county and their fellowmen, while enjoying the excitement and fun. The ladies were on hand then as now with their church fairs and suppers, and have rather gained the day of popular favor, since church festival invitations are much more frequent in the country than horse racing announcements. Church suppers got deeper into men's pockets then than now, because, perhaps, oysters were scarcer and more costly than now, and the mothers of the present generation had not learned how to make fifteen gallons of soup out of one dozen of oysters. It also appears that the ladies exercised sufficient authority over their liege lords to have them take hold and manage the fairs. About the same time that the horse races are announced in the old CHRONICLE, the ladies' fairs are also advertised, as follows: The Ladies' Third Annual Fair will be celebrated in Clarksville on Thursday, the 11th of May next (1837) at Masonic Hall. In addition to the sale of useful and fancy articles, there will be a confectionery and fruit stall kept, and a handsome supper provided for visitors and citizens generally. Tickets to supper, \$1.00; to the fair, 25 cents. Managers—T. W. Frazer, I. Dennison, G. A. Henry, R. W. Galbraith, C. Williams, A. M. Clayton, W. K. Turner, J. C. Miller, A. Vance, G. McDaniel.

Mr. William R. Bringhurst, Sr., established the first carriage factory in Clarksville about 1829 or 1830, introducing the old Prince Albert style with the wooden dash board made high and handsomely curved, and bed with many curves and cuts to give

it style, and then heavily ironed to secure strength and durability. People then rarely used buggies and carriages, or dearborns, as they were called, except for riding to church on Sunday. A Bringham buggy would last a farmer a lifetime, and a few of these old-style vehicles are in use yet, being kept up by repairs and preserving the shape and style. His first shop was located in the country, that is, about where the water works tank now stands on Franklin street. Later he moved in town, occupying a house on the north side of the Public Square, above the old Planter's House, where Mr. Boiling, the tailor, now lives, and continued business at this stand up to 1861, the breaking out of the war of the States. Mr. Bringham possessed many peculiarities and noble qualities of head and heart. Strict integrity and honest dealings with everybody was his motto; his friendship was open-hearted, warm and generous, and his dislike equally notable. He had no way of concealing his contempt for a man whose course was not fully up to his standard of integrity and loyal friendship. Hypocrisy nor even policy, had any place in his composition, and if a man treated him amiss he had a way of letting him feel his contempt, and wouldn't spend five minutes to sell a buggy to a man he disliked. In fact he didn't like to see a mean man riding in one of his buggies, and the money of such a fellow kept his pockets too hot; on the other extreme he never forgot a friend. He possessed a liberal education and strong intellect, and was prominent in all the affairs of country, State, city and church, a good worker for public good wherever his enthusiasm led him, and notwithstanding his eccentricities, no man had more true, warm friends. At a critical period in life misfortune overtook him, perhaps from extending long credit, and he gave up all he possessed to his creditors, when that noble man and great public benefactor, William M. Stewart, came to his relief and started him anew. Mr. Bringham was fond of literature and newspapers, and enjoyed writing sketches occasionally for the press. He was a forcible writer and always saw the ludicrous in everything, giving his articles an out-cropping of rich humor which made his writings very popular with the reading public. Mr. Bringham was born in 1804, in Germantown, Penn., of English parents, and died at his home on Main street, now the residence of C. D. Bailey, March, 1880. He came here from Germantown in 1828, and frequently told with a good deal of zest his adventure and accidental location in Clarksville. He contended that a dog decided his fate, or caused him to locate here, but it is very apparent that a woman had something to do with the matter. The dog may have led him to the place, as the faithful animal is often trained to lead the blind, but it was the charms of a lovely girl that sealed his destiny, and riveted his feet to the soil of Clarksville. The story as he told it is a pleasing circumstance worth recording. He started out from Germantown for the then Far West, a young man full of vigor and promise, seeking a home where he might grow up with the country. His first stop was at Cincinnati, where he was much pleased with the outlook, but determined to go further and see more of the country. From there he went to Nashville, but was not so well pleased, and determined to return to Cincinnati and invest all his money in a certain piece of land he had picked out, which is just about the heart of the city now. At Nashville a warm friendship sprung

up between himself and another gentleman who perhaps was also prospecting and had about decided to settle in Nashville. He took a strange liking to a fine Newfoundland dog that followed his new made friend around, and showing his fondness for the dog the stranger made him a present of the animal, which of course was highly appreciated. When he started back the dog afforded him much pleasure on his return down the Cumberland, as well as a pleasing recollection of his friend. The very instant the boat landed at the Clarksville wharf, the dog jumped off and ran up the hill before he was discovered by his owner. No amount of whistling and calling would bring him back, and the young Pennsylvanian resolutely followed, thinking he would catch his dog before the boat was ready to leave, as the captain said he had to take on a lot of freight. But losing sight of the dog he chased it from house to house, all over the town, and finally caught up with the object of his search and distress, but too late to leave. The boat was gone and he was bound to lay over till the next trip, and decided to take things easy but keep a closer watch on that dog. The style of coat and tip of his hat, as well as the brogue of his tongue, told that he was an Eastern youth taking in the wilds of the West, and he was free to tell the curious who inquired from whence he came. "Ah, yes," replied a gentleman: "Glad to have you Pennsylvanians come here among we North Carolinians and Virginians. We have a beautiful young lady here from your State teaching music, and she charms everybody. We are all in love with her." This was glad news to the young adventurer. He would have been glad to meet any one from his own State for companionship among strangers, but more particularly so lovely a creature as the lady in question had been described, and at once sought an acquaintance with Miss Julia Huling, from Harrisburg. They met, and the pleasant greeting soon ripened into a warm and familiar friendship. Ah! the half had not been told him of the lovely girl from Pennsylvania who delighted everybody with her sweet music, graceful manners and entertaining ease, and the young man who had thus been so strangely led to a strange, unheard-of place among strangers, soon found a sweet, irresistible influence stealing over him, a charm from which he could not, if he desired, have escaped. The dog no longer interested him save for the pleasant recollection of a kind friend and the circumstance which brought him to Clarksville. The boat came and went, and still the young gentleman from the East lingered, unconscious of any attractions he had found in Cincinnati. No breeze there had ever wafted such sweet perfumes as the fragrance brought by the zephyrs of the placid Cumberland from the beautiful wild flowers that blossomed along its shores, no strains from the Queen City's concert hall were half so ravishing to his ear as the sweet notes that fell from the lips of Clarksville's lovely song bird. The truth is, the young man was in love. He had been completely captivated and didn't know himself nor the dog any longer, and never could tell what become of the dog. The sentiment was warmly reciprocated, and the two lovers from the old State, whom destiny had so strangely thrown together in a far-off village of the West, spent many happy evenings roaming the hillsides, where the gladsome smiles of a thousand sweet wild flowers welcomed their footsteps; and no place so delightful as a seat on the moss-covered bank around

Poston's Spring, where the woodland birds mingled their sweetest lays with the music of rippling water as it gushed from the bank, gliding over the rugged stones that lay in the way. All nature was in its glory, and Poston's Spring, being a public resort, was a fitting time and place for lovers to meet and drink in the fullness of love's tender passion, calling upon heaven to witness their plighted vows. William R. Bringham and Julia Huling were soon married, and settled down to spend their lives for each other's happiness in Clarksville. To them were born six children, three sons and three daughters: Robert, the eldest, was killed in the battle of Franklin, in the war between the States; Edward S., William R., Mrs. Rebecca Plummer, Mrs. Ellen Poston and Mrs. Julia Scott. Mrs. Julia Bringham died, and the man whose life she had blessed and made happy was left disconsolate. After some time had elapsed he determined to try to better his situation by regaining that tender companionship of a loving wife, the loss of which he so keenly felt, and sought the hand of Miss Virginia Manlove, of Robertson county, was accepted, and to them were born two sons. The last wife still survives, living on her farm in Robertson county. Among the many pleasing sketches and reminiscences written by Mr. Bringham, the following description of a free fight in Clarksville will be relished by the readers of this book:

As there are but few persons here of the present generation who have witnessed the excitement, or *modus operandi*, of a *free* fight, or even comprehend the meaning of the expression, I beg leave to give a reminiscence of one to which I was an eye-witness from beginning to end, and can never be erased from memory. In the early settlement of the country, there was but little commerce, and the facilities for promoting it were very limited; hence the people had but little energy. They wanted but little of this world's goods, and with that little were contented. Scattered throughout a wooded and thinly populated country, their greatest ambition and pleasure was to meet each other in crowds on public occasions. Militia musters, the first day of court, and the election, were familiar phrases, and deeply impressed on the mind of every man in the country. Their arrival was hailed with an exuberance of joy—almost everybody attended them, whether on business or not, and Clarksville was, of course, the centre of attraction; not only to the citizens of Montgomery, but to the counties adjacent. Thither they repaired in great numbers at stated periods. Drinking whisky was so universal in those days that every family kept it on hand, not only for their own use but to be prepared to set it out to regale their friends and visitors, and not to do so was considered selfish and unfriendly. Hence all drank, some little, others much, and many to excess; but a man was never considered to be drunk until he lay upon his back and felt upward for the grass. At the stated periods alluded to immense crowds gathered together at the county seat. All came on horseback, and frequently two or three on one horse. The Public Square was the place to meet with everybody. In the forenoon they extended to each other the friendly grasp of hands, inquiring after each other's health, of their families and friends, but more especially drinking whisky and swapping horses. The jargon of sounds became almost deafening, especially at the "groceries"—tippling houses. In the afternoon the effects of whisky became

visible in the confusion of tongues, and this was the prelude to and portentous of a free fight. On the first Saturday in March, 1836—the first election under the new constitution—there might have been seen two individuals in a dilapidated condition, each holding on to a post respectively, with death-like tenacity. For a long time they made fruitless efforts to exercise their belligerent propensities, though the posts were not more than ten feet apart, and they well knew that if they let go their equilibrium would be lost. Finally one of the party made a desperate charge at the breast-works of his neighbor. This was the electric spark which ignited a free fight on a stupendous scale. In a few moments it was known to every one on the Square, and a terrible rush made toward the scene of action. Mechanics left their work; clerks and store-keepers jumped over their counters; teamsters left their teams and followed suit. The fearful excitement drew every one from every quarter of the town. Snatching up sticks, brickbats and every other available missile, they “pitched in.” The battle waxed hot and spread with such unanimity of sentiment that it seemed as though it had been caused by spontaneous combustion. One individual seemed to be more prominent than any other in the crowd. This was E. B. R——e. He was a respectable citizen of Clarksville, past middle age, of large rotundity and portly mein, neat in dress, with ruffles largely protruding from his breast, and armed with a heavy black cane. Thus he voluntarily left his place of business and sallied forth to mingle in the fray. His whereabouts in the fight was always known by the black cane, ever and anon towering above the heads of the combatants like a threshing flail, and coming down like a sledge hammer upon the luckless pates of those who happened to be under it. The fight accumulated in fury, and in numbers from reinforcements momentarily arriving at the scene of action, and the crowd became immense. Pandemonium itself might have blushed in contradistinction to the roar of battle. John Barleycorn, who raised the whirlwind, did not neglect to direct the storm. His voice was heard above the confusion, and clashing of sticks and brickbats, like unto a serpent of a thousand tongues. There were engaged in the melee fathers, sons, brothers, magistrates, constables, &c., everybody, each fully conscious that he was engaged in the laudable cause of *self-defense*, for each man’s hand was compelled to be against every other man, as every other man’s hand was against him, for there were no sides to be taken, and each one fought “on his own hook.” As a consequence there was no rear, but all front. The mighty mass of bone and muscle swayed to and fro, and whirled like unto a forest in a storm. Brickbats, stones, &c., flew thick and fast, and fell far beyond the scene of action, until at last the fight had spent its fury, physical strength became exhausted, and a calm took place as simultaneously as the fight had begun, as if by the tacit consent of every individual who had been engaged. A spectacle now presented itself which to describe will not do justice to the reality. Although there were none killed, yet many were hurt, some with disheveled hair and distorted countenances, and some with bloody faces and hands. Many were convulsed with laughter, while others who went into the fight with long-tailed coats came out with roundabout jackets, and without hats. It may appear singular that among the *debris* on the battle ground there

were no gouged eyes found, no ears and noses bitten off, and no fingers "chawed up," for these accomplishments did not belong to nor were they resorted to in a "free fight." Scarcely had there been time to make a survey of the battle ground when a squad made a rush at a teamster, who was a stranger, and had been in the engagement. He cut one of his horses loose, and, mounting, fled as if for life. He needed no spurs, as the flying trace chains accelerated his speed to such a degree that he soon left his pursuers far in the rear. Whether he ever returned for his wagon and team is not known. I met my old friend of the ruffled shirt coming out of the crowd, very much dilapidated in his wardrobe, but otherwise apparently unhurt, as though he had been miraculously preserved, yet his corpulency breathed like a blacksmith's bellows. His ruddy face sweat profusely. I asked him, "What business had you in the fight?" "Oh," he replied, with a laugh, "I always take a hand in it when I see it going on." In the meantime one of the worshipful magistrates had quietly taken his seat on the tribunal of justice in the court-house near at hand. He issued his mandate to arrest his fellow-citizens and vindicate the majesty of a violated law. One of the constables arose in the crowd and proclaimed in a stentorian voice: "Oh, yes! oh, yes! gentlemen, all of you, walk into the court-house before 'Squire Blunt.'" Their cheerful and prompt compliance exhibited the best test of loyalty to a government ever known. They all, with one accord (hundreds) followed the constable into court, with as much docility as a flock of sheep would follow their shepherd in the fold. But they were conscious that they were freemen, and in that capacity had that day exercised the right of suffrage, untrammelled and unawed. The court proceeded. The crowd was charged with having broken the peace and setting at naught the dignity of the State, by malice aforethought, with sticks, stones, bricks, swords, guns and blunderbusses, &c., &c. The all-important question to be duly answered now came up, viz: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The witnesses being also defendants, it was as impossible to answer that question then as it is at this day. Consequently they were cleared by wholesale, by squads and companies, on the ground of justifiable self-defense. Squads after another were successively arraigned and acquitted, until by some means or other there remained yet one individual untried, and who did not make himself very conspicuous, for he was the very man the law was in search of, and was not very anxious to run any risk. Just as his name had been called the bell at the hotel rang for supper. Court implicitly obeyed the summons and adjourned until candle light. Court met accordingly. The court-house was jammed with an anxious crowd. The prisoner's name was re-called. His was a peculiar position, like being between hawk and buzzard: he was in danger of paying the penalty for all that had taken place, for beyond any doubt he was the man who struck the first blow, but as that witness had never been summoned or called, he did not consider it his duty to volunteer in "making himself generally useful" on this occasion. The prisoner, feeling solitary and alone, and knowing he had set this ball in motion, appealed for aid in the defense. Wiley B. Johnson, Esq., was chosen and vociferously called for by the crowd, and the excitement was great. The counsel for defendant appeared, and in his inimitable strain of

forensic eloquence, riveted the attention of the court and the crowd. He admitted the fact, patent to all men, that defendant had been fighting, but it was without malice aforethought, and that he had fought only in *self-defense*, and manfully, too. Self-defense being an inherent principle in the human breast, it was to be expected that every gentleman would exercise it, and therefore justifiable in the civil law. At the conclusion the court announced that he thought so too, and pronounced "not guilty," as he had previously done with every other one. At the termination of the whole scene a deafening shout of approval went up from the whole crowd, and they wended their way home as best they could, but in a gleeful humor. As to the Squire, he had been looking through too many glasses that day, and therefore the court did not know itself on that occasion. Thus ended the last "free fight in Clarksville."

Louis G. Williams was prominently connected with the business interests of Clarksville in 1837, perhaps earlier, and for many years after. He was an active, public spirited man, and exercised a wide influence. Vance & Dicks dissolved partnership in 1837, and Caldwell & Vance became partners, dealing in leather and manufacturing negro shoes. Sam Wade, the early blacksmith of the place, sold out December 15th, 1835, and engaged in farming on the Keysburg road, twelve miles out, on the place now owned by Mrs. Murphy, adjoining the J. B. Killebrew farm. R. P. Henry, H. L. Bailey and G. F. Henry opened the first regular or exclusive clothing store known in Clarksville. They were engaged in such business in 1837, and nothing more is known of them. Burrell Hooper and B. F. McKesson were the rival tailors of that day. J. T. and J. C. Connelly came later and opened a tailor shop in 1838, in the old frame house on the south side of the Square, which was burned down in 1870. The Connellys stayed here till about 1845 or 1850.

The country was glorying in its rapid development and new civilization about this time. All the surplus produce for fifty to seventy-five miles back was hauled to the river for shipment, and the people likewise received their groceries, dry goods and other supplies by river transportation; a railroad was not dreamed of, and steamboats were the only dependence for carrying on commerce. There were twenty-four steamboats registered in the Cumberland River trade in 1837, and the number increased up to the date of railroading. In 1838 and 1839 there were forty-three steamboats making trips to Clarksville and Nashville. The names of the boats registered in 1837 were: *Gladiator, Mt. Vernon, Boliver, Memphis, Cumberland, Emigrant, Nashville, Buffalo, Waterloo, Tennessean, Rocky Mountain, John Randolph, Daniel Webster, Native, Shyllock, Erin, W. L. Robinson, New York, Lady Jackson, Dayton, Lilly, Detroit, Passenger* and *Constellation*. The *Randolph, Webster* and *Robinson* were perhaps the largest steamers in the river, as it was seldom they could go as high up as Nashville for lack of water. In February, 1839, the *John Randolph* left the Clarksville wharf for New Orleans with 864 hogsheads of tobacco, and took on 100 more at Eddyville, the largest cargo of tobacco ever carried from any port in the western country. In 1839 the following additional steamers were registered in the trade: *Hermitage, Tuscombina, Laurel, Josiah Nichol, Smithland, Gallatin, Hugh L. White, Delaware, Jim Brown, Dover,*

Toledo, Reserve, Maryland, Loyal Hannah, Smelter, Pekin, Home, Sultan and Clarksville. In 1840 and 1841 some twenty-five more steamers entered the Cumberland, making sixty-eight, though it is probable that several of the older boats not named in the list had dropped out, while the *Randolph* and other large boats came only when the river was high. Those added to the list were the *Eagle, Excell, Rochester, Water Witch, Rio, Medal, Visitor, Bedford, Levi Welch, Dary Crockett, Gallant, Farmer, Osceola, Transit, Izora, Tremont, Tide, Virginia, Paul Pry, Ellen Kirkman, Kentucky, Red Rover, Mississippi* and *Gondola*. This number of steamers, making two trips per week, were enough to madden the silvery waves of the beautiful, placid Cumberland, and cause the bursting billows to leap wildly to the mossy shores, seeking hiding places for rest among the violets and lilies, sharing with the morning dew drops the kisses of the sunbeams. But they were loyal to their native channel, and their seeming rage was only a swelling pride in the heaving bosom of the gentle stream, gushing with delight in the part it was able to play in developing the growth and commerce of this great country. And right well was this part played, giving impetus and force to the grand march of civilization, and growth to commerce and wealth, until now a hundred steamboats could not accommodate the carrying demand, and it was this growing demand and the progressive spirit of young manhood that made railroads necessary and called them into existence, and up to this time almost every mile post on the Cumberland was a steamboat landing.

It will be observed by the reader that the beautiful steamer *City of Clarksville*, which now so gracefully plies the Cumberland, is not the first boat named in honor of the City of Seven Hills. On the 7th of February, 1839, "A Citizen" addressed the following note to the CHRONICLE: "Mr. McGinty—I wish to call the attention of the citizens of our town to the compliment paid them by Capt. Irwin and J. Anderson, Esq., in calling their splendid new boat after our village. All who have seen the *Clarksville* concur in saying that as to her design, model and finish, she is not surpassed by any boat that floats on the bosom of the western waters. Then the compliment is of no ordinary character, and deserves to be acknowledged in a suitable manner. I would therefore suggest that a stand of colors be purchased by our citizens, and presented to Capt. Irwin as soon as they can be procured, or should the boat be already furnished with a stand, that some other appropriate present be substituted." The editor endorsing the suggestion, stated that the *Clarksville* was expected here about the 12th inst., when the citizens would have an opportunity of manifesting their appreciation of the compliment in whatever way they deemed most fit. The CHRONICLE of February 21st, 1839, has this to say about the new boat: "We have at length had the pleasure of a peep at our long looked for namesake, and she is indeed a handsome boat—just such a boat in point of style and finish as we would have named after our goodly town. The *Clarksville* is fresh from the Wheeling dock, of the best material, and built mainly for the Nashville and New Orleans trade by Messrs. Anderson and Irwin, Nashville, and Capt. John B. Eastland, New Orleans. She combines at once the principal requisites of a good freighter and a desirable passenger boat. She measures 320 feet, and carries

a burden of about 350 tons, 182 feet on deck and 27 feet beam, 7 feet in hull, and runs light on 3 feet 8 inches water. Her workmanship throughout blends in a striking degree the tasteful and substantial. The *Clarksville* will vie with the proudest craft in our trade, while her beautiful swan-like model, propelled by her new and powerful engine, 'moves up the waters like a thing of life,' and defies competition in speed. A handsome new piano, purchased in Nashville, has been presented to Capt. Irwin by our citizens by way of reciprocal courtesy. The *Clarksville* left the wharf yesterday evening with a large number of passengers and heavily freighted with tobacco and flour from this port." The boat at once took the lead, and had a brilliant but short and sad career. She made regular trips, and was the favorite traveling boat with both Nashville and Clarksville. General Jackson made his last visit to New Orleans, the scene of his heroism, in January, 1840, on the *Clarksville*, and was welcomed with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm by thousands of people. Such a demonstration had never been recorded. People gathered at all landings along the route to do him honor. The steamer passed Clarksville, returning, on Friday evening, February 6th, 1840, with the grand old soldier. During the stay of the steamer at the Clarksville wharf, citizens lined the shore to greet the hero of the Hermitage with shouts of joy, welcoming his return home. The *Clarksville's* career was suddenly ended in 1841. The *Gondola* passing up on Tuesday, June 22d, brought news of the sinking of the *Clarksville*, which went down in very deep water, with 200 tons of groceries and seven of her crew. She struck a snag on her way up from New Orleans, six miles below Point Chicot, Ark., and sank immediately, the cabin separating from the hull and floating away. She was insured for \$20,000, sufficient to cover her full value. The surviving passengers cordially united in vindicating Capt. Irwin and all of the officers from the slightest blame.

Nothing more is known of the boat. Surviving passengers stated that she had gone down so deep that there was no hope of raising her. However, one of the most splendid crafts in the trade between Nashville and New Orleans in 1847 was a steamer bearing the name of Clarksville. She may have contained the machinery of the old boat, but certainly in all other respects was a new boat, and it is believed she was entirely new and the second *Clarksville*. The following announcement is found in the *Chronicle* of November 10th, 1840, and nothing more is known in regard to the boat: "Regular New Orleans Packet Steamer *Clarksville*, Jacob Hunter, Master. This beautiful and fast running steamer will be commanded this season by that able and skilful veteran in the service, Capt. Jacob Hunter, who has been engaged in the trade for a number of years. The *Clarksville* has recently been thoroughly repaired, is now in excellent running condition, will leave for New Orleans on the first rise in the Cumberland, and continue to make her regular trips during the season. Freight or passage at the lowest current rate can be engaged on application to the undersigned, Beaumont, Payne & Co., Agents."

Notwithstanding the competition, \$6 per hogshead was considered a very low price for carrying tobacco to New Orleans. Market quotations at that date (1837)

ranged as follows: Sugar, 6½@6¾c. Pork—clear, \$23 per barrel and scarce; mess pork, \$20.00@20.50. Bacon—hams, 10@11c.; canvassed hams, 12½c.; middlings, \$10.50@10.25.; shoulders, 8@8½c. Lard, 9@9½c. Flour, \$7.50@8.50 per barrel. Butter, 25@28c. Western, 18@20c. Coffee, 11@12½c. Tobacco—first quality, 4½@5c.; second, 3½@4c. Whisky—rectified, 37c.; common, 36c. A high grade of flour sold in New Orleans at \$10.00@10.50 per barrel, double what it is worth now. There is very little difference between the prices of sugar, coffee, bacon, lard, pork, butter and tobacco, then and now, only the qualities or brands of butter having swapped places on the market, Western or creamery butter now retailing for 35 cents and home-made at 20@30 cents. "Rectified" whisky was then a very different quality from that classification now. There was none of the "mountain dew" then to gladden the hearts of moonshiners and furnish sport for the bloodthirsty revenue officers. The "rectified" was the pure Robertson county double copper distilled nectar, with the headache and fighting mania extracted by chasing it twice through a long copper worm and a hogshhead of charcoal. The common was run through only once, called singlings, and was one to five cents per gallon cheaper. Age made the rectified worth 40 to 50 cents per gallon, but it was rarely that any could be kept long enough for that. The whisky used on muster occasions, election days and for general free fights was called "burst head," brought from Cincinnati for the purpose and sold at about 20 cents per gallon. Alex. H. Cromwell, of Clarksville, was sole agent for Thomas Williamson's rectified Robertson county whisky, which was then the leading brand on the market. Mr. Williamson owned a custom mill and distillery on the Elk Fork of Red River, two miles above Saddlersville, a beautiful farm of 400 acres now owned by E. W. Bryan. He was a useful citizen and enjoyed the confidence of everybody as an honest, kind hearted, benevolent man. Almost every farmer in Robertson county who had a cool accessible spring, was a distiller, using copper stills with a capacity for making 10 to 30 gallons per day. There was no tax on the article, and every man exercised his own free will, conscience, sovereign right and honest judgment in the manufacture of whisky. Some believed that it was one of God's blessings, and that they were properly serving the Lord by making it pure, colored only with burnt sugar. No one has ever yet found a twist of tobacco or any other mean thing in a barrel of Robertson county whisky. It is not argued that those honest distillers went to heaven in a still tub; rather it is believed that they found their heaven in this life, which was the prevailing idea among them. While honesty was the foundation of their faith, hospitality was the embellishing attribute which made their religion shine. Who has not heard of Robertson county hospitality? When a friend or stranger, so he was a gentleman, visited one of these old fashioned distillers, he was invited to the cellar and the horse sent to the stable. The visitor was then seated on the head of a barrel, while the proprietor went out for the mint and ice. Taking a large sized glass tumbler in hand, he would first draw from one barrel two fingers of loaf sugar syrup, next one finger of old peach brandy, third, one finger of apple, next one of cherry cordial, and from the fifth barrel two fingers of pure corn nectar. Into this was put the mint and broken ice, another

tumbler of the same size clapped over the top, and then shaken until thoroughly mixed and cooled by the melting ice. The visitor was told that it wouldn't hurt him, and invited to keep his seat and drink it all while they discussed good liquor, fast horses, the price of corn and the most suitable man for the Legislature. By the time the contents of the glass disappeared the gentleman occupying the head of the barrel felt as rich as a Jew and just as near heaven as he ever cared to be. In fact, he had no idea of any heaven equal to that, and no spirit that ever made a man feel so glorious (not mean). If he was a near neighbor he was properly able to get home by bedtime; if, however, he lived any distance, this thing was repeated after dinner, and next morning before breakfast; and if a very dear friend, another day and night was happily spent, but no man was ever known to go home after night and kick his wife out of bed. The difference in the price of whisky now and then is ninety cents per gallon. The amount of internal revenue tax levied and collected by the government—a relic of the war—and the methods of applying this law by guarding distilleries and employing revenue officers to enforce it, creates monopolies in the manufacture, and only very wealthy men are able to comply with the requirements, so there are now four or five distilleries in Robertson county making more whisky in one day than a hundred old-time plants would make in a week.

Drs. L. W. King and T. J. Donoho were practicing physicians in the early history of Clarksville. They associated themselves together in the practice of medicine in February, 1837. Dr. C. R. Cooper was also a popular physician here at that time. Dr. I. H. Harris came later and had an office in a little white house on the corner of the Public Square, the site now occupied by Couts' old furniture building. Henry F. Beaumont, who had a hand in every good cause, judging from his advertising, was the live insurance agent of the town for many years, dating from 1836, and was perhaps the only one. He represented the Nashville Insurance and Trust Company.

Education during the early days of Clarksville was not entirely neglected, and the present generation owes much to the good men whose illustrious names are found in these pages, clustering like diamonds around every worthy cause, and giving sanction and authority to every laudible enterprise. They stood together like brothers, as did the pioneers against the red man of the forest, fighting for civilization and Christianity. They signed their names to everything worthy of their sanction, as they appear further on under authority of school trustees. These grand old men left the impress of their noble character, which is seen and felt by the present generation in the growing and prosperous city of Clarksville. It appears a school for young ladies was taught here in 1836, and perhaps earlier, by two ladies, Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Hise. However competent these ladies might have been for the work in hand, their school did not give satisfaction or meet the requirements of a growing town and aspiring people; more facilities were wanted and something to give character to the town as an educational point of more importance than was attached to a private school. It appears that the subject of a female academy was the uppermost question. A board of trustees was organized for this purpose, but at what time is not known. The immediate need of

this school was felt, and the people were not fully able to build such a house as was wanted, and it was decided to procure a suitable room for the school until a building could be erected, whereupon the Masonic fraternity tendered the institution the use of the first story of Masonic Hall, free of charge, until a suitable house could be built, on the condition that the trustees would keep the house in good repair. A meeting of the trustees was held November 22d, 1836, to consider the matter, and the proposition was accepted. The house was turned over to Mr. Burrell, Principal of the school, on condition that he would be responsible, and comply with the conditions of the contract, which he agreed to do, and the announcement was made, stating the proposition and agreement, and the opening of Clarksville Female Academy on the 2nd day of January, 1837, signed by the Board of Trustees, Henry F. Beaumont, President; John H. Poston, Secretary; Eli Lockert, Thomas W. Fraser, James McClure, Isaac Dennison, Alex. H. Cromwell and John McKeage. It appears that the connection of Mr. Burrell with the institution ended with that session, as on the 23d of June, 1837, the Board of Trustees announced that Rev. Benjamin B. Dye, and wife as assistant, had been employed to take charge of the Clarksville Female Academy, signed Henry F. Beaumont, Charles Bailey, Eli Lockert, Isaac Dennison, James McClure, John McKeage and James B. Reynolds. Benjamin Dye did not continue long as principal of the school. On the 20th of December, 1838, the Trustees announced "that they have again appointed Mr. Whitman and his lady to take charge of the Female Academy for the next session to commence on first Monday in January, 1839. The Trustees deem it an act of justice to the profound literary attainments of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman to thus publicly declare their entire satisfaction with the management of the Academy, their mode of instruction, as well as their industry and ability." Signed by the Board of Trustees as above, and Mr. Whitman announced the terms of tuition, including stationery and fuel, as heretofore, \$10, \$15, \$20; music, \$25. Mr. Whitman's health failing he gave up the Female Academy at the close of the first session for 1839, and soon after that died of consumption. He was succeeded in January, 1840, by Rev. Simpson Shepherd, and son, and two daughters in the music and art departments. Prof. Wendal was also music teacher in the town. This family continued in charge three sessions, ending June, 1841. On June 15th, 1841, the Trustees met at Mr. Dennison's counting room; present, Henry F. Beaumont, Isaac Dennison, John H. Poston, Eli Lockert, Charles Bailey, John McKeage and J. B. Reynolds. Mrs. Whitman, after the death of her husband, was very promptly elected principal of the Female Academy. She continued in charge one year, or two sessions, from July, 1841, to July, 1842, at Masonic Hall. At this time the Masonic Female Institute was organized, making use of Masonic Hall, and Mrs. Whitman was employed as superintendent. The first session commenced July 5th, 1842, and was limited to thirty scholars. The Board of Trustees were: Samuel McFall, A. H. Kerr, T. W. Barksdale, A. Johnson, B. G. Hinton, B. Welkins and T. J. Donoho. J. P. Wendel kept a music school in connection with the institute. Here the writer loses track of the Clarksville Female Academy for a time, but it was not born to die so young as that.

It was afterwards opened in the old Methodist church, corner of Main and Fourth streets. Dr. I. H. Harris, J. N. Barker and H. F. Beaumont were appointed a committee in 1842 to sell the old Methodist church (which building has since been converted into a handsome residence, and now occupied by Rev. Dr. Hendricks) the Methodist congregation having completed their new church on Franklin street, now occupied by the Cumberland Presbyterians. This committee failed to sell, and in 1846 John S. Hart, David Browder and Joseph E. Douglass were appointed a committee to sell the old Methodist church, which was then occupied as a Female Seminary. This was evidently the Clarksville Female Academy, but it is not known who had charge at that time. However, on January 22d, 1848, the ninth session of this institution was announced to commence Monday, 17th inst., under the superintendency of Rev. Alex. R. Erwin, assisted by competent female teachers; signed, H. F. Beaumont, R. S. Moore, J. S. Hart, Jos. Johnson, E. P. McGinty, John McFerrin, William Beaumont, W. B. Johnson, T. A. Thomas, T. Anderson and David Browder, Trustees. It is unnecessary to trace the old organization any further in this sketch. The old church was sold to the Cumberland Presbyterians, who occupied it as a house of worship up to the date of the purchase of their present building, and no doubt Rev. Mr. Erwin continued in charge of the school; but the sale of the building dispossessed the institution of a house, and the want inspired the erection of a commodious Female Academy, that noble man, Rev. Henry Beaumont, still leading in the enterprise, never letting it rest until the great work was accomplished. For further particulars of this grand institution, which has accomplished so much for education in this section, fitting the lovely girls who are the present noble mothers of the country, for the important duties and responsibilities of life, the reader is referred to page 68.

Mrs. Hise announced in December, 1838, that the fourth session of her school for young ladies would open on January 7th, 1839, with grateful acknowledgment for the liberal patronage received, and refers to Hon. M. A. Martin, Col. C. Crusman, Mr. T. W. Barksdale, Drs. King and Donoho, Major B. J. Hinton and Dr. C. R. Cooper. This was evidently a popular school, and must have divided honors with the academy, as it was difficult for the trustees to maintain teachers. Mrs. Hise continued her school up to the close of 1840, and was then succeeded by Mrs. Boardman. In 1842, Miss H. Fall, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Kenney, probably succeeded Mrs. Boardman, and taught a private female school several years.

At the same time Clarksville Male Academy existed, and was looked after by some of the same men, as Trustees, who took so much interest in female education. Rev. Consider Parish was Principal of the School in 1837, and no account can be had of its history previous to that year. Mr. James A. Grant, in his reminiscences of old times in Clarksville, has this to say about the Principal and school where he began his education: "The first school house of any importance, occupied the present site of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, and was called the Clarksville Male Academy. When we started to school there in 1837, a man named Consider Parish was principal teacher. He was decidedly a *considerable* teacher. If a pupil violated the slightest

regulation, old Consider took it under prompt consideration, and after considering a considerable time, he would give the offender a most considerable thrashing in consideration of his failure to consider rightly what he should have carefully considered." Old Consider, however, did not reign over the boys of Clarksville long. The Board of Trustees, it seems, took him under their consideration, and considering him not considerate enough, decided to employ a more considerate man, and on the 9th of July, 1838, they announced the arrival of Mr. Fletcher, as Principal, and Mr. Newton, as Assistant, from Virginia, who had been employed by the Board to take charge of the school, pronouncing a high eulogy upon the character and fitness of Mr. Fletcher, signed John H. Poston, H. F. Beaumont, M. Rowley, John McKeage, James McClure, C. Crusman, W. H. Drane, Andrew Vance and J. B. Reynolds. Mr. Patterson Fletcher resigned his charge of the Male Academy at the close of the session in 1839, and the Board of Trustees gave the young man a happy send-off in a card commending his high qualifications, on December 19th, 1839, and at the same meeting elected Rev. Abner W. Kilpatrick as principal. In July, 1842, Mr. Ed C. Robb became associated with Mr. Kilpatrick, and they continued in charge of the school up to January, 1846. Kilpatrick and Robb must have had some hard boys to deal with—grown up fellows who delighted in teasing and vexing the old man, as they called him. It is not necessary to name prominent citizens of the present day who enjoyed so much reckless school-boy fun in tormenting Kilpatrick. They will read this, as others will, and remember every incident which called for the exercise of their retaliating spirit on the old man, who tried but didn't understand harnessing a boy and making him work anywhere, as did that model teacher, John D. Tyler (Old Luke) who kept a popular school at his home near Hampton's Spring, and left his impress on the rising generation. He had a black-gum thicket near the school-house, and a circus ring in the thicket, to which he carried the lazy, refractory, reckless, dare-devil boys, giving them the length of his arm for a circuit, while he demonstrated the value of black-gum timber to enlighten a boy's understanding, quicken his perception and sharpen his wit. It made no difference about the age, size, color, condition, parentage or quality of blood, the black-gum had the same happy effect upon all alike, and it was a bonanza discovery for Mr. Tyler, as well as the making of smart men of many fool, reckless, wild boys brought up under his black-gum policy who are recognized at this day as the best doctors, ablest lawyers, judges and bankers that Clarksville ever had. Black-gum timber was never considered useful for any purpose except for making truck wagon wheels until "Old Luke" made this discovery, and he had a monopoly of the best thicket known. Mr. Kilpatrick did not exactly understand the *modus operandi*, or was destitute of the magnetism or persuasive power to induce a boy to take illustrative lessons in black-gumology, and the Board of Trustees came to his help by the adoption of the following regulations for the Clarksville Male Academy, July, 1843: "1st. All students entering this school shall be considered as entered for the whole session, and the parent or guardian of such pupil shall be charged for the entire session, unless more than one month has elapsed before the entrance of said pupil. No deduction to be

made for absence except in cases of protracted sickness. 2d. The Library and Apparatus shall be under the immediate care of the Principal. 3d. As strict subordination is absolutely necessary in all well governed institutions, therefore, Resolved that the Principal will be sustained by the Trustees in the infliction of corporal punishment upon ANY student of this institution. 4th. When any student shall be refractory, and in defiance of remonstrance, fail or refuse to submit to the rules of the Academy, the Principal shall notify the Trustees thereof, whose duty it shall be to meet at the Academy, investigate the matter, and suspend or expel such student, as the case may require. 5th. The Trustees will hold a meeting regularly on the first Friday of each month, at 3 o'clock p. m.: subject to a fine of fifty cents for non-attendance, which fine it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect. 6th. At each monthly meeting a committee of three shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be to visit the Academy at least twice every month. 7th. All profane, obscene language, quarreling, fighting and immoral conduct of every kind, are positively prohibited by the rules of this institution. 8th. Should any student, by his misconduct, subject himself to suspension or expulsion, no deduction shall be made in the tuition fee of said pupil for the session for which he entered. 9th. All internal regulations, adopted by the Principal for the government of the school, will be sustained by the Trustees. John H. Poston, President; Walter H. Drane, P. Priestley, Benjamin Wilkins, James B. Reynolds, Mortimer A. Martin, H. F. Beaumont, Charles R. Cooper, Gustavus A. Henry, Trustees." This announcement helped the cause considerably, placing the school on the big road of independence and prosperity, although black-gum was very scarce and other timbers had to be resorted to as a substitute, requiring two teachers to illustrate the use of the new branch. It appears that the career of Kilpatrick and Robb ended here with the year 1845, and then came two gentlemen with a flourish of trumpets and high-sounding titles - Hollis Russell, graduate of Yale College, Principal, and T. Langdon Anderson, M. D., Assistant. These gentlemen were employed by the Trustees January 6th, 1846, and given a big send-off, signed H. F. Beaumont, J. H. Poston, G. A. Henry, M. A. Martin, J. B. Reynolds, W. H. Drane, P. Priestley, B. Wilkins and C. R. Cooper. This administration continued only one year, and then came Mr. Wm. H. Marquess, from Nashville, recommended by Rev. Dr. Philip Lindsley, President of the Nashville University. He was employed on the 1st of March, 1847, and commenced school on the eighth day following. He was endorsed by the Board of Trustees as follows: John H. Poston, Walter H. Drane, M. A. Martin, H. F. Beaumont, Thomas Cross, C. R. Cooper, G. A. Henry, Jas. B. Reynolds, P. Priestley. From this the school drifted into the Masonic College, then Stewart College and Southwestern Presbyterian University, as will be seen on page 49. Here the writer will leave the educational and other enterprises for the present, giving place to a few sketches of revered names who were connected with the early business, growth and prosperity along in the thirties and forties, to whom Clarksville owes so much for the fame she now enjoys.

About 1845 or 1846 a Mr. Harvey taught a private male school, and was succeeded in January, 1847, by J. G. Ward, and soon came Dr. Ring, who maintained

an excellent male school up to about 1870. The first free school was opened in 1848, Jacob Hornburger and T. A. Thomas, Commissioners. Miss Martha A. Jackson was employed to teach the Female School at Masonic Hall, and Mr. Joseph G. Ward engaged to teach the Male School in the house which he had formerly occupied, free to all, in the Sixth School District, and parents were notified that if they would pay half the cost, the schools could be permanently established. It appears, however, that there was no organized, energetic effort to carry out the idea, and of course the schools fell into disrepute, and no further effort was made until after the war to establish the free or public school system.

REV. HENRY F. BEAUMONT.

The name of the Rev. Henry F. Beaumont furnishes a theme for the most gifted pen to dwell at length in eulogy, and rise to the most lofty eloquence in describing his sublime character without exaggerating or even reaching the merits of his remarkable life, so full of golden sheaves. And yet the whole of it might be written in a few plain words: "He was as near perfection as it is possible for man in this life." But his acts and deeds should be held up in detail in the light for the coming generations of young men, who would have a perfect model by which to fashion a life of usefulness. The writer is aware of the fact that the biographer is expected to do much pen painting in pleasing life sketches, but in this instance language fails to furnish words for painting a canvas already glittering like diamonds beneath the sunbeams. People yet living who knew him personally will not read a line of this, or hear his name mentioned, without a thrilling sensation in the pleasing recollections of the grand old man. And the young, who knew him not, will have their tender sympathies touched in excited admiration for such a noble character. Even the little children about Clarksville know that there is something like magic in the name of "Beaumont," but do not understand that the spirit of the father of Methodism, of education, of charity, of public enterprise, of every good cause in Clarksville from 1829 to 1864, is still brooding over this people, like a charm that softens and sweetens rugged nature, although the man has been dead twenty-three years.



It is possible, and it may be quite easy for a minister, a man of God, whose only business and duty it is to read and study the Scriptures and preach the gospel, living as he should prayerfully, to draw very near to the Lord, keeping Christ in his life and the Spirit in his heart; but it is difficult, extremely difficult, for men busied with the affairs of the world, coming in contact daily with all kinds of men, pressed from morning till night, day in and day out, with the cares of life, the responsibilities of public affairs, the intricacies of financeering troublesome institutions and weak enterprises, meeting

and dealing with every class of humanity and suffering in life, to reach so high a state in spiritual nature, and but few, very few, ever do. Mr. Beaumont, however, was one of that few. He carried his religion into everything; it seemed as if Christ walked with him in all his daily avocations, commanding reverence wherever he went from all classes. He possessed the power of knitting people together with tender ties of friendship, binding with cords that never loosen, but strengthen by new links uniting the present generation in the same fraternal bond, and so it is that his wonderful influence still lives. Truly he was blessed of God, and used by the Lord as an instrument for great good, and everything he put his hands to was blessed. All people who knew Mr. Beaumont admired his straight-forward walk and loved him as a Christian man. Many yet living who grew up boys and girls under his magic influence cherish in memory the sparkling gems which made his life so beautiful, and when those gems in acts and deeds are grouped together they reveal a crown of glory that but few men ever win.

Henry F. Beaumont was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, England, at 12 o'clock on the evening of the last day of December, 1800, and consequently had lived in two centuries when an hour old. At the early age of sixteen years he came to this country, locating in Lynchburg, Virginia. He was brought up in the Church of England, but finding no organization of the kind in Lynchburg, he united with the Methodist Church and at once commenced his Christian career, studied the Bible, lived an active Christian life, put his hands to every good work, and very soon the church discovered that his zeal and proficiency justified his ordination for the ministry. Young Beaumont, however, did not join the conference to make preaching a dependence. He had learned the tobacco business and other lines of commerce and stuck to that, giving his nights, Sundays and all spare time to preaching and studying the word. But here a new dream came into his life. It was not easy and pleasant to tread alone the path he had chosen, and there was a craving in his heart for some sweet companionship to lighten the burdens and beautify life. Yes, the young preacher found himself not alone in love with his chosen profession; he had met a beautiful girl whose womanly grace and bewitching charms filled his heart with ecstasy. Who doubts that the hand of Fate appoints the destiny of men and women who trust God and love His service? Can it be possible that the God of Love, whose all-seeing eye even keeps watch over the little sparrow, will allow Cupid to misguide the children of His love in the important affairs of the heart, while the spirit is striving to shape and seal their lives for His name's honor and glory? No, no! Marriage is of Divine authority and sanction, and God's love is sure to temper and direct Cupid's arrow, uniting the destinies of men and women for His glory, and this is what sweetens marital life. Those who blindly rush to the hymeneal altar under the guidance of lust and passion, soon reach all of the joys in selfish desire, and here happiness ends and misery comes in to make life a hades. How important for people before entering into such relationship to seek the favor of God, guided by pure and holy motives? Young Henry Beaumont was evidently impressed with such thoughts and had unmistakable evidence of the source from whence

came this new inspiration, and with the courage of a true man made known his heaven-inspired devotion for the fair maiden whose beauty and grace of mind had captivated his heart and thrilled his soul. Needless to add that his offer of marriage was accepted. There was no time to be lost. The young preacher saw that his life's work was too full of duties for any halting or resting, and at the early age of twenty-one years he led to the altar Miss Sarah Anderson, the fairest flower in all of that beautiful land. Immediately they set out hand in hand, heart bound up in heart, for the journey of life, planting roses by the wayside at every crossing, and never a thorn. As time passed they gathered golden sheaves, filling the garner to overflowing, continuing to plant flowers, strewing their pathway with daisies and planting bed of violets upon every summit, and no lives were ever so full of happiness.

In 1829 Mr. Beaumont, guided by the same hand that directed all his affairs, without first going to view out a home in the new West, packed up everything and started, never stopping until he landed at what was called the upper tavern in Clarks-ville, an old frame building where the Franklin House now stands. The conveyances were an old-fashioned wagon drawn by six large draft horses, with great frame bed and high side boards, white-oak bows and white osnaburg cover, apparently as large as the ordinary flat-boat used for freighting down the river. The family came in a two-horse carryall. This was like a show entering the town, and everybody ran out, gazing with curiosity at the newcomers, and wondering from whence came such a turnout. Their young lives had been blessed with four lovely children, all about the same size, and when Mr. Beaumont hopped out of the carryall and commenced unloading the children, first sweet little Adaline, then Egbert, next Sterling and Charlie, bright little boys, and then his loving wife. Mr. Bringhurst, who always saw something ludicrous in everything, burst out in laughter and asked the tavern-keeper if he was "importing Sunday schools." Whatever may have been the answer of the inn man, the importation soon proved to be a very live Sunday school, and Mr. Bringhurst became a very apt scholar and a life-long admirer of the superintendent. Mr. Beaumont bought a lot and built a small house on the river side above town, about opposite the present site of the water works pump. He then built a warehouse and stemmery of slabs, the bark sides of saw logs, which he hauled from a country saw-mill, standing the slabs ends up. Here he commenced business, this being the first stemmery ever erected in Clarks-ville, and he being the first man that ever shipped a hogshhead of strips down the Cumberland river. In the meantime Mr. Beaumont was not idle in his Master's cause. He very soon organized a society on the John Wesley plan and drew into the circle many of the best people of the town, preaching to them the love of Christ and duty of men, and forming a bond of union that death only could sever. He lost no opportunity to preach and exhort people to the love of Christ, and never allowed business to come between him and his Christian duty, nor would he violate the Sabbath under any pretext. The ox was never in the ditch for him; if a steamer brought him a consignment of goods on Sunday, the boat would have to lay over till Monday or carry the goods on. He would not receive the smallest package nor the most important consignment on that

day. His good wife stood by upholding his arms in all he did, encouraging him by her love, her prayers, self-sacrifice and devotion. A most noble woman she was, her sweet influence extending throughout the community to every social circle, forming ties of lasting friendship, doing work to lighten the sorrows of life, and plant the spirit of religion in every household.

Mr. Beaumont was not a brilliant man in the pulpit under the common acceptation of the term brilliancy: one who charmed an audience by his eloquence and splendid oratory. He was rather a plain, common sense, practicable preacher, as he was a practicable man in all his work. Certainly he was an extraordinary man in some respect—a man of great magnetism, as his wide-spread influence would indicate. The little society thus formed, as spoken of in a brief history of the church, was nursed and strengthened by this good man until organized into a church, and under this influence the first church house was erected in Clarksville in 1832, and now the congregation worships in one of the most splendid edifices in the city. Mr. Beaumont was never pastor, but to the end of his useful life was its strongest pillar, his purse ever open to the wants of the church, paying half of the pastor's salary and other expenses. His house was the home of the minister, whoever he was and whenever he came: and a stable was always ready for the preacher's horse, with plenty of corn and hay, and welcome as long as he had a mind to stay. His own services were given every Sabbath to preaching in the country whenever a congregation could be gathered. His secular work was wonderful and beyond the endurance of ordinary men. He was wanted and his time and counsel freely given in every public meeting for every public good not mixed up in politics. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the Clarksville Female Academy from its organization in 1836 till his death, and he was the prime mover or father of its inception. He was a member of the Board of Trustees for the Male Academy, and prompt at all meetings of both. He was President of the Clarksville or Montgomery County Bible Society from its organization in 1837 until his death, nearly thirty years. He was agent for the Nashville Insurance Trust Company for ten years, until elected the second President of the Clarksville Marine, Fire Insurance & Life Trust Company, which he administered successfully for many years until the company decided to go into liquidation. He was President of the Clarksville branch of the Planters' Bank from the time it was established until the war, twenty years or more. He continued in the tobacco stemming business to the end of his life. For a number of years he kept a wholesale grocery store, and was also a member of the firm of Beaumont & Browder, and after that the firm of Beaumont, Payne & Co., grocers and commission merchants, H. F. Beaumont, J. R. Payne and R. Browder composing the firm. He was also agent for the popular steamer *Clarksville*, Capt. Joseph M. Irwin's boat, the daisiest craft that floated on the bosom of the great waters between Nashville and New Orleans. And hereby hangs a tale, a pretty little romance, which explains the naming of the splendid steamer *Clarksville*, which might have been told in connection with the river interest had it been known at the time of writing. It was a mark of high merit to be a steamboat captain in the early

days, and but few young men were able to reach that proud distinction; yet no man on the river wore the honors with greater dignity, or met with more popular applause, than the gallant young Captain Jo Irwin. And why not? He was a handsome man, bright in intellect, gallant in all of his bearings and generous in every act. He loved the excitement of river life, was ambitious to excel, and always attentive, reliable and careful for the safety and comfort of the traveling public. He sought popular favor, and with all he possessed a big heart, full of enthusiasm, and was sincere in everything. It was Clarksville people, however, that he liked best of all whom he met on the long line of travel from Nashville to New Orleans, and no name of all the towns for a thousand miles bore such sweet refrain as the little "City of Seven Hills." There was something in it that thrilled his soul, making him feel strong, and when his boat rounded the curve and whistled for the landing, his eyes were always out to catch a glimpse of the light from the window of a cottage on the hill, or the tall, graceful form of a beautiful maiden who dwelt there. She was like her mother, with deep brown eyes full of the light of heaven, shaded by a suit of luxuriant black hair that hung in curls about her forehead and waves over her snow-white neck. She was truly lovely, as everybody said, and Capt. Jo was not the only man who felt the power of Cupid's dart in the flash of her mellow eyes. When rounding the curve he always caught the fragrance of sweet flowers wafted by the breezes that swept that cottage hillside, and watched with intense anxiety the waving of a white handkerchief, or the light in the window if by night, as a token of welcome to his arrival. Capt. Jo may not have known it, but it was a fact, that no boat on the river had such a clear, sweet-sounding whistle as the *Clarksville*. Her time was kept in memory, and her coming eagerly watched for, and the vibration that announced her coming sent a tender thrill to at least one heart; and therefore the waving handkerchief or light in the window to welcome the favorite craft of the Cumberland. No one but those who felt the shock could imagine the deep sense of anxiety that was felt when the news came announcing the loss of the fairest sailer on the bosom of the great waters, the *Clarksville* having gone down in fathomable water, with part of her crew and 200 tons cargo, until the next steamer came, bringing tidings of the safety of her gallant captain. Very speedily another boat was built to take her place. It might, and probably would have been called by a sweeter name, but that would have betrayed the secret, and so it was that the second *Clarksville* took her place in the run, enjoying greater favor than the first. And here let the sequel be announced as it appears in an old issue of the Clarksville CHRONICLE: "Thursday morning, June 17th, 1841, Capt. Joseph M. Irwin, of Nashville, and Miss Adaline Beaumont, daughter of Rev. H. F. Beaumont, were married by Rev. A. L. P. Green." In this beautiful event Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont experienced the joys of their early love, after twenty years, welded up in the happiness of their first born; for Capt. Irwin was worthy the devotion of a pure woman, the sweet hand they had bestowed with their prayers for the descending blessings of heaven.

The first tobacco stemmery, referred to above, built by Mr. Beaumont of slabs, occupied the lot on which Capt. Tom. Herndon's residence now stands, corner of

Commerce and Front or River streets. There were no macadamized streets or wharf then, and tobacco had to be rolled down to the boats on skids or through the mud. But Mr. Beaumont's enterprise started others to work giving life and impetus to the agricultural interests, and after some years the produce trade became too heavy to be handled without better facilities and metaled streets.

After this Mr. Beaumont bought the lot now occupied by Rev. Dr. Wilson, corner Munford avenue and Second streets, and lived there a few years, when he built the big brick in the bottom fronting on College street, near where he built the large stemmery now occupied by Mr. Sterling Beaumont. At this place Mr. Beaumont died in December, 1864, just sixty-four years of age; not old, but years very full of life's best labor, so full that as people generally count love's labor, his time of work might be called one hundred years. His good wife survived him a few years and died. To them were born seven sons and two daughters in the following order: Adaline, Egbert H., Sterling F., Charles W., Thomas W., Frank S., Clara B., Irwin B. (Bish) and John Fletcher. Of these only three survive, Sterling, Dr. Charles and Mrs. Clara Wisdom. Thomas, Frank and John were lost in the Confederate service of the Inter-State war. Irwin survived the war and was killed some ten years after by a man whom he attempted to arrest while serving as sheriff of Montgomery county.

There are many incidents in the life of Rev. Henry Beaumont which illustrate the wonderful influence he exercised over the community. Many farmers in the country were accustomed to send him their produce when ready for market, tobacco and pork, without any contract or stipulated price, and always received his weights and prices with perfect satisfaction, trusting implicitly to his honor. An old farmer in the county, and brother Methodist, who stood very much like Mr. Beaumont, was known to have a fine crop of tobacco. Mr. Beaumont wanted it and sent his agent to buy the crop, but the old gentleman would not let him have it. The next day he sold the crop to another stemmer at the same figures offered by Mr. Beaumont's agent. This was strange and excited comment, because he was known to be a warm personal friend of Mr. B., and a mutual friend took it upon himself to inquire of the former why he would not let Brother Beaumont have his tobacco, when guided by the price he had offered. "Because," said he, "everybody knows that Brother Beaumont will do right, and my neighbors know that I will do right. I knew the price he would offer would be right, but if I were to sell him my crop and anything should go wrong, people wouldn't know who was to blame, myself or Brother Beaumont, and therefore I sold to the other man."

Capt. J. J. Crusman, one of Clarksville's big-hearted men, tells with tender emotions a pleasing incident in the life of Mr. Beaumont which illustrates the depth and value of his friendship. During the fiercest rage of the war between the North and the South, Mr. Beaumont, though feeble in health and bowed down with the labor of years, visited the army in Virginia to see his boys, who were enlisted in the Confederate cause, and especially to see Fletcher, the baby boy, whose young heart, fired by patriotism, had led him to join the army before he was stout enough to bear arms.

He stayed some time, and while there Capt. Crusman showed him all the attention and hospitality he could, and in doing this felt that he was only discharging his duty to an aged gentleman and prominent citizen of his town, and thought no more of it, or that it was anything to be remembered. After that the three sons were all killed, reverses had come and the star of the Confederacy seemed to be on the wane, and Mr. Beaumont, weighted with sorrow and disappointment, and having also suffered heavy losses from the accumulations of a lifetime, had nothing more to hope for or care for beyond his own immediate affairs and family circle. Next followed the hard fought battle of Petersburg in August, 1864. Capt. Crusman was on detached service there and was here taken prisoner and sent to Point Lookout. As soon as the news reached Clarks-ville Mr. Beaumont wrote his personal friends in Baltimore, pressing them with all the earnestness of his nature to go to Capt. Crusman's relief, furnish whatever he might need at any cost, and also any friend whom Crusman might recommend, and send the bill to him. His friends tried but could do nothing under the strict army regulations of discipline, but after his escape that letter saved his life. Capt. Crusman appreciated the pure motive of the generous-hearted man, and will ever cherish his memory for this disinterested act of kindness.

Again, in this is exhibited the great patriotism of a most noble father, after giving three beloved sons to the Confederacy—Capt. Frank, Col. Tom and Irwin, whose gallantry is recorded in war history—John Fletcher, the last, in whom was centered the doating love of fond old parents, fired by the ruling passion of the hour, the love of fireside, home and country, and the feelings of young manhood swelling in his bosom, broke loose from all of those tender ties to answer to his country's call. He was so very young, as above stated, that his brother, Capt. Frank, refused to let him join the company. Capt. Crusman, then Lieutenant, took the youth into his tent and kindly remonstrated with him, telling him of the hardship of soldier life, that he was too young to bear arms and keep up with the army, and begging him to return home. "No," said the boy, "all of that makes no difference to me. I have determined on my course, and if my friends will not let me stay with them, I can go to another command." Very soon, however, Fletcher was stricken down with a severe fever, and then it was that Mr. Beaumont visited the army, staying by his beloved boy's side, nursing him tenderly through his long spell of sickness, until he was able to come home. The reader can only imagine the hardships, toil, mental anxiety and great suffering endured by the anxious old father, whose snow-white locks and tottering form indicated that his days were about numbered, by the long and dangerous journey through the enemy's lines to reach his suffering child. Men who went through the conflict will remember the difficulties by the wayside, over mountains, and through dark, rugged valleys, infested by robbers and guerillas from both armies; boisterous streams to cross, bridges all destroyed and widespread desolation showing on every side. It was only strong men with brave hearts who were fitted for such a journey, and so few who had the courage to undertake it. Rarely are men moved by such compassion, and after all, as soon as Fletcher had fully regained his strength, the fond

parents, seeing his strong purpose and courage to go forth to battle, yielded their consent, sacrificing their last born, in whom their tenderest love and fondest affections were centered, upon their country's altar to the fortunes of war, and he left bathed in a mother's tears and carrying a fond father's richest blessings, to join the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment. He was appointed Adjutant to his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Beaumont, and was killed at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25th, 1863, while leading a charge with the battle flag in his hands. Never a more courageous, dauntless soldier faced a cannon's mouth. He was invincible, a boy of noble impulses, strong mind and indomitable will, full of hope and promise, which made it so hard to give him up, and it was after this that Mr. Beaumont interested himself so much in behalf of Capt. Crusman, as above related.

Mr. John Proudfit, an old and eccentric bachelor contemporaneous with Mr. Beaumont, and a rival stemmer for the best tobacco crops, was a man of no religion, but was proud of his ancestry and stood upon his honor. He would laugh at and ridicule neighbor Beaumont's piety, because he was too strict to help the ox out of the ditch on Sunday, while he himself was not troubled with any such scruples, and could facilitate business very much by loading and unloading boats on Sunday when they happened in, and that was nearly every Sunday in boating time. Time, however, wore on and Mr. Proudfit was stricken down by disease. Recognizing the near approach of the end, he became deeply concerned on the subject of salvation. Ministers and kind-hearted friends called frequently to administer comfort and consolation, instructing him in the way, but his earnest pleading all the while was, "Give me the religion of Henry Beaumont—I don't want and won't have any other kind." Can the reader contemplate so marvelous a character and not conclude that the facts are as intimated in the outset: that Mr. Beaumont was a man of God, that his heart was full of the Spirit and his daily walk with Christ? Is it not wonderful beyond credulity that he could live so long, do so many things, mix with all classes, socially, religiously and commercially, dealing with roughs and honest men alike, and never have a word uttered to his discredit? but to the contrary sought after by all classes as an adviser and leader in everything, and honored by all. Henry F. Beaumont was that man, and his name is still a power in the land. Let all honor be awarded his memory. It was he who first planted the gospel in Clarksville and inclined all men to hear and accept it. It was he who instilled the spirit which has caused so many beautiful spires to rise, pointing heavenward, giving Clarksville the proud appellation of the "City of Churches." It was he who infused life into that education which has done so much for this lovely city and surrounding county. It was he who shaped that commerce, fostering its growth, which now places Clarksville in the list of greatest tobacco markets on the continent. It was he who smothered denominational jealousy and religious bigotry, uniting all Christian people in one common bond of Christian love and fellowship and helping each other in their various enterprises. It was he who formed the early ties which made the business men of Clarksville, whose names cluster like sparkling gems around his all through this book, so powerful to accomplish any object or

carry out any enterprise they undertook. He preached the spirit of union, fidelity, earnestness and energy to all, doctors, lawyers, business men and laborers, and that spirit still lives with those who were boys in his declining years. No time was lost in his life. He labored incessantly for every good cause, and his success brought prosperity to all around, and while he prospered in business his money went lavishly for the spread of the gospel, the relief of the poor and every good work. What a grand specimen of a man he was! Let his name be preserved green in the memory, and his deeds be recorded as examples for generations.

DR. WALTER H. DRANE.

Dr. Walter H. Drane, whose name figured so conspicuously in the affairs of Clarksville fifty years ago and up to the late war, was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, November 1st, 1798. When he was quite a boy, ten or twelve years of age, his parents moved to Logan county, Kentucky, where he grew up to young manhood. In 1822 he graduated from the medical department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., and came to Clarksville and commenced the practice of his profession. He became one of the people, and being a young man of solid character, commanding appearance, bright intellect and greatly devoted to his profession, he gained public confidence and a large and lucrative practice at once, in which he was eminently successful and became distinguished, especially in the practice of surgery. The young doctor, however, was not here long until he became enamored with one of Clarksville's fairest charmers, Miss Eliza J. McClure, daughter of Hugh McClure, one of the wealthiest citizens of the town. Miss Eliza was then the reigning belle of the town and surrounding country, and among her many suitors she wisely chose the young doctor of such handsome personnel, elegant manners, highly cultivated intellect and mind richly stored with general information. They were married in 1825, and it was indeed a happy union. They set out to make the most of life, and were not slow to improve every opportunity. Dr. Drane devoted his time to his profession, and early identified himself with all the important matters and interests of the town and county, and continued through life a prominent and representative citizen. He took great interest in all public affairs and especially educational facilities, from the foundation of that grand old classical institution, the Clarksville Male Academy, which was erected in the Spring of 1837 on the present site of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, and first presided over by Rev. Consider Parish, and of the old Female Academy, which for a long time was conducted in the old Masonic Hall on Franklin street. He was strictly a private citizen, and never held an office or sought any public position, though in the highest degree fitted for any public trust. But in all matters of public



enterprise he was among the foremost, and to his public spirit and energy the town of Clarksville was largely indebted for the building of her turnpikes, bridges and other enterprises that gave vigorous growth to the city. He not only aided by his influence the building of the Memphis, Clarksville & Louisville Railroad, but paid \$10,000 in cash to the enterprise, and when, after the road was built, he was told that his stock was worthless and money gone, he replied: "It makes no difference: we have got the railroad."

In 1843 Dr. Drane moved out permanently to his farm, the beautiful country home on the Hopkinsville road where Dr. Henry T. Drane, the youngest of his children, now resides. After this he gave up the practice of his profession and devoted himself to the cultivation of his farm, and it was at this time he began to operate in tobacco, and soon became largely interested in the manufacture of the same for the English market, in which he was eminently successful, and until the beginning of the civil war he was extensively engaged in the tobacco business, holding large stocks both here and in Europe—it was by continued tobacco operations that the bulk of his handsome fortune was made. Dr. Drane died at his home October 30th, 1865, and a handsome marble shaft in Greenwood Cemetery marks his last resting place. His good wife, who so well performed her part to encourage his efforts, counsel his plans and applaud his successes, still survives, occupying a luxuriant home, the fine old mansion fronting College street, opposite Fourth, with great lawn of twenty or more acres and beautiful lake. Of eleven children to them born only five are now living: William M. Drane, Walter H. Drane, Dr. Henry T. Drane and Mrs. Jennie E. Johnson, of Clarksville and vicinity, and Edward Drane, of Nashville.

The name of Dr. Walter H. Drane will ever shine as a jewel among the galaxy of bright names of young Clarksville. The men who banded together in the early history, when everything was crude and cities were not built in a day nor a year, to carry out every laudable enterprise, exercising a powerful moral influence over the people, building up trade and commerce, giving impetus to agriculture, inspiring healthy sentiment and high principles of honor, standing shoulder to shoulder with Henry Beaumont, Col. Crusman, John H. Poston, James B. Reynolds, Dr. Rowley, John McKeage, McClure, Charles Bailey, G. A. Henry, Eli Lockert, Thos. W. Fraser, Thos. Barksdale, Isaac Dennison, Andrew Vance, George Boyd, Galbraith, Cromwell, Browder and many others who came in during his day. Could these men, with their enterprise, have possessed the facilities and advantages of the present day, with a thickly populated and wealthy country surrounding, as now, there is no telling what they might have accomplished. So great was their influence over the community because of their wise counsel and unselfish devotion to the public welfare, forming no grindstones for themselves that did not sharpen everybody's ax as well, who had the energy to turn the crank, and as they prospered the country around grew rich, and Clarksville became a solid town, widely known for the public spirit and enterprise of the people. Dr. Drane possessed a strong intellect and practical mind, and but for his extreme modesty and retiring disposition he might have risen to distinction in polit-

ical life. It was his retiring, unselfish disposition, common practical sense and unswerving integrity that made him a leader and counselor among his associates.

PETER ONEAL.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1813, and raised in Montgomery county, Tenn., about four miles from the city on the Port Royal road, on the farm known as the Oneal Place—later owned by Goodlett Brown, and now occupied by William J. Pardue. When quite young he commenced clerking for Sam Vance, and familiarized himself with commercial business. October 17th, 1837, he entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas F. Pettus in New Providence, where they engaged in general merchandise and the tobacco storage, commission and freighting business at Trice's Landing. They were both popular young men, inspired general confidence in the public, and received a full share of the country's patronage. New Orleans was then the seaboard or trading point for all of the Southern and Western country, and the business of Pettus & Oneal grew so large that it became necessary for the house to be represented in that market; consequently Mr. Oneal went to New Orleans, opening a receiving and forwarding house there for the firm, took charge of the flatboating, etc., and managed that department of the business, while Mr. Pettus looked after matters at this end of the line. This partnership continued two or three years, when they both thought they saw other fields more remunerative, and with less care and responsibility attached. But during their partnership the firm succeeded in giving general satisfaction, and not a word disparaging to their integrity and honest dealings with their customers was ever heard.



Mr. Oneal was a handsome man, of gentle nature, a benevolent face full of frank expressions, was easy to approach from all classes, and consequently became one of the most prominent citizens in the county. No man was more highly esteemed for his strictly honest and upright character. Mr. Oneal concluded that the better way to save what he had accumulated by hard labor and sacrifice would be a retired life, and he invested his money in a farm of five hundred acres or more in the lower part of the county, and taking pride in the farm, stock raising and tobacco culture, he made a success of that, losing none of his identity with the people, but becoming a leading spirit in agricultural life, and prominent in all public affairs. A good man, full of devotion and a tender feeling for all people in distress or suffering. Mr. Oneal was appointed, November 3d, 1867, by Judge King to fill the unexpired term of W. E. Newell, County Court Clerk. He became a candidate for the office at the following March election, 1867, and was defeated by E. McKenney, a carpet-bagger who settled in Clarksville at the close of the war, and exercised considerable influence over the enfranchised colored people, the majority of the white voters being disfranchised at the

time by Governor Brownlow's despotism. McKenney failed to give the required bond and the office was declared vacant at the April term of the County Court, and Mr. Oneal was again appointed to fill the vacancy. At the March election, 1870, he was again a candidate and elected by the people for the four year's term over Frank O. Anderson, a lawyer and one of the most popular young men in the county—the soldier candidate—and was re-elected at the August election, 1874, over Irwin Beaumont, another popular young man who carried the county as by storm for sheriff. He was again a candidate in 1879, but was defeated by R. D. Moseley, the present Clerk. The reader will no doubt feel curious to know the cause of this strong man's defeat. It was a matter which his friends would rejoice to have blotted out, but as it cannot be, the best way to uphold his noble character is to record the facts. Mr. Oneal had been so long in the office, and had the affairs so well in his head, as he thought, that he became careless about the proper book entries, and became the servant of his friends for every beck and call, such being his generosity that he had no heart or nerve to refuse any appeal for assistance, and these facts became generally known. There is no disguising the truth that the office was his ruin, bringing him down to poverty, dependence and afflictions, both physically and mentally, in his old age. He knew well enough himself that something was wrong, and thought he could show the error that tangled the affairs of the office, but never could and the matter weighted him down the balance of his days. The facts are that his habit of book-keeping led to frequent charges against himself that should have been credits, and with so many things to tax his memory he never could unravel the mystery, and he gave up everything he possessed to meet the demand upon him. The mistake of his life was in accepting office at his advanced age after having so long retired to the quiet life of farming. The adage, "once a man and twice a child," was verified in his as in most every old man's career. He commenced in the Clerk's office under just such rules as served when he was in active business life, never realizing the wide gap that a progressive spirit had made in the methods of that day and the time of his returning to active life. His training was not of that kind to fit a man for such duties, and it was a pity and great misfortune that he should have been deluded into undertaking a business that he had no capacity for. This has been the cause of many failures in life. Men don't like to grow old, and are slow to realize the change that age effects. No one who knew Peter Oneal personally could believe for a moment that he was dishonest, and not a man was ever heard to utter even a suspicion to that effect; and his many friends were not slow to assure him of this fact, and encourage him to meet the matter boldly and bravely, and think nothing of it. But all this did no good, and the fact that errors which he could not explain existed was what killed him, and there is no question at all that he was a pure Christian man.

The following is an obituary notice written by Dr. J. F. Outlaw, a life-long friend who knew him better than the writer, and was more familiar with the incidents of his life: "Peter Oneal, a well-known citizen and an ex-County Court Clerk of this county, died at his residence in District No. 21, November 29, 1885, of sarcoma, at the

advanced age of seventy-three years. Mr. Oneal was born in this county in the year 1813, and as a citizen has shared its prosperity and adversity to the time of his death. He was married to Miss Angelina Smith, daughter of James N. Smith, in November, 1843. His wife lived but a few years, leaving him three children, two of whom have since died. In 1854 he was married to Miss Mildred Radford, who, with four children, and one daughter by his first marriage, survive to mourn his loss. He professed religion nearly fifty years ago and joined the Methodist church, of which he remained an exemplary and zealous member to the day of his death. As a Christian, citizen and neighbor he had no superior. A strong Christian love and benevolence predominated his whole character, which, blended with an unbounded confidence in the goodness and fidelity of his fellow-man, too often swerved him from the rigid duties of a business life, and as often demonstrated a misplacement of his confidence. He was, unfortunately, the property of his friends, the needy and oppressed, and his kind, confiding heart knew no denial. We venture the assertion that, during the eleven years he served as County Court Clerk, no man ever strove harder, officially, ex-officially and as a citizen, to accommodate the community and discharge his whole duty as an officer than did Mr. Oneal. We are satisfied that he was not aware of the extent of his financial embarrassment until he was retired from office. He had an abiding confidence that he had performed his whole duty until he took a calm retrospect of his official life and discovered with both amazement and regret that the dark shadows of misfortune and bankruptcy hovered over him. The kind-hearted, good citizens who knew him well will spread the mantle of charity over his mistakes, instead of attempting to tarnish the character of so good a man by aspersions of corruption. Some men do wrong intentionally from sordid motives, but Mr. Oneal's mistakes in a business capacity grew out of his confiding, generous nature. The writer had been intimately acquainted with him for thirty-seven years, and is satisfied that he pursued a course of scrupulous rectitude in all his dealings with his fellow-men. His forgiving nature never allowed him to bear malice or ill-will toward even those who betrayed his confidence or sought to do him injury. Toward such he exercised a Christian charity as though no wrong had been done him. In all the vicissitudes of life he was always the same devout Christian, never neglecting his duty to his God, but relying with an undying faith upon the promises of his Savior. When misfortune swept from him his worldly goods, and penury with its multiplied necessities settled down upon his latter days, and disease with its piercing agonies seized his mortal frame, how beautifully his Christian character shone forth through the clouds of adversity and the excruciating agonies of disease! For four long years was he racked with almost intolerable suffering, but not a murmur, not a complaint or repining at his situation, escaped his lips, but a Christian fortitude equaled only by that of Job's attended him throughout his long illness, lightening his burden, and by the aid of his old family Bible, which was his constant companion and guide, illuminating his pathway to the haven of rest and enabling him at all times to exclaim with his distinguished prototype, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

REUBEN ROSS.

One of the ablest and most influential men connected with the early history of Montgomery county, was Elder Reuben Ross. The facts for the following brief sketch were obtained from the admirable life of his father written by the late Mr. James Ross, of this county.

Reuben Ross was born near the little town of Williamston in Martin county, North Carolina, on the 9th of May, 1776. He came of an old Scotch family that emigrated to this country early in the 17th century and settled in Virginia. His father, William Ross, was born in North Carolina in 1731. His grandfather, also named William, was a Virginian by birth, but moved with his family to North Carolina some time prior to 1730. Reuben was the ninth of ten children. His three oldest brothers, John, William and Martin, were soldiers in the revolutionary war, though the oldest was only nineteen and the youngest fourteen when the war began. Mr. Ross himself was born the year the war began, and of course was too young to take part in it. He remained during his childhood on his father's farm on the Roanoke River. The British cruisers often ascended as high as Williamston and pillaged and plundered the country round. Mr. Ross' father had been wealthy, or at least prosperous, before the outbreak of hostilities, but the close of the war found him impoverished with a large family on his hands.

Reuben and the other children were given such schooling as their father could afford, but the facilities for obtaining an education were at that time small indeed. Reuben never went to school altogether, he was accustomed to say afterwards, as much as twelve months in his life, and he never saw the inside of a school room after he was fourteen years old. Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalms of David were the main school books in the old field schools in those days. Mr. Ross never looked into an English grammar while he was at school. Until his twenty-second year he spent his time mainly with his father, leading what appears to have been a careless sort of life, hunting, fishing, working a good deal, and reading now and then such old books as he could lay hand to. In the Spring of 1798 he met for the first time Miss Mildred Yarrel, a beautiful young girl of the same county, and he appears to have tumbled heels over head in love with her at first sight. She was only sixteen, and in the opinion of her parents was "oer young to marry yet," but he pressed his suit with such fervor and vigor that in September of that year they were married. He built him a little house of pine and cypress on his father's farm, and settled down to housekeeping. He often said that the few years he spent here were the happiest of his life, and his wife never forgot the fragrant smell of the pine and cypress in their first house. Here she made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist church. He at that time was anything else but piously inclined. His wife's conversion, however, appears to have made a profound impression upon him. For a while he was much averse to her attaching herself to any church, thinking her religion would interfere to some extent with his worldly enjoyment. He appears even to have indulged in unusual excesses, hoping

thus to get rid of himself, but the voice of conscience was ever at his side. One Sunday, he tells us, he gathered about him a lot of boon companions and they spent the day very wickedly. Soon after this one of the gayest and most thoughtless among them was taken sick and died very suddenly. His already troubled conscience smote him for having been possibly instrumental in the death of his friend, and also perhaps in his eternal loss. He had been brought up in the old Calvinistic school, and they tried to console him by telling him if his friend was one of the elect he was undoubtedly saved, and if he was not he would have been lost anyway. Arguments of this sort were very common in those days. Mr. Ross began to reflect seriously whether he himself was one of the elect or not. At times the awful impression seized upon him that he was doomed to eternal damnation. A great cloud rested over him, but he would not give himself up to despair. Like Jacob he wrestled with the angel in the dark and finally peace came to him. Alone and solitary, out in the forest near his little house of pine and cypress, and near his young wife, who unconsciously was leading the way, a calm came over him and he felt "submissive and penitent instead of rebellious and hardened." He left the great questions of fate and free will to the omnipotent power that alone can solve them, and humbly resolved to take up his cross here on earth and follow his Master. On the next Tuesday he went with his wife to the old Skewarkey Baptist Church out in the pine woods near Williamston, and stood up in the congregation and gave in his experience, and soon after he was baptized by Elder Luke Ward, the pastor of the church. He was then in the twenty-sixth year of his age and his first desire, he tells us, after his own conversion, was to bring others to Christ that they might escape the fearful consequences of dying in their sins. He shrank from becoming a minister, for he feared he had not the talent to speak. His friends, however, urged him to try and obtained for him "a license to speak to the people on the subject of religion whenever he might feel inclined to do so." One of his earliest efforts of this sort is thus recorded by his little son James, who accompanied him on his mission "to speak to the people": "I remember, almost as far back as my recollection reaches, his asking me one day if I did not want to ride with him to meeting. Of course, I was very ready for the ride. I was then so small that he had to keep one hand behind him a good deal of the time to prevent my falling from the horse. On reaching the place, which was, I think, a private residence, there were quite a number of people present. On going into the house, I saw on one side of a large room a table, and a chair placed near it. When the people came in and filled the room, to my astonishment, he took the place by the table, sung a hymn, prayed, and commenced preaching. I was greatly astonished, for I had never heard him preach before, or even knew that he was a preacher at all. All seemed to pay the greatest attention, and there was at one time much feeling manifested by the audience. This must have been very soon after he commenced preaching, and from the number of people present he must have been able even then to fix the attention of his hearers on what he was saying. No incident of my childhood is more distinctly remembered than this. What surprised me beyond measure was the number of bad words, as I

considered then, your grandfather used on that occasion. In order to make us children avoid everything resembling irreverence or profanity, my two sisters and I were taught to substitute other words for many in common use. Instead of saying God, we were taught to say 'the Good Man;' instead of the devil, 'the bad man;' instead of heaven, 'the good place;' instead of hell, 'the bad place,' or 'the fiery place.' I felt very much scandalized at hearing him use these bad words so freely, but got on after a fashion, though sorely puzzled, until I heard him use the awful word 'damnation.' Then I thought he had ruined himself and gave it up completely. I could think of no excuse to make for him after that."

His parents were now both dead, he had three children of his own and he felt a double duty pressing on him. He must provide for his growing family and he earnestly desired to preach the gospel. He sold his farm on the Roanoke and embarked his all in a mercantile venture in Williamston. He found a partner who agreed to run the store in town into which he had put his all. He thought this store would support his family, and he devoted himself earnestly to the cause of Christ. The result might have been foreseen. The partner disappointed him, the store was badly managed, and after a brief experience he sold out his entire stock of goods, realizing, fortunately, enough to pay his debts, but having only a few hundred dollars left in the world.

At that time the ears of people living in Virginia and North Carolina were filled with wonderful accounts of the Cumberland country, a beautiful land lying west of the Alleghenies; and on the 6th of May, 1807, Reuben Ross, with his family and his men servants and his maid servants, turned his back on the home of his childhood and set out for this new land of promise. His purpose to spread the gospel, however, was strong within him, and almost the last thing he did before leaving the old North State was to ask and receive ordination as a minister in order that he might not only speak to the people but preach the gospel with authority in the new home whither he was journeying. On the night of the 4th of July, 1807, he had reached the end of his journey and camped on the left bank of Red river, in Montgomery county, not far from the little village of Port Royal. He and his family lived for more than a year in a little cabin in the yard of a man named McGowan, and in the fall of 1808 settled at a spot about eight miles nearer Clarksville. During his sojourn at the McGowan place his first great family affliction befell him. His children were playing in the yard among the autumn leaves and had built a fire of them. The dress of his little daughter Mildred caught from the flames and the child was so seriously burned that she died soon after. She was in her fourth year and named for her mother. "We children thought," says the biographer tenderly, "she had come a long, long way to find her little grave."

In March, 1810, Mr. Ross was chosen pastor of the Spring Creek Baptist Church in this county. He had preached on many occasions at the old Red River Church near Port Royal and at other places, and was already one of the most effective preachers in the West. The church of which he took charge at Spring Creek was anything

else but a palace in the way of an edifice. It was built of large poplar logs with cracks large enough for a boy to crawl through, and for some years did not even have a chimney. Here the famous old Parson Todevine used to hold forth, and other long-forgotten worthies who were famous in their day.

In the fall of 1808 Mr. Ross had removed with his family to Saline Creek, in Stewart county. He was living on a farm he had purchased there when he was chosen pastor of Spring Creek Church. He rode constantly from his home in Stewart county to Spring Creek, a distance of about thirty miles, and preached two days in every week. It was his custom to leave home on Friday and reach the vicinity of his church that night, preach on Saturday and again on Sunday, and on Monday he returned home. Thus for four years he was about four days in every week from his home, leaving his family in what was then almost a wilderness. After remaining four years in Stewart county he returned to the neighborhood of Spring Creek Church and bought a farm in 1812 from Mr. Needham Whitfield, on Spring Creek. He cut the logs with his own hands and with the aid of his neighbors built the new house into which he moved his family.

About the beginning of the present century there occurred in Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee a remarkable religious revival which extended to Christians of nearly every denomination and was characterized by wonderful manifestations called "the jerks." This revival started at the old Red River church and spread not only over Tennessee and Kentucky, but even into the Eastern States of the Union and lasted in all nearly fifteen years.

Elder Stone, in chapter sixth of his book, enumerates six kinds of bodily agitations during this great excitement. The falling exercise; the jerks; the dancing exercise; the barking exercise; the laughing exercise; and the singing exercise. "The falling exercise," he says, "was very common among all classes, both saints and sinners of every age, and every grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would generally, with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor, earth or mud, and appear as dead. The jerks cannot be so easily described. Sometimes the subject of the jerks would be affected in the whole system. When the head alone was affected it would be jerked backward and forward, or from side to side, so quickly that the features of the face could not be distinguished. When the whole system was affected I have seen a person stand in one place and jerk backwards and forward in quick succession, their hands nearly touching the floor behind and before. All classes, saints as well as sinners, strong as well as weak, were thus affected. They could not account for it, but some have told me these were among the happiest moments of their lives. The dancing exercise generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. The subject, after jerking a while, began to dance, and then the jerks would cease. Such dancing was indeed *heavenly* to the spectators. There was nothing in it like levity or calculated to excite levity in beholders. The smile of heaven shone in the countenance of the subject, and assimilated to angels appeared the whole person. [Rather highly colored!] The barking, as opposers contemptuously called it,

was nothing but the jerks. A person afflicted with the jerks, especially in the head, would often make a grunt or a bark (if you please) from the suddenness of the jerk. This name 'barking' seems to have had its origin from an old Presbyterian preacher of East Tennessee. He had gone into the fields for private devotion and was seized with the jerks. Standing near a sapling he caught hold of it to prevent his falling, and as his head jerked back he uttered a grunt or kind of noise similar to a bark, his face being turned upward. Some wag discovered him in this position, and reported that he found him barking up a tree. The laughing exercise was frequent, confined solely to the religious. It was a loud, hearty laughter, but one *sui generis*. It excited laughter in no one else. The subject appeared rapturously solemn, and his laughter excited solemnity in saint and sinner. It was truly indescribable. The running exercise was nothing more than that persons, feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear attempted to run away and thus escape from them, but it commonly happened that they ran not far before they fell and became so greatly agitated they could proceed no farther. The singing exercise is more unaccountable than anything I ever saw. The subject, in a very happy state of mind, would sing most melodiously, not from the mouth or nose, but from the breast entirely, the sound issuing thence. Such music silenced everything and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly. None could ever be tired of hearing it. Dr. J. P. Campbell and myself were together at a meeting and were attending to a pious lady thus exercised, and concluded it to be something beyond anything we had ever known in nature."

This is, in part, what Elder Stone saw and heard when he visited Southern Kentucky in 1801, at the commencement of these strange exercises, expressed in his *naïve* or artless way. Lorenzo Dow, while on a tour of preaching in 1804, says: "I passed by a meeting house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for a camp-meeting, and from fifty to one hundred saplings cut off about breast high, and on inquiring about it learned that they had been left for the people to jerk by." This excited his curiosity, and on going round he "found where the people had laid hold of them and jerked so powerfully that they had kicked up the earth like horses in fly time!" He believed the jerking was "entirely involuntary, and not to be accounted for on any known principle.

Peter Cartwright in his book speaks of the strange bodily exercises of the times, and seems to have been rather amused at what he sometimes saw: "Just in the midst of our controversies on the subject of the powerful exercises among the people under preaching, a new exercise broke out among us called the *jerks*, which was overwhelming in its effects upon the bodies and minds of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken under a warm song or sermon and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not by any possibility avoid. And the more they resisted the more violently they jerked. If they would not strive against it and pray in good earnest, it would usually abate. I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at once in my large congregations. Most usually persons taken with the jerks, to obtain relief, as they said, would rise up and dance—some would

run but could not get away—some would resist—on such the jerks were most severe. To see those proud young gentlemen and ladies, dressed in their silks, jewelry and prunella from top to toe, take the jerks, would often excite my risibility. The first jerk or two you would see their fine bonnets, caps and combs fly, and their long, loose hair crack almost as loud as a wagoner's whip."

In 1814 the celebrated Lorenzo Dow preached in Clarksville. He was accompanied by his wife Peggy. He was the most eccentric of all the religious enthusiasts of that day. Parson Todevine and even the people who looked on the jerks as supernatural visitations could not say whether Dow was crazy or not. He was a man of wonderful power in the pulpit, traveled all over the United States and afterwards nearly all over Europe, generally on foot, and drew enormous crowds wherever he went. His wife was as queer a specimen as he was. She followed him patiently over two continents and asked no questions. Often she was left with strangers by her husband with instructions to be taken care of until called for, and for weeks she neither saw him nor inquired about him. He was in the hands of the Lord and went whither the Lord sent him, and that was enough for her to know.

The year 1815 was unusually wet in the early part of the summer, and when the hot sun of August came and the rank vegetation began to decay a malarial fever appeared that carried off a great number of people and appeared to be especially fatal to the children. Mr. Ross lost four members of his flock, two of whom lay dead in his house at the same time. Thomas, Martin, Reuben and Maria were the names of the children he buried this year: the eldest, Maria, about nine years of age and the others younger. The next year, 1815, his daughter Polly, born in the little fragrant pine and cypress cottage in North Carolina, died. In this same year William Ross went to Louisiana on a visit to his friend, Mr. Charles Thomas. He went on a flatboat with Major John White, who was taking a load of produce to New Orleans, and returned on horseback through the Indian nation. He was absent in all about three months.

In the year 1817 occurred what turned out to be an important incident in the life of Mr. Ross and in the history of the Baptist church. Mr. Ross had all his life, at least since he had begun to think seriously on religious subjects, been troubled upon the question of predestination. He had been raised in the hardest and sternest Calvinistic school. Predestination was the corner stone of the Baptist edifice in the old North State from which he came, and in his new home in Tennessee the Baptists clung to the same doctrine tenaciously. Mr. Ross was a great light among them. His influence had grown wonderfully since his arrival in the State in 1807. His strong mind, his strong will, his absolute integrity and his zeal in the cause of Christ, made him a prominent figure at that day. But he was never a Calvinist at heart, and by the year 1817 he had made up his mind that it was his duty to announce his views to his people whatever the consequences might be. Miss Eliza Norflet, of Port Royal, an accomplished and much loved young church member, died in that year, and he was called on to preach her funeral sermon. In that sermon he distinctly announced his dissent from the great majority of his people on the subject of predestination, and

proclaimed himself a "free will Baptist." The effect was startling. Many at once declared themselves with him and heartily assented to the new doctrine. Others, and among them many of his oldest and best friends, turned their backs on him and walked with him no more. All the churches of the Red River Association became more or less agitated on the subject. A convention of delegates was called to meet at the Union meeting house in Logan county, Kentucky, with a view to settling the controversy, but this was found to be impossible. Afterwards the old Red River Association was by consent divided into two branches, the first retaining the old name and the second called the Bethel Association; the first holding to the old hard-shell doctrine, the second composed of members agreeing with Elder Ross and advocating "free will" as preached by him. At the formation of the new association—Bethel—it consisted of eight churches and about seven hundred members. Before Elder Ross ended his connection with it it had increased to sixty-two churches with more than seven thousand members. In 1824 Mr. Ross sold his tract of land on Spring Creek and purchased another a few miles off in Montgomery county, which he called Cedar Hill.

About this time occurred the schism in the church over the new doctrines promulgated by Alexander Campbell and his followers. Mr. Ross gave the matter most careful investigation, as was his wont, and finally with all his zeal and all his influence he combatted the ideas advanced by Mr. Campbell. He did not prevent the secession of some members, but he undoubtedly did a great deal toward holding the great body of his people true to the doctrines of the Baptist Church as he understood them. No man fought Mr. Campbell more vigorously and more successfully than he.

Mr. Ross was now growing to be an old man. On the 2d day of June, 1847, his wife, who had been his faithful companion and helpmeet for fifty years, passed away. Since first as Mildred Varrell in the North Carolina pine woods she placed her hand in his there had never been coldness or estrangement between them. After this he lost most of his interest in life. He continued to live at Cedar Hill with his three old servants, Jacob, Viney and Fanny. Viney had come from Carolina and was always the house servant. Jacob and Fanny tilled the soil. Thus the old patriarch passed the evening of his days under his own vine and fig tree, having few wants and surrounded by loving and affectionate friends. He preached as before as long as he was able. In June, 1851, he resigned the ministership of his loved Bethel Association. The following is the report of the committee appointed by the association on that occasion:

"Elder Ross has been Moderator of this Association since its organization in 1825, a period of twenty six years. He can with more propriety than any other man, living or dead, be designated the father of the Association. The influence resulting from the dignity of his Christian character, and from the salutary counsels he has through successive years imparted, cannot be fully known until the revelations of eternity supply all the elements necessary in making the calculation. This fact precludes the necessity of any attempt to make an elaborate report, and the committee request that the brevity

they study may be considered more intensely impressive than anything they could say. They recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

“*Resolved*, That Elder Ross’s resignation of the Moderatorship of this body constitutes an important epoch in its history; and that the thanks of this body are eminently due to him for the impartiality, dignity and affectionate kindness with which he has presided over its deliberations.

“*Resolved*, That our ardent affection for him prompts us to comply with his request to be released from our service, and that in accepting his resignation we cannot suppress our emotions of sorrow.

“*Resolved*, That we will cherish with affectionate veneration the name, the character and the labors of our Father in Israel, and offer to God our fervent prayers that divine grace may sustain him amid the infirmities of age, and that the sun of his declining life may set in a cloudless sky.”

In 1852 he tried to resign as pastor of Bethel Church, but the congregation would not allow him. They employed an assistant, but would not consent for Mr. Ross formally to sever his connection with them. In the year 1857 he was persuaded to leave his home at Cedar Hill and to live with his daughter Nancy, who had married Mr. Morrison, of Logan county, Kentucky. Here he lingered until January, 1860. On the 19th of that month he called his old servant Fanny and told her to bring him his shaving apparatus. “He shaved himself with care,” says his biographer, “pared his nails, combed his hair and put on fresh clothes. In a few moments he became dizzy and fell to the floor. When he was lifted up he said, ‘Fanny, I have started on my long journey.’” On the morning of January 28, a few minutes before five o’clock, he passed peacefully away. He went to join his wife and his children in a land where the many problems that had vexed him here are doubtless made very plain. They buried him at the old homestead at Cedar Hill, and more than ten years after, on June 20th, 1871, a memorial service was held at this place. A monument had been erected by the Bethel Association to his memory, and here many of his old friends and followers were gathered to do him honor. He had left behind him, however, a monument more enduring than marble. Those who stood beside his grave on that May day might honor themselves, but they could not honor him.

THE CHRONICLE.

A history of Clarksville would be incomplete without some mention being made of the paper whose origin dates back nearly as far as the city itself, and of the leading spirits who controlled its columns at different times and who aided with their writings to put it on the road to prosperity which it has attained. Therefore the reader will pardon the somewhat detailed sketch put upon record in these pages. As to the origin of papers in Clarksville prior to our personal knowledge of the printing business, we remember hearing Josiah Hoskins, Esq., an intelligent gentleman who then resided about five miles from town, say that about the beginning of the present century a small sheet was started here called the *Rising Sun*, but we forget who conducted it. He,

however, had a copy of the *CHRONICLE* printed in 1817, and was of the opinion that the paper under that name commenced in 1808 or 1809, and was managed by Francis Richardson. Mr. Hoskins had been a subscriber to the *CHRONICLE* for nearly fifty years at the time of his death, and being a man of undoubted veracity we feel no hesitancy in making his statements a part of the history of this now the oldest paper in the State of Tennessee. The feeble light which emanated from this miniature *Sun* was soon eclipsed by the more enlarged rays which were reflected by the *CHRONICLE*, which, as above stated, was started about eight or nine years after the beginning of the present century by Francis Richardson. Of Mr. R. the writer knows but little. A friend now living knew him to be a man of strict integrity, systematic and painstaking in his course of life, and a most suitable character to train the boy of whom we shall devote more of the space allotted me in this book.

EWING P. MCGINTY.

Of Mr. McGinty's ancestry we only know that he was of Scotch-Irish descent on his father's side, who was said to be a man of most admirable traits of character and a great genius, capable of making or doing most anything he saw proper to undertake. We first hear of him in Tennessee, but at an early day he removed to the then wilds



of Ohio, hoping to realize some of this world's goods for himself and family, as many inducements seemed to be offered in that direction. Failing in this he came back to this State and located near Palmyra, Montgomery county. Not long after he died, leaving a wife and four children, one son and three daughters. The subject of our sketch was born at Palmyra, Montgomery county, Tennessee, but owing to the destruction of the family Bible and private manuscripts by fire, we cannot give exact dates. But, we believe from hearsay, he became an apprentice to the printing business under Mr. F. Richardson, who had charge of the *CHRONICLE* when he removed here with his widowed mother and

three sisters. If some one competent to the task could obtain all the facts in his history, and give a true biography of his life and life work, we know of no one who ever lived or died in our community who could have been held up as a model for the rising generation who possessed more of the elements of true greatness than did Ewing Pike McGinty. Born of poor but intelligent, respectable parents, coming among us a barefooted boy, the main support of mother and sisters, he soon mastered his trade, and very soon thereafter became the owner and editor of the *CHRONICLE*. The greater part of his education was obtained at the type stand and from close application, burning midnight oil when most of his associates were wrapped in sleep. With no father to watch over him in his association with those of his age at a time when dissipation in various ways had so many devotees, it required moral courage to stem the tide, as he

did, without being contaminated—yea, more stability and moral courage than is required to face missiles thick as hail upon the field of battle. Being what is termed a self-made man, he was self-reliant, and learned early in life that strict integrity was a bank which never allowed a man's name to go to protest—albeit the teachings of a truly pious mother had instilled honesty, industry and devotion to right and abhorrence to wrong in his inmost being, and although he only knew a mother's love and watchful care and devotion but a few fleeting years, yet from her teachings he never deviated. His was the soul of honor, quick to resent a wrong and quick to forgive an injury. He never ceased to have gratitude for favors conferred. Only a short time before his death he related an incident, to the point, which took place when he was a mere boy. He had gone to Russellville, Ky., to work, and very soon received intelligence that his mother was quite ill. True to his noble nature he immediately set out on foot to return to minister to the comfort of that, to him, dearest one on earth, when, after traveling about one-half the distance, he became footsore and sat down on the roadside to rest. Soon after a brother of the late Mrs. G. A. Henry came riding by, and learning the situation kindly dismounted and told Mr. McGinty to take the horse and hurry home to his sick mother, that he could hire another horse to convey him home. This act of generosity was never lost sight of by young McGinty, but was an incentive to urge him forward in the discharge of every obligation and duty of life—and it also serves to show us in what estimation he was then held by those whose good opinion was worth having, and especially of worth to one like our hero, who was striving for the right in his every word and act.

By dint of indomitable energy, industry and economy he maintained, in a great measure, himself and the family, and had the proud satisfaction of living to give his sisters a good education and of seeing them married to worthy gentlemen, and all settled near him. In return no one ever had more devoted sisters—they viewed him as brother and father. The sisters and husbands are yet living. The eldest married Mr. G. W. Leigh, now a resident of this city; the second married T. A. Thomas, now in Cincinnati; the third is the wife of E. R. W. Thomas, whose home is also in Clarks-ville. About the time these marriages took place the writer of this disconnected sketch entered the office to learn the business with Mr. McGinty. Here it was that every contact showed his true inwardness. The more you were with him and the more you knew him the brighter his ennobling traits shone. He took us into his confidence and in his bed chamber as a companion. He was a member of the Methodist church and was zealous in every good word and work. He never used the slang phrases of the day—his conversation in the office could be repeated in the parlor. After a term of years as editor, the people desiring to show him some honor for services rendered the city and county, called upon him as with one voice to be a candidate for the Legislature. If memory serves us correctly, he was the Whig candidate against James T. Wynne, a prominent young lawyer and Democrat, in 1848. He was elected by a large majority—many Democrats voting for him—and served with much distinction to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. The latter part of this year he

bought the material which Messrs. A. & F. Roberts had used to conduct the *Rough and Ready*, a large double-medium paper they established here in support of General Taylor for the Presidency. Securing this material he commenced the publication of the tri-weekly *CHRONICLE*, and although it was a live and true exponent of matters and things hereabouts, for the lack of patronage it was discontinued in about six months, with some pecuniary loss.

It was about this time that he was married to Miss Mary McGavock, a daughter of the late John McGavock, of Nashville. She was not only the daughter of a prominent family in Davidson county, but she was one of the purest and gentlest of her sex; tall, graceful, and commanding in appearance, and combined all the noble virtues that characterize the true woman. It is not strange, therefore, that she made him a devoted wife. The members of the McGavock family yet living revere the name of her husband, for in his life he occupied a place in their affections beyond mere brother-in-law—they remember him for his name's sake. Not long after his union with Miss McGavock, he was called upon to become editor-in-chief of the *True Whig*, one of the leading political dailies then published by McKinney & Co., at Nashville. This position offering him a wider field of usefulness to himself and party, and the additional fact of his wife's relatives being in and around Nashville, he at once set about making sale of his interest here, which he speedily did by selling the *CHRONICLE* to Mr. R. W. Thomas, at that time editor of the *Green River Whig* at Hopkinsville, Ky. In the summer of 1849, after winding up his business, he left here for the seat of his future labors.

The position of editor-in-chief of the *True Whig* was the last he filled, and that only for a few years, when death removed him from the walks of men. In that short career he added to his already enviable reputation which brought around him a host of firm, influential friends and admirers—rich and poor alike holding him in the highest esteem. His brother-in-law, the now sainted Dr. J. B. McFerrin, when viewing him for the last time as he lay in the casket at his home, turning his eyes affectionately toward his eldest sister, who was present, remarked: "Mrs. Leigh, there lies a man who lived and died without a blot or blemish upon his name." Of the date and attendant circumstances of his sickness and death we have no particulars—but knowing how he lived we feel assured that he and his lifelong friend, Dr. McFerrin, have met to mingle and live together in that sphere freed from pain and death. His remains were interred in the McGavock burial ground at Nashville, but after the death of his wife the McGavock connection had them removed to Mount Olivet, a new cemetery then started near the city, where his body now reposes beneath the sod of a beautiful Southern slope, which loving hands do not neglect, but keep it a consecrated spot worthy of the honored dead. Notwithstanding he sprung from the humble walks of life and had to hew his own way under the most adverse circumstances, the moral derived from his great will-power, his unpretending but ennobling traits, make his life more worthy of imitation by the rising generation than is often found in the history of those who had superior advantages and filled more important stations. The bright and

untarnished record of his life from beginning to close, if it could be written in full, would stimulate others to emulate his worthy example. No man's life is truly great if it fails to point a moral for the benefit of those who come after him.

Thus has passed away one of nature's noblemen. If buffetting against adversity with a heart to do and to dare from honest convictions of right, a hand ever ready to help, a lover of his country and his kind, and honoring God in all he did, constitute greatness, then was he truly great.

•
 "His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

R. W. THOMAS.

We preface this sketch with a few biographical lines, kindly furnished by a friend, which will introduce him to the reader: "Robert Warner Thomas was born near Charlottesville, Va., in the county of Albermarle, March 21st, 1808. Sent to school in early life, under the thorough training of that day he laid the foundation of a solid education and became, even before he reached manhood, a ripe scholar. In the year 1835 he removed to the State of Kentucky, and not long after became the editor of the *Green River Whig*, a weekly paper published at Hopkinsville, and devoted, as its name would indicate, to principles of the old Whig party. In June, 1849, he bought the CHRONICLE office from Mr. McGinty, and in July took charge of its editorial department. From that date down to the breaking out of the civil war he was found ever ready at his post, never hesitating to take a position upon any of the momentous questions which agitated the country during those years, and bold and fearless always in the advocacy of what he thought to be right." He was both editor and proprietor until October 1st, 1857. During those eight years he was, by common consent, pronounced the ablest political editor in the State, his leading editorials nearly always finding a place in the columns of his contemporaries. The writer of this article conducted the practical department of his office until he disposed of it to Neblett & Grant, October 1st, 1857, and it was then we made his acquaintance and learned to appreciate his generous nature; his high sense of honor; his contempt for hypocritical cant; his superior intellectual gifts, both natural and acquired. To truly learn a man is to be associated with him in the every-day employments and transactions of life, and it was thus we came to know and admire our subject. The entirety of no man's motives and actions may not be endorsed by others, but in all that goes to make up the honorable, courteous, dignified gentleman, especially in a worldly sense, we think Mr. Thomas was the peer of any man. Born and reared in affluence it was a severe struggle in old age for him to buffet misfortune, brought on mainly by his too generous



nature in placing himself in position to assume and pay the liabilities of others. To the appeals of the needy, even were they his enemy, he could not give a deaf ear, but repeatedly have known him to give the last farthing from his already depleted purse to the stranger whom he had just met, and whom he never expected to meet again. He was wedded in early life to one of Virginia's fairest and most cultured daughters, who bore him seven children, four sons and three daughters. His wife, three daughters and one son survive him. His eldest daughter is the wife of Judge J. M. Quarles, of Nashville; his second is wife of J. F. Cummings, of Davidson county; his third is wife of R. Whitlock, of Kentucky; the living son is Dr. B. F. Thomas, of New Providence, Tenn. All of his sons were valiant soldiers in the Confederate army.

As has been stated, he sold his entire interest in the *CHRONICLE* to Messrs. Neblett & Grant October 1st, 1857, but was retained by them as political editor, in which capacity he served until the outbreak of the war, but again filled that position upon the resumption of the paper after the cessation of hostilities, and continued in that capacity until his death. During the important and exciting political contest which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, no pen wielded greater influence or indited abler articles in defense of the Union, or produced sounder arguments exhibiting the consequences attendant upon secession than can be found in the columns of the *CHRONICLE* during that stormy period of our history. But, when this section determined and did adopt this course, like the true and noble son of the sunny South that he was, he did what true men both North and South alone could do, go heart and soul with the destiny of his section, to which he owed allegiance by birth, education and interest. His trenchant pen was ever after wielded in behalf of the South, and although at times he may have exhibited a vindictive spirit and tone, yet his graceful, manly and learned productions elicited the admiration of his opponents. One of the most polished and finely educated men whom we have known once said in our hearing: "Your editor is the most chaste, graceful political writer I ever knew; he should turn his attention to standard literature, the dirty field of politics, although he is a political philosopher, will spoil his pure taste." As it is the intention to embody a tribute to him by the citizens at a public meeting, and also to insert some extracts from a few other sources, which of themselves would seem to be sufficient to let the world have a fair insight to his character, we will have but little more to say of him whose virtues and friendship will ever be held in most grateful remembrance. In April, 1876, he was called to Nashville as a juror in the Federal Court. Here it was he contracted pneumonia, from which he died April 22d, at the residence of his son-in-law, Judge J. M. Quarles, surrounded by his devoted wife and daughter and a few intimate friends, aged sixty-eight years, one month and one day.

The following, taken from the *CHRONICLE* of April 29th, 1876, shows the estimation in which he was held by the citizens of his adopted city: At a public meeting of the citizens of Clarksville, presided over by Major G. A. Henry, held at the Court House yesterday evening to express their appreciation of the services and respect for the memory of Mr. R. W. Thomas, the full proceedings of which we are unable to

give, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted: "The mortal remains of Robert W. Thomas, the veteran editor of Tennessee, have been gently laid in the dust, in accordance with the judgment of his Creator, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' Kind friends performed the last sad office, and with sighs and tears consigned these remains to sacred repose, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' 'The dust of the valley shall be sweet unto him and every man shall draw after him, as there are innumerable before him.' It is according to the order of nature and the appointment of the Creator that the brief period of one hundred years shall bring the still waters of oblivion upon the present living world. Robert W. Thomas has been blessed with an active life during sixty-eight years, and though originally of a delicate physical organization, his determined purpose to meet every emergency in life upheld him, and his strength of mind supplemented the deficiencies of his body and bore him through life with the possession of health and strength. Therefore in laying him down to his final rest, while with feelings of sorrow we bid farewell to our friend, yet we desire to honor his grave with a chaplet of laurel, as one who had a brave mind and in the battle of life came off victorious. Wedded in early life to a beautiful and accomplished lady, he laid the foundation of that peace and serenity which was the chief charm of his life. Having a fine education and an active mind fully stored with the riches of modern literature, his conversation was agreeable and instructive, and in the family circle, where the interludes consisted of music on his sweet violin, the real grace of his character was most conspicuous. He was apt at music from his childhood, and all of his family inherited from him a high order of musical talent. It follows as a matter of course that his style of composition should be, and was, flowing, easy and pure, his sentences as graceful as if modulated by the gentle cadences of music. The burden of his life was the giving of popular instruction through the newspaper, and this he did better than any man who has ever edited a paper in Tennessee. He relied chiefly upon reason to enforce his precepts, but in attacking his opponents and in controversy, irony and sarcasm were weapons ready to his hand. While with one he repulsed and overthrew his adversary, with the other he drove him ignominiously from the field. As an instructor of the public he was able and efficient, and during his long public life he gave assurance of entire and unswerving devotion to the public welfare. During his leisure hours he published some works of fiction—as 'The Young Colonel,' and other stories—which evinced a very high order of genius. But these were composed during the minutes snatched from a busy life, and all his care and labor were centered in his paper, the *CHRONICLE*, which will always bear the weight of his influence and the impress of his genius. His labors are finished. 'The silver cord is loosed—the golden bowl is broken—the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern.' 'Let the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God Who gave it.' Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in the loss of Robert W. Thomas, senior editor of the *CHRONICLE*, the community has lost an able and earnest servant, a friend to justice, law and order, a fearless advocate of popular rights and republican government, and

an enterprising and enlightened citizen. We, as a community, deeply regret his loss.

“*Resolved*, That we tender to the members of his family our sympathy, and assure them that we feel the loss of our leader in public opinion and our guide in affairs of State.

“*Resolved*, That to his bereaved widow we offer all we can give, our unfeigned sympathy and this our testimony to the character of a distinguished man.”

From a lengthy correspondence to the *Courier-Journal*, by “Lew,” we take the following beautiful and truthful extracts: “In politics he was a thorough Whig, and his editorials in the exciting canvasses which took place prior to the late war were extensively copied throughout the South and West. At the beginning of the war he was a staunch Union man, but when the attack was made upon Fort Sumter he gave up all hope of sustaining the compact as formed by our forefathers, and, with thousands and tens of thousands of the citizens of Tennessee, he took sides with the people of his native South. All of his sons were in the Confederate army and gallantly bore their part in that terrible conflict until its disastrous termination. Born in affluence and reared in luxury, he found in his old age the fortunes of his youth gone from him to enhance that of other men. Generous to a fault and confiding in his nature, he trusted his means to others, or lost it upon that false and abominable practice of security, which was a bane to society under the old credit system. The strictest fidelity to his friendship was a striking trait in his character. The world, generally speaking, is exceedingly prone to undervalue the services of mankind, or rather to calculate them by the apparent ease with which they are produced. They can grieve over the withering strength and constitution of him whose health has been torn from its iron foundations by the sacrifice of ease and rest to the unsatisfying acquisition of gain. But for the toils and fatigues, the wrestlings and the frustrated yearnings of the mind the world has but little sympathy. Those who struggle with the pen for a feeble sustenance to support life, which they know they must sooner or later resign and vanish with it from the remembrance of the world—what are their hunger and thirst, and tears and despondencies, that they should be thought of by the opulent and leaders of the world’s great folly, fashion? His communions with authors and the muse, and the gushings of better thoughts or sound logic which make his writings immortal are received as the restless inspiration of nature. No one will yield to him the reward of his toils, but he is looked upon as a man blessed with genius from a higher sphere with which to astonish the world. The virtues of Robert W. Thomas were of an unobtrusive character. They hailed not the public at the street corners, nor did his talents awake the echoes of the forum. He had no aspirations for office, and his extreme retiring nature prevented him from seeking society. When sought by those who admired him, around his own hearthstone, his strong conversational powers, together with his vast store of knowledge and his brilliant acumen, always left upon the mind of his listeners something fit to be remembered. The resolutions and addresses at the large public meeting held to-day were but a just and earnest opinion of the whole community of the virtues

and talents of one who had labored so assiduously for a quarter of a century for the interests of his adopted State and county."

As an exhibition of the feeling and opinion entertained of him by the members of this and other States, we append only one, taken from the *Nashville American*, which in other days had been one of his strongest political opponents: * * * * "In all essential points one of the very ablest members of the Tennessee press, Mr. Thomas has always commanded the respect and good will of his fellow-workers. His opinions were formed from careful thought and experience, and in the various positions he took upon political questions, none but patriotic motives controlled him. His opponents acknowledged the purity and honesty of his purpose, and even the bitterest partisans could hardly have been said to hold any ill-will against him. With the exception of Col. W. W. Gates, who has recently retired from active professional work, he was the oldest editor in Tennessee. For forty years his busy pen had been employed in behalf of her material and intellectual advancement, and it is but faint praise to say that but few of her sons have passed away whose loss will be more severely felt."

The quotations from other sources is concluded by an extract from the lengthy salutatory of D. F. Wright, M. D., who was the immediate successor of Mr. Thomas as editor of the time-honored *CHRONICLE*: "In taking the position we expect to occupy both in Federal and State politics it would be sufficient to say that we endorse heart and soul the principles advocated with so much ability by our lamented predecessor, Mr. R. W. Thomas, whose name we cannot mention without a tribute of veneration and regret. This, we say, would be a sufficient avowal, but that, since the time when his invaluable aid was withdrawn from this journal, first by sickness and afterwards by death, the specific forms in which the great struggle has to develop itself have become more definite, the opposing forces are deploying into line, and taking up their positions in a manner which calls for a corresponding marshalling of our own forces in new forms and in more definite order. We are now enabled to foresee where the stress of the battle will concentrate and measurably what will be the strategy of the enemy. So that even had our illustrious predecessor survived, a new manifesto would have shortly been called for, and that manifesto we now proceed to make, deeply conscious of our disadvantage in taking up the lance which has fallen from the hands of so distinguished a champion."

Several pages of this book could be filled with notices from the press of the ability and worth of the man of whom we write, but it is deemed unnecessary, as his life-work has been put upon record, in the *CHRONICLE*, by his own ready pen. He has gone to appear before the inflexible bar of Goodness and Justice. May we hope it is well with him? We honored when living, and now the tears that fall unbidden at his departure well up from hearts within whose deepest recesses his virtues will ever be enshrined.

NEBLETT & GRANT.

From the retirement of Mr. Thomas, Oct. 1, 1857, the paper was conducted by J. S. Neblett and J. A. Grant, under firm name of Neblett & Grant, until Jan. 1, 1878,

a period of nearly twenty-one years. At the fall of Fort Donelson this city was taken possession of by Federal troops and occupied from time to time by different forces during the war, which of course necessitated the suspension of the *CHRONICLE*; but it was promptly resumed upon the cessation of hostilities, and continued by Neblett & Grant until the date above mentioned. From a medium-sized sheet before the war, printed



on a Washington hand press, the office was soon after replenished with a Potter power press and the paper enlarged to double-medium size, which the increased business demanded. Other important facilities were added, and now it was that the printing business in Clarksville began to assume enlarged proportions, not only because of the great advancement in the art, which was keeping pace with all other material interests of the country, but to some extent from a commendable pride on the part of those conducting it and the prospective growth and prosperity of our city. Of those whose writings have been instrumental, in part, in giving it character and prominence as a journal since

the days of the two of whom mention has been made in the outset, may be classed, consecutively, D. F. Wright, M. D., Ed. Campbell, Esq., R. H. Yancey, Esq., and Capt. F. M. Duffy, which last named at present occupies its tripod. These gentlemen have made a record upon its pages with which the reader is familiar and of which the authors need not be ashamed. On account of failing health J. A. Grant sold his interest, Jan. 1, 1878, to W. P. Titus, the present proprietor, who, with J. S. Neblett, under firm name of Neblett & Titus, continued its publication until September, 1885, when Mr. Neblett, who had shared its fortunes for over twenty years with Mr. Grant (which shows a friendly business and social relation for a longer term than is common, and one, too, which both gentlemen were exceedingly reluctant to sever) was compelled to retire on account, also, of feeble health, leaving Mr. Titus sole owner and publisher. Mr. Neblett's connection with the paper covered a period of twenty-eight years, during which time he made an enviable reputation, and had, we believe, at the time of withdrawal, been connected with the press of the State longer than any man in it. Mr. Titus, on assuming entire business control, brought to bear several elements which enable one to successfully prosecute such calling. He was young, unencumbered, and was a most excellent practical printer, and it was his greatest desire and intention to give the public a paper and all letter-press printing executed in the latest and most approved of the then advanced style of the art. Although many improvements had



been made by his predecessors, he has been adding from time to time, as his increasing business called for it, until at present he has one of the largest and most complete stocks of material, in every department, to be found in the State. The *CHRONICLE*, in its infancy, was printed on a "Ramage" press (similar to the one used by Benjamin Franklin, when he and the business were young in years) which had wooden uprights to sustain the bed and platen, whilst the ink was put on the type by a boy who used large round balls made of some kind of soft fabric, and it required two impressions on each side of the paper to complete it. This was one of the presses constructed by Adam Ramage, who came from Scotland to Philadelphia about 1790. It was next issued on the Smith press, the invention of Peter Smith (who, strange to say, was not named John) of New York. It was increased a little in size and then printed on the Washington press, invented by Samuel Rust. Now, its huge cylinder press, with its



water motor attachment, runs off its large edition of the eight-page paper in one-fourth the time it once required, making about one thousand impressions per hour. The job department is complete, and is daily turning out work inferior to none that is done in the larger cities. In connection with the office, in the same building, is a first-class book-binding, where skilled workmen are employed to do such work in unsurpassed style. So now there is no need of sending off, as formerly, for both printing and binding can be done in the same house in a manner that will meet the approval of all in price and quality.

The present proprietor made a laudable effort to establish a daily in our midst, and although he failed to make it a paying enterprise he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was not because of any fault on his part, for the public was loud in its praise

of the daily so long as it was kept up. Thus it will be seen from all the facts obtained that the *CHRONICLE* has been published without intermission (except during the war) for at least seventy years, making it the oldest paper in Tennessee. No intelligent reader will gainsay the advantages accruing to a city from a well-conducted press. The *CHRONICLE*, in conjunction with its able, influential contemporaries in journalism in this city, has ever held its pages open for the discussion and promulgation of all subjects calculated to enhance the best interests of its patrons and the growth and prosperity of the city and surrounding country. We hope and believe that at no distant day we will see a live, wide-awake daily established and sustained in Clarksville. The rapid growth of the city and its business demands it, and when that devoutly-to-be-wished-for time arrives the proprietor and editor of the *CHRONICLE* will be found in the van ready and willing to assist in pushing the car of progress to its ultimate goal, for it has been said, and none will dispute it, that "the printing press is the motor that moves the world. At its birth the nations began to emerge into a new light. The roseate hue of its dawn was a blessing to all races from the first, and as its brightening rays have increased, so has its influence, and yet it is far from the zenith of its power. Like its giant co-worker, electricity, it has its positive and negative modes of acting. What one is in the natural world, the other is in the intellectual and moral world. The two combined will shape the destinies of the future."

ELI LOCKERT.

But few men leave their names engraved where they may be always seen and read on the enduring tablets of time, while many silent workers have left the world the better for having had them in it—men whose devotion to truth and honor, while unacknowledged, is nevertheless felt and makes its impress upon the community in which they have lived. To this class Eli Lockert belonged.



It was once publicly said of him by a prominent lawyer of Tennessee: "You may eulogize Daniel Webster and Henry Clay; as for me, I would rather have Eli Lockert's character for integrity, true manliness and large-heartedness than the reputation of any man of them all. He is clean throughout, and you can't say that of every man. Man may achieve greatness; nobility of character is of God and is His best gift to man." Mr. Lockert's grandfather was a Scotch-Irishman who came to America with seven sons and settled in Pennsylvania years before the revolutionary war. Two of his sons, disliking the Northern country, moved

to Chester District, South Carolina. One of these, Aaron, was the father of the subject of this sketch. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war the two Southern brothers enlisted in the rebel army, while the Northern branch adhered to the cause of the king and became violent Tories. This political difference caused a breach in the

family and such bitterness on the part of Aaron and his brother that they even changed their name, which had been spelled Lockhart, to Lockert, as it is now spelled by all their descendants. In the revolutionary war Aaron, Eli's father, attained the rank of colonel and his brother that of captain. Colonel Lockert had a mill on his plantation, and while he fought his country's battles his wife, a Welsh woman, ground meal and flour and raised provisions for the army.

Eli Lockert was born on a plantation near the confluence of the Saluda and Broad rivers in South Carolina. His father died when he was four years old. When he was twenty years of age his mother moved with him to Tennessee, where several of her sons had settled and prospered. She bought a farm and a mill seven miles from Clarksville, and Mr. Lockert carried the flour, meal and other produce to New Orleans in flat-boats, making several successful trips. On the return trips he traveled far and wide in the southwest on horseback to view the country, traveling alone through Mississippi, Arkansas and Indian Territory on his various return trips. Growing tired of country life he removed, in 1822 or 1823, to the then small village of Clarksville and bought the place on which William Daniel now lives and the square on which the Franklin House now stands, and also the square opposite Mrs. Elder's. A genial, whole-souled man, he drew about him the choicest spirits of his day and formed ties of friendship which lasted through life. About this time Richard Cocke moved from Kentucky to Montgomery county, and soon after his cousin, Amy J. Lacy, daughter of Batt Lacy and Elizabeth Overton, came on a visit to him. She was noted throughout Kentucky for her beauty, grace and intellect, and better still for her rarely beautiful Christian character. Although outside the pale of the church Mr. Lockert inherited his Scotch father's blue Presbyterian faith, and when he learned that Miss Lacy was a Presbyterian, he determined to form her acquaintance. Her lovely character, descent from the oldest and best families of Virginia and Tennessee, and Presbyterian faith were guarantees of excellence that would wear, as it did, growing only brighter with time, sorrow and hardships, to the end of a long and useful life. On his part a character for the highest integrity, strength of intellect, combined with a heart as tender and sympathetic as a woman's, made him the preferred suitor. Miss Lacy remained in Tennessee for a year and then returned to her home near Bloomfield, Nelson county, Kentucky, where she and Mr. Lockert were married in 1823. The newly married couple came to their home in Clarksville where the Franklin House now stands and received the warmest welcome from the townspeople, not many in number but among the best in the growing southwest. Mrs. Lockert's active practical Christian character began at once to display itself. Like Dorcas of old she devoted herself to good works. Night and day she was always ready to wait upon the bedside of the sick or suffering, ministering to them untiringly until death or returning health made her services no longer necessary. Not once during their married life of forty-five years was one turned from their door who needed aid or comfort, financially or in any other way.

Eli Lockert would have died a very rich man but for this "weakness," as it was called by some of those who made accumulation of money the test of success in life.

Any man who was in distress on account of debt or in need of money to carry on his business knew that he had only to ask Mr. Lockert to get money or to secure his name upon a note in bank. Notwithstanding that he was almost always a loser by these transactions, he never gained worldly "wisdom" by his losses. The last business transaction of his life was signing his name to a note for a business man in Clarksville for twelve thousand dollars and losing it. The Franklin House square was sold to pay security debts. The Daniel place, to which he had moved with his young family and which he had adorned and beautified, went to pay a security debt of ten thousand dollars. He sacrificed his real estate rather than sell his slaves, which had been bequeathed to him by his mother with the injunction that he was on no account to part with one of them. How true he was to a trust was shown in his care of his slaves: for even at the outbreak of the war and in the early part thereof, while firm confidence in slave property yet remained and when he could have sold them for a large amount, he was not even tempted to do so, preferring to keep his obligation rather than to gain a substantial fortune by breaking it. He dealt with his word as to his security debts as he did as to his own solemn obligations. There was no shuffling, no evasion, no hiding, no lawsuits, no effort to shift the burden to other shoulders, or even to wrangle with co-sureties; he walked promptly and squarely up like a man and redeemed his promise to stand in the place of the defaulting debtor. Without ostentation or hope of reward he scattered good deeds along the pathway of his life, giving a home to the homeless ones, welcoming the orphan and providing championship for the weak and helpless, encouraging the erring and counseling who needed counsel. He was always ready, too, to help in any way within his means any good work. Although not at that time a member of the church, he joined his wife and a few other devoted men and women in erecting and furnishing the old Presbyterian church at Clarksville, and the minister who preached there once a month made his home alternately with Mr. Lockert and Major Joshua Elder, always carrying home with him, together with memory of generous hospitality, saddlebags filled with clothing or supplies.

When South Carolina seceded from the Union, true to his native State and rebel blood, Mr. Lockert joined heart and soul in the cessation movement. He not only encouraged the young men of his acquaintance to fight for what he considered right and honor, but gladly gave up both his sons and his son-in-law when they enlisted in the Southern army, and gave them a cheerful God-speed, although himself an old man he was the only male member over eight years of age left in the family. He was left alone to supply the place of counselor, comforter and protector. Then his heroism shone forth. Notwithstanding the weight of sorrow and responsibility which showed its effect in bleaching the hair, until now so black, and in bowing the erect figure, he carried a smiling face and a cheering word. None believed more firmly in the justice of the cause than he, or had more unflinching faith in its success. With the poor women and children left at home by the soldiers in the field he shared his provisions and money as long as he had provisions left to share. As long as he had a dollar left he spent it gladly in clothes for the soldiers and supplies for the families of the needy Con-

federate. He sacrificed everything rather than take the oath of allegiance to the United States, which would cut him off from giving aid and comfort to the soldiers he had encouraged to go into the field. Every argument was brought to bear upon him to take the oath, but his unfailing reply was: "I have no heritage to leave my children but my character for truth and honesty. If I were to take the oath I would be doubly false—false to the brave boys who went out to fight trusting in me, and false to the Federal government which I could not support." Even his enemies appreciated his worth and stubborn integrity; for when he died, on the 5th of February, 1865, although they had ordered him to take the oath repeatedly, threatened him with arrest and issued an order for his removal South, they sent to the family and asked permission to form a guard of honor to escort his remains to the grave, because, they said, they honored him above all men.

Eli Lockert was tall, large and commanding in appearance. In repose his features wore a thoughtful air of almost sternness, but he was the most genial, companionable and approachable of men. His broad, high forehead and strong brow and chin gave sufficient evidence of the manly strength he possessed. His step was firm and confident but at the same time deferential, saying in all bearings, "I am a man, any man's peer, no more." Although genial and easy in his manners, and as tender as a woman in his sympathies, and of a nature bubbling over with the largest humanity and charity, he was a lion when aroused by a bit of meanness or an ignoble act or a speech in his presence unworthy of manhood, and then his anger knew no bounds. He could no more brook wrong than he could endure suffering. Either called for the exhibition of his highest manly qualities for rebuke, or resistance, or relief. He was a man of wide reading and both book and practical information, which he imparted with ease and grace. No man has lived in Clarksville who has more powerfully, although silently and without ostentation or the thought of self, influenced for good by precept, good works and example, the human tide. One good act, one good sentiment enacted, one noble thought uttered, becomes a part of the world's heritage and goes on to the ages never dying, although the name of him who conferred it may perish. His was a lifetime of quiet, nonostentatious good, proceeding from a truly good heart, and no two lives ever better blended, for themselves, or for the community in which they were quiet workers daily, than the lives of Eli and of Amy J. Lockert, making one as beautiful and serene and peaceful, as the lovely lake that lies sunlit among the hills, clouded sometimes by storms without and overcast heavens, but shining and ever smiling when cloud and storm are past; and with this sunny peace and calm their two lives, made one, were like the broad, quiet-flowing river, in the freightage of ever-moving good they bore for all around and about them.

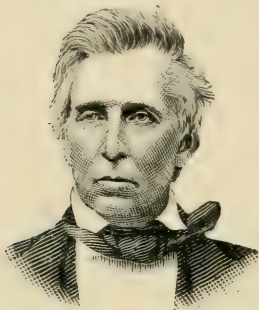
Their descendants are Lacy Lockert, druggist of this city, only surviving child of Dr. Charles Lockert, oldest son of Eli and Amy J. Lockert; James Lacy Lockert and his children, of this city; Mrs. Fannie L. Bemiss and children, of New Orleans, widow of the late Dr. S. M. Bemiss, of that city, and formerly of Louisville, Kentucky; and Mrs. H. M. Doak and children, now of Nashville, Tennessee, formerly of this city,

and Davis Stone, of Bloomfield, Kentucky, son of an older daughter of Eli and Amy J. Lockert.

JOHN D. TYLER.

One of the most prominent and best known persons around Clarksville for thirty or forty years before the war was Mr. John D. Tyler, who lived in the upper end of the county. He was a famous teacher, and mostly all the bad boys in Clarksville were sent to him to be *tamed*. He was also one of the Whig leaders in the county at a time when politics ran high. The following sketch of his life is taken in the main from a manuscript sketch of the Tyler family written by Mr. Q. M. Tyler, of Kentucky.

John D. Tyler was born in Caroline county, Virginia, on the 11th day of October, 1794. His father, Richard Keeling Tyler, was born in the same county on the 27th of October, 1760, and his mother, Mary C. Tyler, was also a native of that county, having been born there August 3d, 1767. His mother before her marriage was a Miss



Duke—Mary Clivias Duke her name was—and her parents, John and Elizabeth Duke, had removed some time before her birth from Hanover to Caroline county. The Dukes had come from England some time prior to 1700 and settled in Hanover county. The Tyler family also came from England at an early date. We find them settled in Caroline county early in the eighteenth century. William Tyler, the father of Richard K., was a planter of large means and large family in that county at the time of the outbreak of the revolutionary war.

Few people in these humdrum times have any idea of what life was in the Old Dominion about the middle of the last century. The niggers did all the work and the white folks as a rule did all the frolicking. The life of a young gentleman in those days, if he had money or if his father had a plantation and slaves, was about as idle and useless as it is possible for life in this world to be. An English traveler riding through the Eastern counties in the summer of 1770 was astonished to see a young man in perfect health rising at nine in the morning, breakfasting at ten, feeding his hounds and going to see his favorite horse watered, and then lying down on a pallet in the coolest part of the house and spending his whole forenoon there, dozing and drinking toddy, with one nigger to fan him and another to keep the flies off him. The revolution, however, changed all this. The long war impoverished nearly everybody in Virginia, and especially those planters living in the Eastern part of the State, in counties along or near the seacoast or bordering on Chesapeake Bay. When Richard K. Tyler came to manhood he found himself with little more than a robust constitution and a not overly good education to start life with. He accepted the changed condition of affairs philosophically, as indeed did all the other members of the family. There is still a tradition in the family of how his sister Kitty—a great beauty and belle in her

day—used to entertain her beaux after the war sitting at the loom weaving cloth like a sensible girl as she was. Nobody in all the country round could send the shuttle flying like this same Kitty, and with her nimble fingers and her arch and winning ways a very fascinating sort of creature she was, indeed, to the young men of that day, if all accounts be true.

Mr. Richard K. Tyler married in 1790 and settled down on a farm in Carolina near the place of his birth. It was a love match. He was poor and hopeful and she was poor and trustful, and they lived together very happily all their days. With his family and his few slaves—for he had not many—he spent nearly thirty years of his married life here. Here his six children were born, of whom two died in infancy. He was certainly inclined to be wild in his youth, but when years and family cares had toned him down he mellowed into a first-class gentleman. A kindlier man or one with warmer heart you could not find, and popular he was, too, with his neighbors. He was a magistrate for many years—one of the old Virginia fox-hunting squires—and he was high sheriff of his county at a time when a high sheriff was esteemed to be no small personage. He used—unless his memory has been maligned—even in his mature years to get gentlemanly merry now and then at musters and on other great occasions, but even then he never violated the proprieties or did anything but what was strictly becoming in an old Virginia gentleman. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, as all his fathers had been; inclined to take the world easy and to make the very best of life while it was his, but he never knowingly wronged his neighbor or bore malice in his heart toward any human being. As long as he lived—and he lived to a green old age—he never failed to take his morning and evening dram or to read his daily lessons in the prayer book.

John Duke Tyler was the second son of this gentleman and it was from this cheerful home in Caroline county that he started to school in the year of grace 1799. He was a little boy then not quite five years of age. He had to walk three miles and carry his satchel of books and his dinner and cross a little river—the Matoponi, I think—upon a foot log. His teacher, or school master as they said in those days, was Peter Nelson, an old Scotchman, who was president, faculty and board of trustees of his little institute out in the scrub pines. He was a very thorough teacher, this Peter Nelson. No boy ever left his school without knowing well what he knew at all. He moreover considered it to be his duty to flog the boys all round at regular intervals whether anything particularly worthy of censure had been done or not. There appeared to be a deeply rooted impression at that time that flogging a boy loosened up his hide and enabled him to grow, and Peter Nelson was a strong advocate of this doctrine. Little Jack therefore, as he was called, not only had to walk his three miles and to cross his foot log, but he very often had to take his whipping with the other boys. He was a hard student from his earliest childhood. His mother had taught him his letters from a “horn book” before he ever darkened old Peter’s doors, and he was ready when he entered that academy to go right into the Psalms of David, which was a favorite text book for young children at that day. He soon became very much devoted to his

old instructor, and the old man to him, and it became a noted fact in the school that the inevitable hickory was applied less frequently to him, and fell more lightly when it was applied, than upon any other boy in the institute.

There was one accomplishment which the little boy desired to possess, but which his old instructor could not bestow upon him. He wanted to be a fiddler, but the old man had no music in his soul. To be a good fiddler was in those days a great accomplishment. Red headed Thomas Jefferson, then serving his first term as President, had in his youth, by his own admission, devoted several hours each day for years to his fiddle, and accounted himself the best fiddler in the State. Following this illustrious example little John, in his tender youth, devoted all his leisure moments to an instrument his father had given him, and soon came to be a sort of musical prodigy in his neighborhood. It is related of him that before he had quite reached his seventh year he was chief fiddler on some festive occasion at which the young men and maidens of the surrounding country had gathered, and his skillful handling of the bow elicited no small praise from the merry dancers and bystanders.

Old Peter Nelson presumably attached small importance to music or any other light accomplishment, but as his pupil advanced in years he instilled into him Latin and Greek by all the severe methods then known. It was Latin in the morning and Greek in the evening, and Latin and Greek both at night. School usually took in shortly after sunrise and continued with slight intermission until nearly dark, the pupils who had some distance to go being dismissed first. When night came each boy, great and small, had his task to get. Coal oil lamps were then unknown, star candles had not yet been invented, and tallow candles were a luxury to be afforded only on special occasions. To enable him to get this task the boy had to go to the pine woods and hunt up light wood knots. One of these thrown into the fire would make a famous blaze for a while, and by its light a boy, prostrate on the hearth, with his head stuck not quite close enough to the blaze to be singed, could fix several lines on his memory before the light went out and his book was eclipsed. Then sitting up in the darkness he could repeat these lines over and over until he was thoroughly familiar with them, flinging in a small knot now and then, and refreshing his memory by a momentary glance at the page if by accident a word had slipped him. It really was a splendid way to memorize a lesson, or to *get it by heart* as they said then. Many of Mr. Tyler's old pupils will remember that he always advised them to memorize in this way. Read a few lines, lay the book down, and then repeat those lines over and over again until they were thoroughly fixed on the memory. Then a few more lines committed by the same process and so on until the whole lesson was gotten. It was the old Virginian light wood knots that taught him the efficacy of this plan and he adhered to it as long as he lived.

By the time he was fifteen Mr. Tyler had finished his Latin and Greek course and having a very high recommendation from his teacher, he was offered the position of assistant teacher in the academy at Warrenton, North Carolina. At this time he was six feet high but exceedingly slender. He had never been farther from home in his life

than Fredericksburg, in the neighboring county of Spottsylvania, and perhaps had never slept as much as a week at a time from under his father's roof. It was considerably more than a hundred miles to Warrenton, and a hundred miles in those days was more than a thousand now, for there were no railroads to whirl one through the country and no telegraph to carry instant information in case of sickness. There was not a turnpike in Virginia or North Carolina, and few post offices or postal routes. For a boy of fifteen to push out among strange men and set himself up as an instructor of other youngsters in a far-off academy in another State was an adventurous undertaking indeed. He went, though, and taught them something more than a year, concealing his age from his pupils, for there were many boys in the school older than he.

In 1811, when he was in his 17th year, he returned to Virginia and opened a school of his own near the spot where he had obtained his own education. It is presumed that old Peter Nelson had in the meantime passed to his account, for no one could have established a successful school in his neighborhood while he lived, and Mr. Tyler loved him far too much to have thought of doing so. Mr. Tyler's youth, of course, was known here, but he had twelve months' experience in North Carolina behind him and found no difficulty in building up a good school. When the war of 1812 broke out it made a great stir in Virginia, and a company of cavalry was raised in his neighborhood of which he was elected captain. This company never saw service, having never been called into the field, but from being its commander he acquired the title of captain, which remained with him as long as he lived. On December 15th, 1813, when he had just turned his nineteenth year, he was married to Miss Harriet Redd, a young lady of his county who was about his own age. He bought a farm and went to house-keeping, settling near his father and in the midst of many of his relatives and old friends.

Politics ran high in those days. Mr. Tyler, senior, was a pronounced Federalist. He took no stock in your Jeffersons, your Madisons or other small fry, but stood by George Washington and John Adams and believed in a government, as he was wont to say, of gentlemen, for gentlemen and by gentlemen. His son John, however, having his own way to make in the world, was for the rights of men, and long before he came of age was like most of the young men of his day, a strong Republican or anti-Federalist. The quarrel between father and son was at times bitter and frequently grew to be loud. The neighbors sometimes gathered in to hear the stout debate, the older and more thoughtful ones as a rule siding with the father. When young Mr. Tyler came of age and was for the first time to exercise the privilege of a free man, he rode many miles through the rain, though he might have voted at a different precinct, to kill his father's vote, as he said, and when the old gentleman voted the Federalist ticket he cried out for the Republican immediately after, to the great delight of certain youngsters present, who had not too much respect, perhaps, for any kind of control, governmental or parental. The father lived to see the day when he and his son, each having modified his views considerably, were heartily in accord politically, the one being no longer a Federalist nor the other a Red Republican.

By the year 1817 affairs in Virginia had grown desperate with many formerly well-to-do people, and it was exceedingly difficult for persons of limited means to live. The credit system which had prevailed everywhere for years had undermined society. Tobacco, the only staple, was exceedingly low and scarcely repaid cost of shipment to Europe. Everybody was in debt, and what was worse, as one debtor was pressed he was forced in turn to press those who owed him, and as the credit system was universal the depression was general and extended to all classes of people, high and low. Mr. Jefferson, the sage of Monticello, then in retirement, was compelled in his old age to sell his books to Congress, and afterward to petition the Virginia Legislature to allow him to sell his home by a lottery scheme in order that he might raise money enough to pay his debts. Mr. Tyler, senior, was then getting to be an old man, but he and his son, after conference, determined that they would leave the Old Dominion and move to Tennessee, which was then considered the Far West. Some relatives and many friends had already preceded them, so they were not coming entirely to a land of strangers. The Hamptons, Triggs, Minors, Fortsons, Carneys and others had come from about the same portion of Virginia and settled in Montgomery county.

In the Fall of 1818 the Tylers, father and son, with their families, bid farewell to old Virginia and turned their faces to the West. They all came in wagons except Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Sr., who traveled in an old family carriage that made the trip safely, and did not fall to pieces until many and many a year after they reached Tennessee. About two months in all they were, up hill and down hill, over the Alleghenies and through the deep valleys on either side. A famous journey in those days, one long remembered, and every incident in it detailed over and over again in after life by the travelers when they had settled in their new homes. At night they all slept in tents except again old Mr. Tyler and his wife, who sought the shelter of a friendly farm house whenever one could be found. A journey from here to China now would be a small matter compared to this overland trip from old Virginia in the year 1818. At last the whole cavalcade, niggers and whites, drew up one bleak December evening about sundown on the bank of Red River, at the famous old town of Port Royal, and their long journey was well nigh ended. The next day they moved on a few miles and unloaded and staid a while with John and Philip Redd, who then owned a farm or farms about one mile from Hampton's spring in this county. John and Philip Redd were brothers of the wife of John D. Tyler, and moved afterwards to Trigg county, Kentucky, where many of their descendants are now living.

Mr. Tyler, Sr., rented land from the Redds at first, but soon after bought what is known as the Tyler place in District No. 1 in this county, and resided there until his death in 1830. His wife had died the year before. Perhaps a more lovable and beloved old couple never lived than these two old people after their advent to Tennessee. Old age not only did not sour them, but their tempers like good wine sweetened with advancing years. At each of the many joyous occasions when young people met at his house to make merry, the old gentleman and his wife would dance the stately

minuet to their immense delight. It was a sight to see this venerable old couple, with their courtseying and their bowing and their unaffected deference and respect for each other, going through the mazes of this old time dance. They had come to be each necessary to the happiness of the other, and it was not strange that they who had been in life so long united should not in death be long divided.

John D. Tyler began at once after his arrival in this State to follow his avocation of teacher, for he had deliberately made up his mind, as he said afterwards, that it was the most useful calling one could have on earth. He was a firmer man than his father, with a broader mind and a much better education. He taught from January, 1819, to December, 1823, at a place which he rented from Major James Johnson on what is now the Russellville pike, about ten miles from Clarksville. This place at first had only a two room log house on it, and his family occupied one of these rooms while he taught in the other. After the first year a school room was built capable of holding fifty pupils, and he had it full nearly all the time. In 1820 he had the misfortune to lose his wife. She died on the 8th of October of that year, leaving three children, the oldest not quite six years of age.

Mr. Tyler continued for more than three years after the death of his wife to teach at this place, and although there was no lady member of his family he had as many boarders as he would accept. His reputation both as a ripe scholar and a disciplinarian was very high. George Boyd and James Ross were among his pupils in 1822 and 1823. He was accustomed to say afterward that they were among the closest students he had ever known. Mr. Tyler up to this time had never taught Greek in his school. He had studied it under old Peter Nelson, but while he taught at Warrenton and in Virginia he had confined himself to the English and Latin languages. In 1822 he started a Greek class, of which young Ross and Boyd were members. Mr. Tyler of course was teacher and they were supposed to be pupils, but for many months it was nip and tuck as to which of the three was head of the class. Ross, who was a son of Elder Reuben Ross, attended school from his father's home, which was not far off; Boyd, however, was a boarder, and stayed not only under the same roof but in the room at night with his teacher, and he and Mr. Tyler used to study Greek at the same table. Often the teacher would propose late at night that they should retire, and after the pupil was sound asleep would get up softly and light the candle and go to work on the Greek again. This trick, however, hardly ever won. Boyd was a light sleeper, and the minute he opened his eyes and found Mr. Tyler at study he would bounce out of bed and get his book and never tire until his teacher again said quit. A friendship was thus formed between the two students which lasted as long as Mr. Boyd lived.

In 1827 Mr. Tyler, whose health up to this time had never been very good, concluded to take a horseback trip to his old home in Caroline county, Virginia, from which he had been absent nearly nine years. This was among the most pleasant experiences of his life. He was accompanied by Mr. Richard Waller, another old Virginian who had come out some years before the Tylers. Day after day, in rain or shine, these two gentlemen jogged along toward the Old Dominion for nearly two

months in the Spring and early Summer of that year. They took things leisurely, stopping at places of interest along the road and staying as long as inclination prompted. Most of the Summer was spent among old friends and relatives, and in the Fall of the year they mounted their horses and rode back to Tennessee.

Mr. Tyler's health was much improved by the trip, and on his return he opened a school at Port Royal, where he taught until the end of the year 1831. In January, 1830, he married Miss Mildred Waller, daughter of the gentleman who had been his companion on his trip to Virginia. Port Royal at that time, with the society of the Hopsons, the Norfleets, the Northingtons and others, was among the most agreeable places in Tennessee or Kentucky. Mr. Tyler always looked back upon his stay there with pleasure, and he formed friendships there which lasted as long as he lived.

In 1831 he removed to the farm upon which his father had lived in District No. 1. He purchased this place and made it his home as long as he lived. He taught here almost uninterruptedly for twenty-seven years, and to this place, out in the country ten miles from any town of size, came boys from almost every State in the South to be educated. In more than one instance, parents or guardians would come from Alabama or Mississippi and bring pupils not simply to be taught for a session or two by him, but to remain members of his family and to be under his guidance morally and mentally until they came to manhood.

One peculiarity of Mr. Tyler as a teacher was that he never lost an opportunity of instilling high moral principles into his students. Every pupil of his was taught to be a gentleman; to be honest for honesty's sake. Few men attached less importance to the mere breath of popular applause than he, but character was everything with him. He was famous as a disciplinarian, and yet as a rule he was kind and companionable with his students. Mr. James Ross, one of his old pupils, wrote of him years after he had left his school: "I always considered him a superior and in many respects a remarkable man. While all proceeded smoothly in his school he was singularly mild and gentle. But when insubordination or defiance made its appearance—which he was quick to observe—and the crisis came, he met it with a nerve that never failed fully to impress all with the knowledge that he was master of the situation."

In 1843 he was nominated by the Whigs of the county for the Legislature. He was not present at the convention and had no desire to enter political life. He was a strong Whig and well versed in all the issues of the day, however, and as his friends insisted on his accepting the nomination, he concluded to make the canvas. His first effort to speak in public was at Hunt's Mill in District No. 17. He made a complete failure here and was strongly tempted to abandon the canvas. As soon as he stood up and faced the public, he said, every idea he had abandoned him and he was utterly helpless. He afterward became a very strong and earnest speaker. In 1844 he was placed as one of the electors on the Whig ticket and stumped his district for Henry Clay. In 1845 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1847 he was again chosen to the Senate, representing Montgomery, Robertson and Stewart counties. Public life, however, never suited him. He loved his home and his books. There was nothing of the

politician in his nature. All his life he had been teaching his boys that principle should never be sacrificed for mere expediency, and he was therefore never at home in a field where the rule was so often reversed.

Mr. N. H. Allen, who was his room mate at Nashville during the Winter of 1843, wrote of him after his death in a letter to the *Clarksville CHRONICLE*: "Mr. Tyler's modesty and goodness of heart called constantly around him and at his room the best society of the city. It was during his term of service in the Legislature that I became more intimate with him than I formerly had been, and I this day thank a kind providence for that increased intimacy. It was my good fortune to be his room mate for four months. We were nightly together. We warmed at the same fire and washed from the same pitcher; conversed on many subjects, and as a matter of course frequently entertained different opinions; but never did he in supporting his views use an expression calculated to excite an emotion of displeasure. He maintained his position with firmness, but so courteously, that the most fastidious could take no exception. He indulged in no vice or rude folly; and never did I hear him use one solitary expression that the most modest female might not have used without causing her cheek to crimson. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying he was altogether the most agreeable private companion I ever knew."

After his public experience he reopened his school at his home in the country and taught almost without intermission until 1857. He was particularly bright, cheerful and companionable as he grew older; fond of the society of young people and often enlivening the evenings with his violin, of which he was fond as long as he lived. Whenever the young people wanted to dance he was always glad to make the music for them. During the long winter nights he would frequently read aloud to his family from Shakspeare or from some Greek author, translating as he went. Shakspeare was his favorite author, and as he was a fine reader many of the characters in this book became almost like inmates of the family. The children, and even the house servants, were familiar with the sayings of Falstaff.

Mr. Tyler's health became better and he grew stouter as years advanced. He had been very delicate in his youth, and up to forty years of age was tall and slender. After that age he increased in flesh and was almost the picture of health, taking a great deal of exercise on foot and on horseback. In May, 1860, he rode to Clarksville, a distance of ten miles from his home, on horseback, and returning in the evening was caught in a shower and contracted a cold. His indisposition was at first thought to be slight, but in a few days erysipelas set up and he died on the 20th of that month.

Few lives have been more useful than his. Few men, it is believed, have departed from their sphere of usefulness leaving more sincere friends behind them. He never coveted power or place or sought to curry favor with those who held high position. He strove only to make himself useful in his day and generation, to do the little good he might while here on earth, and those who sat under his teaching for so many years and who have now grown to manhood, can attest whether or not his life was a failure.

He had seen the government grow from its infancy—for he was born in the administration of George Washington—and become one of the greatest powers of the earth. The storm of the civil war was already brewing when they laid him to rest, and ere a twelve month had passed away it had broken in all its fury over the heads not only of his countrymen, but of his neighbors and his family. All the land resounded with the clamor and the clash of arms; the hand of brother was lifted against brother, and happy homes were given to the flames. Wreck and ruin were everywhere, and wild disorder reigned. But all was peace with him.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CRUSMAN.

Since the days of Moses Renfro, the first white settler on the spot where Clarksville now stands, there has been no citizen more generous and chivalrous than Cornelius Crusman. His friends claimed for him that he was the bravest and yet the most diffident of high-spirited gentlemen. In person tall, erect, of commanding appearance and



graceful carriage, yet remarkable for the quietness and gentleness of his manners towards all classes. While sheriff at a time when many reckless men were to be dealt with, he arrested very quietly a known desperado, and upon inquiry being made of the outlaw how it was that he yielded so readily on this occasion, he replied that he was so astonished to find the sheriff such a pleasant looking fellow with such good manners that he hadn't made up his mind what to do until it was too late. Colonel Crusman, for by this title was he known from youth, was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, April 14th, 1800. He was the youngest of four children, a half-brother and sister by his mother's first marriage,

and a full sister who died in infancy. At four or five years of age he was left an orphan, and his early training devolved upon a most devoted half-sister. About the year 1813 the Indian wars had brought Kentucky and Tennessee into great prominence, and they were then only beginning to be known to the Virginians and Carolinians as the far Southwest, rich in soil, with delightful climate, and an abundance of fine running water. Emigration, while not yet at flood-tide, was setting in earnestly and numbers of families from Virginia were preparing to "go West." The boys at school, forgetting their books, were listening with eagerness to news of preparations for the trip to these far-off Western States, and the more ambitious and adventurous began to long to join some of these camps of emigrants. Young Crusman, then a lad of about thirteen years, so determined to try the frontier life, before getting the consent of his sister and family had already made an arrangement to apprentice himself to the saddler's trade with a Mr. Bell, who was one of a party going to seek homes in Kentucky and Tennessee. Finding the lad so determined as not to be dissuaded the family prepared him for his trip and bade him an affectionate farewell. It was thus that about the year 1813 Cor-

nelius Crusman with his employer reached Clarksville. At that day the saddlery business was an important one, even the stage coach being rarely introduced, and all travel by men and women was done on horseback. Young Crusman proved an apt scholar and soon made a reputation not only for handsome work of his own but for faithful application to his employer's interest. Before the five years of apprenticeship expired his employer died and friends at once came forward and enabled Crusman to take the business in his own name, although he had not yet reached his majority. Business prospered with him, and by industry and energy was largely extended by introducing his manufactured articles into the adjoining counties, and including all sorts of leather goods and boots and shoes in the stock; and as the country was settled up vehicles became more numerous and harness began to some extent to take the place of saddles. This also was made a branch of the business, and the business grew into quite a large manufacturing and mercantile concern, with excellent reputation for the quality of the articles they made.

The young saddler and merchant, as his business prospered, began investing in real estate, and built several business houses on the south side of Franklin street, between First and Second, and became possessed of a number of lots and considerable land adjoining the town. The ground now occupied by so many elegant residences along Second and Madison streets was then out of town, and was a portion of his real estate, and all of the property south of our present Court House lying between First and Second streets and extending way beyond South Clarksville was partly sown in bluegrass, and these were known as "Crusman's bluegrass pastures." His fondness for fine horses manifested itself early in life, and being himself a daring rider with remarkable knowledge of the temper and disposition of horses, he was soon quite an authority on this subject. He built stables about where Second and Madison streets now are and went to Virginia and brought out a number of thoroughbred horses. This was probably the first importation of thoroughbred horses to Montgomery county or surrounding country. This importation gave a new impetus to fine stock breeding. Training tracks were opened and blood-horse associations were formed, and Clarksville became headquarters for the turfmen.

For many years after the war of 1812 the military spirit prevailed all over the country. It seems that the country was in danger of invasion at any time, either by the Indians or the British, notwithstanding the glorious thrashings both had so often received at the hands of the Americans. The law required that the name of every able-bodied man of lawful age be enrolled on the muster list for immediate service, drilling at regularly stated times under strict military discipline. If men failed to attend drill service without a good excuse rendered to the proper officers, they were heavily fined and punished. Very few people, however, paid fines; they all preferred to attend muster. It was a day of recreation—a kind of reunion—for fun and frolic, and moreover the patriotism of a man who would neglect or evade muster was impugned, and the finger of scorn pointed at him. Cornelius Crusman was not here long before he caught the spirit, and never a braver young heart swelled with patriotic emotions.

Although but a stripling of fifteen or sixteen years, he had his name enrolled as a member of the militia company of the town, taking great pride in it, and evinced considerable aptitude for military training and a familiarity with the tactics. Being young and active and with commanding appearance, he was soon made captain of the company, and shortly after was elected colonel of the regiment which held its muster at or near Clarksville. This is the way he came by his military title, and was ever after this known as Colonel Crusman. The muster roll was kept up until the law was repealed some time about 1838 or 1840, and he gained distinction while quite a young man.

About the time young Crusman came here, there lived at Greensburg, Green county, Ky., a gentleman of Scotch-Irish descent noted for his strict Presbyterianism and Jacksonian Democracy. He was a lawyer of reputation and soldier of some distinction. Gen. J. J. Allen was the gentleman referred to. He lived in a quaint old residence known far and near as "the old stone and brick house." The building still stands as one of the old land marks of Southern Kentucky, a relic of the past. He was a chivalrous gentleman in every sense, was one of General Jackson's personal and intimate friends, a leading Jackson Democrat of Kentucky. He kept open house for his friends and was noted for his generous hospitality. "The old stone and brick house" was considered headquarters for Southern Kentucky Democracy, preachers and men of prominence. These were not all, for there was a still greater attraction about this grand old Kentucky home, which kept the house thronged with another class of visitors. There was scarcely a young man of promise and good parentage within a hundred miles of the place who did not go first or last to pay devotion to the charms of the General's accomplished daughters. Among the number was the young Colonel from Clarksville. The community ridiculed Crusman's chances of winning the fair prize. The fact that he sported thoroughbred horses, was a handsome man of stately military bearing, courtly in manners, respectful to everybody, liberal-hearted and generous, and a man of more than ordinary prominence, made no difference; people who knew General Allen's intense political feelings and uncompromising Democracy, did not believe that such an outspoken enthusiastic Clay Whig from Tennessee, the home of General Jackson, could ever gain the consent of the old blue-stocking Presbyterian, Jackson's most earnest supporter, though he should win the affections of his lovely daughter. The public, however, was mistaken in these conjectures. General Allen did not allow his political prejudices to carry him to that extent. He thought more of the happiness of his daughter, and while condemning Crusman's politics, it is evidence of how bitter were political prejudices of that day, when they should be a matter of consideration even in all domestic arrangements.

So it was that Crusman's suit was successful, and on the 4th of April, 1827, the marriage of Colonel Cornelius Crusman and Miss Margaret Edwards Allen was solemnized at the noted old brick and stone homestead, by Rev. John Howe, a Presbyterian divine of great reputation throughout the Green River country at that day. Soon after this event, in 1828, Colonel Crusman built for himself a brick residence, which was

one of the first brick houses erected in Clarksville. The same house is now occupied by Mr. R. H. Burney on Second street, between Commerce and Madison, with some additions to it. A little later he built the brick house on Main street, now owned and occupied, with additions to it, as a residence, by Mr. Bryce Stewart.

At that day the office of Sheriff was a very important one, and while doing a prosperous business, Colonel Crusman was yet induced to accept for a first term, and was afterwards re-elected, serving two terms as Sheriff of Montgomery county. In 1841 he became partner with George W. Cheatham in the City Hotel at Nashville, then the leading house of that place, situated on the east side of the Public Square, on the river bank, near the present location of the Methodist Publishing House. This partnership, however, did not continue long. In 1842, under the bankrupt law, he was appointed assignee for the counties of Montgomery, Stewart, Dickson and Humphreys, and served until the law was repealed. Colonel Crusman had strong convictions that Clarksville, by its location and advantageous surrounding, was destined, by the combination of some capital and energy, to become a great tobacco manufacturing center, although there was but little tobacco, comparatively, used then, and over half of the home consumption used in the rough natural state, their being no tax requiring manufacturer's license to sell it. So strong was his faith in this conclusion, that he determined to try the experiment, and form a nucleus for the enterprise, and some time about 1848 or 1849, he established the first tobacco manufactory in Clarksville, beginning on a small scale the manufacture of cigars and plug tobacco. The business, however, did not get fairly under headway, when the California gold fever broke out. The whole country was wild with the excitement, great fortunes in gold lay spread out beneath the feet everywhere men walked, and all they needed was a rake, a shovel, and a dozen sacks to hold the gold, and a shot gun to kill the Indians, Mexicans, bears and wild cats. Companies were formed in almost every town in the United States. One or two companies were organized in Clarksville and equipped for the long, weary march across the wild desert to the far away glittering shores of the golden State. Colonel Crusman was made commander of one of these companies, and they set out on the long march, marching day by day through the scorching sands of the desert, tracking the way by the bleaching bones of thousands of mules, horses, oxen and men, famished by the wayside for want of water. Being prepared for the great fatigue, Colonel Crusman's company reached the gold regions in safety, but on their arrival, instead of shovels and rakes, they needed picks, sledge hammers, drills, stone crushers and gold washers. In fact they needed everything they didn't have, and had nothing that they needed. Men crowded in from every direction at such a rate that it seemed almost impossible to feed the immense throng. It required all the gold that a man could dig during the day, to pay for his supper at night, and he counted himself as one of the fortunate. Colonel Crusman stuck to his mining operations some time; as long as the faith of his men could hold out, and that was until everything visible was exhausted, because strong hearted, brave men, leaving luxuriant homes on such an excursion, did not like to return to the bosom of loved ones penniless, and they stuck to the gold digging as long

as there was a spark of hope, each man trusting to the luck of a miner for a ten pound nugget of solid gold to make him rich. But this superstition profited nothing.

In short, the Clarksville company found gold, but with the crude machinery for mining and expensive living, after gold seekers had flocked in filling all the space, rendered mining operations unsuccessful, and the Clarksville company disbanded and the men turned their attention to other things to make money enough to pay the expense of their return. Colonel Crusman was appointed to a deputy collectorship at the port of San Francisco, and filled the office until stricken with an attack of fever, which terminated his life in that city in 1850.

To Cornelius and Margaret Crusman were born in Clarksville seven children. The first, a daughter Mary, married E. Howard, a prominent business man and banker; the second, a daughter Nora, married J. D. Champlin; Cornelius died in infancy; a second son by this name died in young manhood; James J., John and Ellen. The two last-named died in childhood. The good Christian wife and mother who performed so well her part in society, whose presence was ever like a charm and deeds full of loving kindness, died in 1874, in the sixty-third year of her age. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Howard, died some years later, leaving as the only descendants of this old and highly esteemed Clarksville family who now survive, Captain Edward M. Howard, the grandson, and Captain James J. Crusman, the fifth child. The writer, gathering facts and incidents concerning the life and character of this remarkable man in connection with early Clarksville times, finds an incident that was often repeated by Dr. Cooper as illustrating the generous, chivalric temperament of the man and also the primitive condition of the affairs of the country at that time. After Crusman had been in Clarksville several years and was well established in the estimation of all classes of the community known to the country boys as a great lover of horses and at all times condemning cruelty to horses, saying that kind, intelligent treatment would conquer the most vicious, there came to town one day a big, stout young man driving a pair of horses drawing a load of either hoop poles or hogshead staves (which is now forgotten), which he was hauling to the river for sale. His team was badly hitched up with ropes and bark strings, and stuck fast in the mud at some point just in the business center at that day. The teamster had attracted the entire town by his furious appeals to his team, and the fearful lashing he was giving them with a big whip. Among the interested spectators was young Crusman, a lithe, wiry young lad of seventeen or eighteen but very slender and tall for his age, who became so incensed at the brutal treatment the horses were receiving that he dared to say to the now infuriated teamster that he hoped he would never get out of the mudhole until he had learned how to manage his team. This was too much for the maddened teamster, and without a word he wheeled and with terrific force aimed his whip at Crusman, the blow he had been giving his team, but Crusman seeing his danger sprang toward the man, receiving only a part of the blow, and catching the driver off his balance tripped and threw him heavily to the ground and thumped him in the face. But a few moments only was enough to make it very plain that although on top Crusman was no match for his big

antagonist, and was really getting the severest punishment; so, much to Crusman's relief, as he always expressed it, his friends pulled him off. But it was after this, as old Dr. Cooper expressed it, came Crusman's triumph over brute force. After the combatants had bathed their bruises the poor horses were still in the mud. Young Crusman went up to the teamster, took him by the hand, and said: "I make you this proposition. I will go to the saddler's shop and get collars, traces, &c., put them on your team and deliver your load at the river if you will pay my employer for the articles out of the proceeds of the sale of your load, and I'll do this without a whip and without striking your horses a blow." The big fellow, still in a bad humor, could not refuse, and reluctantly consented. Crusman told him to stand aside, unhitched his team, led them to the saddler shop, rubbed the horses off, gave them water, put his harness on, led them back to the wagon, got some of his friends at each wheel, patted and coaxed each horse a little, and off went the load in triumphal march down to the river, followed by half the town. It is useless to say that this made the big teamster Crusman's fast friend, as it did all the teamster's friends, there being in those days no city laws against and no fines for a battle of this sort.

But the most remarkable characteristic, probably, of Colonel Crusman was that at such a time he exhibited intellectual force of such degree as enabled him during his evenings devoted to such books as he chose, to give himself a more than ordinary education. He made himself a thorough master of practical mathematics and was quite an authority on the simple measurements and calculations then required. His reading exhibited the most varied intellectual taste for those times. He read carefully the old English histories, read Josephus, Milton and Scott, but was fond of expressing his preference for Shakspeare, Burns and Moore. Shakspeare and Burns he knew so well as to quote from memory almost any striking passage, and on one occasion won a wager with a club of ladies that he would with a day's notice repeat an entire play of Shakspeare and personate the characters, and not omit more than a dozen lines, and was not only successful but did it so perfectly to the satisfaction of quite a large audience that had gathered, that he added greatly to the character he had already made with the Clarksville Thespian Society, in which he took great interest and at that time was the leading spirit. Many of his friends recall to the writer recollections of delightful evenings spent at this hospitable home later in life, when the daughters at the piano would charmingly render their father's favorite Scotch and Irish ballads, and he in turn would read or recite, at one time a tragic scene and at the next moment a side-splitting comic act from the writings of his favorite authors.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Montgomery county, or Clarksville Auxillary Bible Society, was organized June 19th, 1837, by Rev. A. Bradshaw, agent for the American Bible Society. Rev. H. F. Beaumont was elected President; J. B. Reynolds, George Patterson, T. W. Frazer, George C. Boyd and Eli Lockert, Vice-Presidents; Rev. Consider Parish, Secretary; John McKeage, Treasurer and Depository; G. A. Henry, Dr. I. H. Harris, Robert

S. Moore and Thomas W. Barksdale, Directors. Considerable enthusiasm was worked up in the meeting, and a strong effort to raise a handsome fund was made; agents were appointed to canvass every part of the county, and an earnest appeal made to the people for contributions, the amount needed immediately being \$250. Mr. Beaumont served as President up to his death. Prof. Wm. M. Stewart succeeded him as President. He moved to the country and could not give the matter the attention it needed. In fact the people were not in a state of mind, feelings or condition for several years after the war to take any stock in bibles, the American Bible Society, or anything else American. They even preferred their meals on the European plan. They went into the war believing the Lord was on their side; that the South was God's favorite country and chosen people, but came out feeling God-forsaken and whipped; given over to the devil and his angels, familiarly known as Parson Brownlow and his militia, who as Governor, ruled Tennessee as a provisional government like unto Pharaoh despotism over the children of Israel. Times got better, however. People accepted the new situation and commenced to work out a new destiny. Mr. David N. Kennedy was then elected President, who infused new life into the organization, accomplishing much good. Since his administration the county has been supplied three times with bibles. Rev. Louis Lowe was the first Colporteur after the war; Mr. Wm. Kay rendered most acceptable service in 1878, and Mr. R. A. Haden supplied the territory in 1886. Stewart and Houston counties were supplied with bibles for the destitute by this Society in 1875 or 1878, both counties contributing to the fund for that purpose. The fiftieth anniversary was held in May, 1887, at the Methodist Church, presided over by President Kennedy; Rev. D. A. Brigham, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, read the bible lesson and offered prayer; Elder Case, of the Christian Church, delivered the address. The society elected officers for the ensuing year: D. N. Kennedy, President; and Vice-Presidents, the pastors of the churches as follows: Dr. A. D. Sears, Baptist Church; Dr. J. W. Lupton, Presbyterian Church; Rev. W. R. Peebles, Methodist Church; Rev. D. A. Brigham, Cumberland Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. T. Hargrave, Episcopal Church; Mr. R. E. McCulloch, Secretary; Mr. Polk G. Johnson, Treasurer, and Messrs. M. C. Pitman and E. H. Lewis, Depositories. Bibles were very scarce in the early settlements, and very few families owned or even looked into a bible. Yet people believed in the existence of God, and showed respect for the Sabbath, notwithstanding the wickedness abroad in the land, such as drinking, fighting and swearing on muster days and political gatherings. The law-makers recognized the obligation to keep the Sabbath holy. A historian relates a circumstance to show how particular the faith in the Lord's Day was observed. Samuel Stout obtained license in 1790 to keep an "ordinary," that is a tavern, at his dwelling house in Clarksville, and was required to give bond in the sum of £500 for the faithful compliance with certain conditions, "that he shall not suffer or permit any unlawful gaming in his house, nor suffer any person to tipple or drink more than is necessary on the Sabbath day." This was perhaps the first temperance movement in Tennessee, and the law makers were particular to limit the restrictions to the Sabbath day. There was

no objection to a man's getting beastly drunk on any other day, but Mr. Stout was obliged to be a close discriminating man to tell just how much whiskey was necessary for a man to drink on Sunday. Mr. Stout was about the first tavern keeper that history or tradition gives any account of in Clarksville, as well as the first whiskey seller, for only tavern keepers were allowed to sell whiskey by the drink. It is also the first evidence of any recognition of the Sabbath, or the importance of keeping sober on that day. A little later the women were aroused to a temperance spirit or indignation, and threatened to organize into a band of what would now be called crusaders, and hang Joseph Patton, who had a still-house on Spring Creek, in District No. 6, if he did not cease to entice their husbands to his place to lay around day and night in drunken debauchery. It is said, in Putnam's History of Tennessee, that all of the public roads were layed off in the county at that day, and the viewing jurors were instructed to go by Patton's still house. Patton sold out in 1801 to John Edmondson; the plant consisted of two stills, one of 80 gallons and the other of 207 gallons capacity, 20 hogsheads or mash tubs and cags, the price paid for same being \$250. Edmondson was no doubt a better man, having respect for the mothers of the country; at least they did not make any threats to hang him. It was some time about 1846, however, before a real live temperance boom struck Clarksville. A strong society was organized in that year, with C. R. Cooper, President, and David Browder, Secretary. Very few people had the courage to stand out against the current of moral sentiment. The men all joined in obedience to their wives, and held out splendidly for about a year. Now a great many are for prohibition, and temperance people expect to carry the proposition by the popular vote, at the September election of the present year, 1887, held for that purpose alone. So it will be observed that the spirit of religion and temperance has followed the spread of the bible and the preaching of the gospel.

As an illustration of the extent to which drinking was carried on in Clarksville in the early days, we append a short sketch written by Mr. W. R. Bringham just before his death: "The crowd then hurried to another point, where a pugilistic fight was in full tide of successful operation. One man had fallen upon his back; his antagonist had measured his length upon him and was industriously engaged in chewing his adversary's nose, and from the way he chewed, it must have been a very delicious morsel. Although the crowd was great, yet comparative silence prevailed, especially the combatants engaged, and no one of the crowd was permitted to interfere until the man with the mutilated nose cried out enough, when the nose was liberated. The friends of either then fell upon each other; some preferred chewing a finger, others to biting off an ear, others preferred to gouge out an eye with the thumb. Meanwhile other crowds were collected on different parts of the square, gratifying their curiosity in various ways. John Barleycorn ruled the hour; Backanalean exploits, Bedlamite noises by a confusion of tongues, the fiddlers in the stores swaying their heads and drawing the bows with utmost self-complacency. Candidates for office harranged the sovereign people, each one causing a barrel of whiskey to be set out as public property, with a tin cup attached. The man who neglected this necessary hospitality might as

well have withdrawn from the canvas to avoid defeat and the reproach of his fellow citizens. All the old grudges and feuds which had arisen throughout the county during the interim of the last court, were settled on the first Monday of the court by fighting them out. At last, when the day was far spent, some one of these champions would take his stand in the middle of the square and call attention in a loud voice, jump up and proclaim to all men that he would be here on the next first Monday of court, and would whip any man who would meet him. On one of these occasions a small, compactly built man, who was put up on the mule fashion, accepted the challenge. In due time the champion appeared ready for the combat. An unusually large crowd came in from all parts of the county. It was proposed by others that the fight should come off in the woods on the spot where the Methodist Church now stands. They marched forth attended by a large number of persons, and the fight commenced. In an unusually short time, the smaller man became master of the situation, the large one yielded the palm and was satisfied. And yet, strange as it may appear, the vanquished bully from that day became thoroughly an altered man. He eschewed whiskey, became a sober man, became a member of the church, and continued firm in his resolution. If this should meet his eye, I have no doubt but that he will corroborate this statement. On these first Mondays of the court it is almost incredible to speak of the vast number of men who rode on horseback to Clarksville. Their being no livery stables, horses were hitched in every conceivable place. All persons living in the country (except suitors) that could sit on their horses returned to their homes the same night, and were but seldom seen until the next gala day, the first Monday of next Circuit Court. Judge —, who held a special court here, and was well known by the citizens of Clarksville, was a very fat, bulky man, the heaviest at the time in Tennessee. During the term of his court here, he bought a whole bolt of fine Irish linen, thirty-three yards, and called on a lady who made shirts. He contracted with her to make a number of shirts to include the whole bolt. The lawyers found it out, and at once saw an opportunity to have a good joke on his honor at their own expense. They accordingly called on the lady and informed her of the *modus operandi*, and begged her co-operation. They told her if she would make but one shirt, and put all the linen into it, they would furnish her with another bolt of the same quality to comply with the judge's contract, at their own expense, and also pay her for making the big shirt. She agreed to the proposal, the big shirt composed of thirty-three yards was made and sent to the judge, when he discovered the *mistake* (which until then had been kept secret). The judge seemed to find it out as if by intuition. He raved furiously against the perpetrators, who in turn repelled his wrath by uproar and laughter."

BEGINNING OF IMPROVEMENTS.

It appears that nothing was done towards the permanent improvement of the streets and highways of Clarksville nor the establishment of a Tobacco Inspection until 1839. The CHRONICLE of March 7th, 1839, records the first move in this direction as follows, under head of "Our Town": "We most heartily congratulate our citizens upon the

vigorous and decisive measures now in progress for the pavement and improvement of our town. The Public Square and Franklin street are already under contract to be macadamized during the present year. The former has been taken by Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Sumner county, at \$2,200; the latter by Mr. Robert Black, of our own county, at \$5,200. The well-known ability, the experience, and the indefatigable business energies of these gentlemen afford sufficient guaranty that whatever they undertake will be promptly accomplished in the most satisfactory manner. Strawberry Alley, too, we understand, will probably be put under contract by those owning property upon it. This is as it should be. We rejoice to see a spirit of laudable enterprise upon the great subject of internal improvement beginning to animate the great body of our capitalists. Let our streets be macadamized—our wharf be completed—a Tobacco Inspection erected—our communications with Kentucky secured—the manufacturing advantages of Red River regained—and the destiny of Clarksville will be continually onward."

At this time the question of building turnpikes to the Kentucky line and into that State, where the Kentucky people would join in the enterprise, building beyond the State line, as they did in building the Hopkinsville pike to within five miles of Hopkinsville, and this road contributed largely to making Clarksville the market for Southern Kentucky. The Hopkinsville people never completed the pike until years, when they undertook to build up a local market in Hopkinsville and it was found difficult to get any tobacco between the two places turned to Hopkinsville, as that five miles of road became impossible to drive over, and farmers would haul twenty miles over the pike and pay toll rather than go five miles to their own town, notwithstanding local pride was stimulated to the highest pitch. The Russellville pike was finished twelve miles to the State line by the Tennessee company, and the other end has since been a standing joke. Strangers traveling North could always tell when they struck Kentucky, as it was a plunge over head and ears into the mud. Work on the Clarksville and Russellville turnpike was commenced in the Fall of 1838. It was built by a private stock company under chartered privileges from the Legislature. A meeting of stockholders was held at the Court House on the 9th of July, 1838, and the Secretary instructed to give notice in the Clarksville CHRONICLE that an installment of five dollars on each share of capital stock of said company was required to be paid to the Treasurer on the 13th of August next, and another installment of two dollars and fifty cents on each share on the 14th of August. A copy of the minutes signed John H. Poston, Secretary. It is a little strange that the two calls were not made in one, or on the same day, instead of separate days in succession, but people had their way of doing things then as well as now.

The remarks of the CHRONICLE on regaining the manufacturing advantages of Red River has reference to a heated controversy and contest between the town people and citizens along the river and above Port Royal which now would appear ludicrous. Red River, at the request of constituents, of course, had by an act of law been declared a navigable stream and was used in early days for shipping out tobacco by flat-

boats and keel-boats. The people also sold their surplus chickens, turkeys, eggs, dried fruits, hides, furs, tallow, bees-wax, potatoes, &c., to the boatmen in the Winter and Spring when the water was up sufficiently for boats to float out, and it never occurred to Clarksville people that there was any harm in this. They were not so greedy or selfish as to make a fuss about a little dab of tobacco slipping by on a flat, nor did they have preachers enough to eat the chickens. No, no; Clarksville had a bigger thing in view. Port Royal was about to outrival the spirited town on the Cumberland in manufacturing enterprise, and there was where the shoe pinched. Clarksville was dependent on Red River for water power to drive machinery, and the special act making it a navigable stream prohibited the building of water dams below Port Royal. The country had gone wild on "silk culture." Messrs. Garrett Merriwether and John W. Barker had converted their farms into mulberry nurseries—"the genuine *morus multicaulis*"—and advertised in all the papers millions of mulberry trees for sale at two cents a bud if over ten dollars' worth. Others were following their example. Everybody was going to quit the unprofitable culture of tobacco and get rich in a few years raising silk. Many had planted acres in the mulberry, and built houses for silk worms to work in. Those catching the fever early were already under headway, having large stocks of worms industriously at work making silk balls. Some had become skilled in winding and reeling the silk. Negro men were taken from the field and sent to woods to strip the mulberry trees of their leaves to feed the worms. Everybody, more or less, where mulberry leaves could be found, had silk worms. Some people took the worms into their bedrooms and filled the bureau drawers and every conceivable place. The most progressive leaders carried a few worms in their bosoms. Silk worm and mulberry literature lay around thick, and was eagerly devoured by the ambitious silk lords and their wives, daughters and sons. Young people not posted on silk culture were considered entirely out of society—green enough to make a *morus multicaulis* worm sick. In short, the silk business was getting fairly under headway, and Port Royal had a monopoly of the manufacturing interest so long as Red River was a navigable stream. Port Royal already had a silk company organized on a basis of \$100,000 capital, and almost every man in the country except Clarksville had stock in it in shares of five dollars and upwards. The machinery was to be operated in connection with the Port Royal mills, just above the mouth of Sulphur Fork, the same dam serving for both. A drying room and winding and reeling room had been erected, some old machinery put in and operations already commenced. This movement threatened the very life and existence of Clarksville and the tobacco growing interest, and the only thing that could be done to avert the calamity was to repeal the law declaring Red River navigable, and let silk factories go up all along the stream; that is, two or three just above the mouth. And this was the question that was up under redhot discussion, the CHRONICLE and Clarksville people favoring the repeal, and country people opposing—all having stock in the Port Royal factory. On the broad principles of opposition to monopoly, "free trade and sailor's rights" that the stream was not navigable and worth more to the common county for water power and manufacturing than for navi-

gation, Clarksville carried her point, managing to get the law repealed. It was not long, however, before the Port Royal company "busted." The action of Clarksville would have brought about this result, but the sharper who got the thing up, a man named Cardin, took notes when the cash could not be had for the stock, and then sold the notes and left for Europe to buy the silk machinery, leaving the stockholders to raise mulberries and nurse their worms until he returned. The enterprising gentleman is still absent, but may turn up at any time to stock his factory with greatly improved machinery, and Clarksville will again be left in the lurch, for she has failed to build the manufactories: and since then, on the motion of enterprising citizens of Clarksville, the law making Red River a navigable stream was re-enacted, and Congress made an appropriation of \$5,000 to clean out the stream to compete with the Southeastern railroad, which was then charging high local rates on tobacco from Adams Station and Saddlersville to Clarksville while engaged in a fight with the Louisville & Nashville railroad. The joke of the whole matter is that it is only twelve miles to Port Royal, perhaps twenty by water, and there is not a single sight within the distance suitable for a mill or machinery of any kind: and then the stream would hardly float a canoe except when swollen from excessive rains. During heavy overflows, when the water is backed several miles from the Cumberland, a small steamboat can run as high up as Port Royal, and there is hardly any danger now that the ancient little town up the stream, once a leading aspirant for the State Capitol location—coming within a few votes of being elected—will again rival either Clarksville or Nashville for honors, unless some land, coal, iron and railroad company should gain possession and cut a canal across by Turnersville, turning the Cumberland into Red River at Port Royal. After the silk failure General Satilee Warden, of New York, bought the flouring mill and operated it some years.

Another enterprise about that time was the Clarksville Fire Insurance and Life and Trust Company, incorporated by the Legislature in 1840 with a capital stock of \$100,000. The charter members were Robert W. Galbraitt, James McClure, Thomas W. Barksdale, G. A. Henry, M. A. Martin, John H. Poston, G. A. Davie, Alex. H. Cromwell, Isaac Dennison and William Broaddus. The charter provided that the books should be opened on a certain day and stand open ten days only. The stock was promptly subscribed and the company organized. Alex. Cromwell was most likely the first President; that is, it was announced "at a regular meeting, May 5th, 1842, A. H. Cromwell resigned and Henry F. Beaumont was elected President." Beaumont may have been *re-elected* President and Cromwell resigned as Director. The following names then composed the Board of Directors: H. F. Beaumont, T. W. Barksdale, George C. Boyd, H. S. Garland, W. S. Jones, R. M. House, A. D. Witherspoon, T. W. Barkholder, Bryce Stewart, R. S. Moore and Joshua Elder. The company continued in business a number of years with Mr. Beaumont President and E. Howard Secretary, until the members finally concluded to wind it up, which they did, the company retiring creditably. A. A. McLean, from Nashville, succeeded Mr. H. F. Beaumont as agent of the Nashville Insurance and Trust Company in 1840.

which indicates that Mr. Beaumont was then President of the Clarksville Insurance Company. McLean came here in 1839. He was a clerk and elected on the 21st of February, 1839, by the parent bank at Nashville, cashier of the Clarksville branch of the Planters Bank to succeed John C. Miller, whose death had just been announced.

Samuel Simpson, jeweler, came here about 1839, remained several years and moved to Hopkinsville, Ky.

W. S. Warner & Co. were engaged in the tin and sheet-iron business in 1839, and some years later moved to Gallatin, Tenn.

Here is another little steamboat item picked up which would have appeared better in the river sketch had it been known at the time. However, the style of this history is grouping together facts as they are found. The New Orleans *Picayune* of February 26th, 1830, announced the arrival of "the steamer *John Randolph*, Captain Miller, from Nashville, with a cargo of 911 bales of cotton, 939 hogsheads, 111 bales, and 62 boxes of tobacco, 298 empty casks, 24 barrels and casks sundries, 591 turkeys, 35 dozen chickens, 38 horses, 5 dogs, &c., the largest cargo, we believe, ever brought by one boat." The tobacco and perhaps turkeys and chickens were loaded on at Clarksville.

Hugh McClure was one of the early citizens of Clarksville and one of the wealthiest in the early settlement. He was here contemporaneous with Colonel Crusman and others about 1800 or a few years later. It is said that he built the first brick house in the town, which stood until late years just below the Tobacco Exchange on the old Providence street, the property recently purchased from the Henry estate by D. Kincaannon and occupied with small cottages. It was then the largest storehouse in town. Hugh McClure and James Elder, father of Joshua Elder, owned jointly a large body of land along the Western and Northern slope and on the east side of the Public Square and Franklin street. They divided the land, McClure drawing that along the river slope, and Elder the upper part; and the McClure family thought they were lucky in getting the most valuable lot at that time. Hugh McClure died in 1828. One of his daughters wedded Dr. W. M. Drane and one married Hon. G. A. Henry.

James Elder was also considered a wealthy man and prominent citizen. He built the present Elder residence on Second street. It was the first house ever finished in the town with wall paper and so much of a curiosity in the line of extravagance that everybody went to see it. Mr. Elder died about 1830, soon after completing his house. Hon. James B. Reynolds was then a bachelor and lived in a cabin just back of Con Dineen's blacksmith shop, adjoining the Elder place, and some year or two after the death of James Elder, married his widow. Count Reynolds, as he was known, was a gentleman of nice manners and unstinted hospitality. Having served in Congress and become a prominent citizen of the State and Democratic party, it was left for him to do the agreeable and entertain strangers visiting the town. General Jackson and other prominent men made his house headquarters when visiting Clarksville.

Thomas W. Frazer was another wealthy and prominent citizen in the early days. He married Miss Sarah Gibson, a sister of Mrs. Hugh McClure and aunt of Mrs.

Henry and Mrs. Drane. Mr. Frazer improved the beautiful place on Second street near Providence pike known as the Henry home or Eagle's Nest, now occupied by Mrs. T. F. Henry. Mr. Frazer's wife died about 1838 or 1839. He then by deed of gift made the place to Mrs. G. A. Henry and lived there with Major Henry's family until he died, about 1847. He died very suddenly and unexpected to the family. He was an enthusiastic Episcopalian and the founder of Trinity Church and the largest contributor to the building.

James McClure built the Trice or Mrs. Barker residence on Second street now occupied by Mr. Charles M. Barker with his mother. The house was made to front the river and had a handsome front and beautiful lawn, but the opening of Second street to New Providence changed the rear to the front.

Bennett W. Searcey occupied a log house near about where the new Arlington Hotel is going up on Second street. He owned the lot between the two streets, Franklin and Commerce, and perhaps Second street included. Andrew Vance bought the place and built a fine brick house—that is, a fine house for that day. This house was occupied afterward by Wylie Johnson, a distinguished lawyer, and after his death was bought by Squire — Elliott and converted into a hotel known as the Central House, kept by Samuel Northington and destroyed in the big fire of 1878. The residence was built fronting Franklin street, with an old-time portico and luxurious blue-grass lawn extending to Franklin street, now covered with elegant business houses.

Isaac Dennison, whose name figures so prominently with those of Beaumont, Drane and others, lived on the corner of Main and Second streets, in the old May house, the place now occupied by Gill's livery stable. Dennison was recognized as a good man and most useful citizen. He was a brother-in-law of Colonel C. Crusman, his wife being a sister of Mrs. Crusman. Rev. H. F. Beaumont preached his funeral.

BANKS AND BANKING.

In the early history of Clarksville banks were not considered a necessity, as they are at the present time, to bring into requisition the means to move the crops or aid the farmer in stocking or planting his farm. At that time the professional burglar had not reached such skill as to require a time lock or burglar proof safe to prevent his thriving on his pillage. Perhaps the people were more honest. That degree of temptation, aided by the follies of fashion and high living, with that strong desire to excel his neighbor "just a wee bit," was not then so rife in the land as at this time. That merchant, therefore, who had a strong box, chest or drawer wherein he could store valuables, was the principle custodian of such sums of money as were not required by the industrious yeomanry or citizen to meet the daily expenses of the family. The *long credit* system prevailed—a curse which was doubtless removed by the war between the States, and at the close of which the cash system was adopted. To illustrate, a farmer would buy goods from his merchant on six or twelve months' time. The merchant dealt in pelts, produce, poultry, peanuts, eggs, honey, beeswax, etc., commonly termed "barter," and the farmer who kept with him a "running account" would bring

to town his "truck" on court day, turn it over to his merchant, who would credit the farmer's account by the proceeds at the market price. When called upon for a settlement by the merchant, the farmer would close the account by giving his note for the balance due at one day or six or twelve months after date with interest. But little money was in circulation. The notes given to close accounts were bought up by the wealthiest citizens from the merchant at a liberal discount, and many of them collected finally through the courts. Thus the farmers were in those days, as they are now, the fountain of finance from which all other branches of business drank. The merchant disposed of his goods to the farmer; the paper buyer got his profit from the farmer's notes, and the lawyer got his fees when the notes were placed in suit. Parties buying farmers' notes were termed "note shavers," a title which carried with it in the eyes of some all the ignominy cast upon usurers by the Bible, and with many of the less prosperous people it was a term of reproach. The idea prevailed (kind of communistical) that a man who had enough of the "filthy lucre" to "shave notes," was a vile wretch none too good to be "cast into outer darkness." While some of these "note shavers" were gentlemen, who dealt leniently with their victims, others were living Shylocks, who invariably insisted on their "pound of flesh," and by them many a worthy but impecunious man was forced into bankruptcy. Some of the wealthiest men Clarksville has produced can trace the foundation of their fortunes back to the time they shaved notes in these "olden days and golden." But of such is the kingdom of wealth the world over even at the present day.

Mr. W. R. Bringhurst, in one of his sketches of early Clarksville, says: "At one time, while many persons were acting the auctioneering of their own horses, riding furiously up and down the square, crying out the bids with a stentorious voice, there could have been seen a quiet looking man seated in the shade of a tree, or on some cellar door, with a pair of stuffed saddle bags containing blank bonds and bank notes. This was what was familiarly called the Saddle Bags Bank. The person who had charge of it was by authority the president, director and cashier. The capital belonged to the school fund of the State, and the bags contained the portion of Montgomery county. The school being inoperative, the funds were loaned out to the citizens on bond and security, on short dates, in sums varying from \$20 to \$100, to those whose notes were approved. Although seemingly a small affair, it was a great relief to many. At one of these discountings the crowd of borrowers having been accommodated, the cashier announced that he still had \$150 to loan, and that would close this mode of accommodation for all time. A prominent citizen, who spent money freely and borrowed where he could, accidentally heard of this opportunity, condescended to put in his note, which was discounted, and swept it clean. No doubt the securities paid the note."

The time soon arrived when the progressive people of Clarksville came to the conclusion in their primitive wisdom that it was necessary to the growth and prosperity of the town that they should have a bank. They pictured to themselves the great advantages to be derived therefrom. Money would be easy, in fact it would be as thick as the leaves on the trees. Everybody would be rich, and the great profits of

the "note shaver" would be swallowed up by the discounts of the bank. It was in reality the "Greenback" party of the '30s. History repeats itself, for the Greenback party of the '70s carried such hallucinations to its members when many of its members supposed if their party should get in the ascendency, that the United States government would each morning send around its wagons to distribute \$500 packages at each of their front doors "without money and without price."

PLANTERS BANK OF TENNESSEE.

The long looked for blessing in the way of a bank came in 1835, when the Planters Bank of Tennessee located at Nashville opened a branch bank in this city, with Henry F. Beaumont, President, and John C. Miller, Cashier. (An extended notice of Mr. Beaumont is given in another part of this work.) Mr. Miller died in January or February, 1839, and on the 21st of February, 1839, A. A. McLean, a clerk in the parent bank at Nashville, was elected to take his place.

In 1842 Wm. P. Hume succeeded to the Cashier's place. He was the son of William Hume, who was born in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1771, and came to Nashville when quite a young man. Wm. P. Hume was born in Nashville in August, 1816, and died in Clarksville February 16th, 1887. He was a clerk in the Planters Bank at Nashville, when a demand was made for an efficient man at the Clarksville branch, and in 1842 Mr. Hume was sent from Nashville to take charge as Cashier. This bank was successful and remained under the management of Messrs. Beaumont and Hume until the institution closed up its affairs during the war between the North and South. Afterwards Mr. Hume served fifteen years as Cashier of the First National Bank of this city, and was City Treasurer during forty years of his life here, with the exception of one term.



He was a prominent Odd Fellow, being the last surviving charter member of Pythagoras Lodge of Clarksville at the time of his death, maintaining an honorable membership forty years or more. Mr. Hume was twice married; his first wife was Miss Garvin, and his second Miss Augusta Tinsley, who still survives. Mr. Hume was not only a correct, faithful and efficient Cashier, who won and retained until his death the utmost confidence of this community and the surrounding country, but he was a Christian gentleman who suffered not his religion to rest in a mere outward form of Godliness. No worldly interest, political or otherwise, ever prevailed upon him to depart from his integrity or to lead him to any sinful or unworthy purposes. He carried his religion with him into his business place, and no man could ever bring against him a charge of violation of faith or honor in any of his worldly transactions. His two sons, Wm. G. Hume and James W. Hume, who were trained under him, made competent bank men. The former, Wm. G. Hume, was after the war elected Cashier of

the Bank of Kentucky, where he served until his death, February 2d, 1881, with great credit to himself and with perfect satisfaction to the bank. His son, B. S. Hume, is now the only member bearing the family name in this city, where he is engaged as clerk for F. P. Gracey & Bro., and bears the reputation of being a most efficient young business man.

BANK OF TENNESSEE.

The success of the Planters Bank induced the Bank of Tennessee to open up a branch at this point. The profits in banking at this time were enormous. Bills were taken on New Orleans for thirty, sixty and ninety days at one per cent. a month, or twelve per cent. per annum. New York exchange sold at two per cent. premium and frequently as high as three per cent. Clarksville then had no railroads, and consequently no express companies to compete with banks for the transfer of funds to eastern points. What would a merchant of these days think if he was charged a premium at the rate of \$20 for \$1,000 for a check on New York, when at the present time it is difficult to dispose of it at over \$2.50 discount per \$1,000. As an illustration, New York exchange was frequently from one to two per cent. discount in New Orleans, the point to which all the produce of Clarksville was shipped. A tobacco buyer would sell his draft on a firm in New Orleans to a bank at Clarksville for \$1,000 for thirty days at one per cent. discount. The bank would remit the draft to New Orleans and instruct their correspondent to place the proceeds at their credit with their New York correspondent, the discount in New Orleans on New York exchange being two per cent. The Clarksville bank would then sell the New York exchange to a Clarksville merchant, say at three per cent. premium. Hence we have the following statement:

Discount on thirty day draft,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$10 00
Discount on exchange at New Orleans,	-	-	-	-	-	-	20 00
Premium on exchange on New York,	-	-	-	-	-	-	30 00

Profit on \$1,000 for thirty days,	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 00
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which is at the rate of six per cent. per month, or seventy-two per cent. per annum. Such transactions were frequently made by the banks of Clarksville prior to the war. Many of our people born since the war have crude ideas of what the Bank of Tennessee was. They only have a knowledge of its existence by seeing an occasional bank note—looked upon as a curiosity—issued by this bank, from seeing the “old issue” or “new issue Bank of Tennessee notes” quoted in the financial columns of the Nashville papers, or from reading some decision of some court as regards the notes or deposits of the bank. From its inception it was a huge political machine. The appointment of the President of the parent bank at Nashville was changed with almost every incoming administration. At the branches, as a general thing, men were selected who could wield the most power or control the most votes in a political election. Of course there were exceptions, but these exceptions “were few and far between.” This course frequently resulted in the selection of men of poor financial ability to manage the affairs of the branches, either as President, Cashier or as Directors. Clarksville, however, generally had men of good ability to preside over the affairs of

the bank. The Branch Bank of Tennessee was opened here in 1838. The first President was Thos. W. Barksdale, who belonged to a family distinguished for its business sense. E. B. Roche was the first Cashier. He died in 1844, when Mr. Barksdale was made Cashier, and John H. Poston, President. The bank officers were changed every few years. The Presidents up to the war were D. N. Kennedy, W. B. Munford, R. W. Humphreys and Joshua Elder. The Cashiers for the same time were W. B. Dortch, B. H. Wisdom and John E. Wilcox. After the fall of Fort Donelson in 1862, the assets of the bank were removed to Nashville, and from there down South to follow the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy.

On the night of 2d of February, 1860, this bank was robbed of a large amount. The building it then occupied is the same now owned and used by the Clarksville National Bank on the west side of the Public Square. We take from the *CHRONICLE* of February 10th, 1860, the following account of this robbery: "On the night of the 2d of February, the Branch Bank of Tennessee at this place was burglariously entered and robbed of \$17,885, of which \$13,500 was in \$20 gold pieces—the balance in bank notes. The morning after the robbery the Cashier on attempting to open the two iron doors of the vault, found considerable difficulty in getting the keys to throw the bolts, but by repeated shaking of the doors the locks were made to yield to the keys, and then the locks worked as well as ever. On entering the vault from the appearance of everything in the usual order the suspicions of the Cashier (caused by the condition of locks) were destroyed and he thought all was right. He brought out his till to the counter and proceeded with the business as usual. At 2 o'clock, the hour for closing, when the Cashier was balancing his cash account, he found his cash short about \$5,000. Some of the bank officers were immediately summoned and an investigation of the vault began. A bag which the day before contained three smaller bags of gold, which was standing as if untouched on the top of the safe, wilted with the slightest pressure, and the discovery was certain and the loss summed up as above. Had the rogue been skillful in bank doings he would not have taken any of the bank notes out of the till, for the money had been counted but a few days before, and if the cashier's money had not been found short the robbery would not have been ascertained except by accident until the new Board came in, and the rogue would have gained time for hiding the money and his tracks. There was some \$80,000 in coin in the vault, but a large quantity was in the safe—we understand the safe was full. Another one of the small bags of gold was open on the top of the safe, out of which the rogue only took some \$200 in \$1 pieces in rolls of \$20. The weight of the metal taken was somewhere about eighty pounds, which leads to the impression that there was but one concerned. No clue remained, and as all the bank officers are far above suspicion, we fear the money is forever lost. A reward of \$2,500 for the recovery of the money and \$1,000 for the detection of the thief was promptly offered by the Directory. At the robbery of the bank at Jackson was connected a murder, and some traces were left of a pointed character and no discovery has been made in relation thereto, we are forced to the apprehension stated that the money is gone forever. The robbery will not affect the

business of the bank—it is a loss of capital. The old and new directory both unanimously passed resolutions exonerating the cashier and the clerk from all blame or suspicion, which is also the sentiment of the entire community.”

The Bank of Tennessee and its branches was without a local habitation during the four long years of the war. It was being hauled, during this time, from pillar to post to evade capture by the Federal forces. A large proportion of its assets being gold it made many narrow escapes. At the close of the war the assets were turned over to the Brownlow government at Nashville, and a large proportion of its funds were absorbed by the political knaves in power at that time. Throughout its latter days it has been a bugbear to the people of Tennessee. Its honest debts, such as deposits and its notes, justly the property of the depositors and noteholders, through the aid of repudiating legislatures have almost entirely been ignored and its honest creditors have been made to suffer by the acts of dishonest politicians and demagogues.

EDWARD HOWARD, BANKER.

Edward Howard was prominently connected with the early banking history, and was recognized as one of the brightest business men Clarksville ever had. He was a



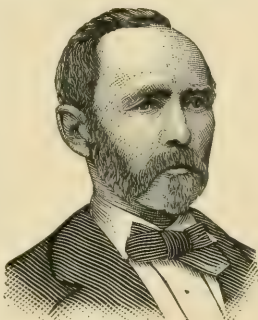
tall, handsome man, prepossessing in every way, of strong intellect, undaunted courage, a high strung, chivalrous, generous gentleman, of scrupulous integrity; a self-educated and self-made man of high social qualities. He was a remarkably pleasing conversationalist, a man of literary taste and culture. He was also a fine reader and much of an orator; was an enthusiastic Democrat, and though never a politician, generally entered the campaigns and was a popular speaker, always ready to take a hand in anything and make a speech when called on, and with all exercised a powerful influence. Mr. Howard was born February 1st, 1817, at Walnut Grove, Sumner county,

Tennessee. He went to Elkton, Ky., about 1834, and engaged in merchandizing. On February 11th, 1836, he married Miss Virginia Buckner, a daughter of Colonel Buckner, of Kentucky, who did not long survive. He moved to Clarksville about 1840 or 1841, and some time after married Miss Mary Ann Crusman, daughter of Colonel Cornelius Crusman, to whom was born one child, Captain Ed. Howard, the only survivor. He first engaged as a clerk, and in 1842 was elected Secretary of the Clarksville Marine Insurance and Trust Company. He conducted a loan and discount business, and traded in uncurrent money, that is, such bank notes as were under par, doing a kind of banking or exchange business. He kept his office in the old shoe-shop of John Rick on west side of Public Square, long since destroyed by fire. He established a branch office of the insurance company at Henderson, Ky., with M. Clark as agent, which did a good business. The largest part of the profits of the company

came from its loan, discount and exchange business. Notwithstanding the wonderful prosperity of the company, the wise heads in it, apprehensive that misfortune might follow from the very nature of the business, and from a sense of consciousness, decided to retire, and did so about 1849, Mr. Howard winding up the business with profit and to the full satisfaction of the company. As soon as the business of the insurance company was wound up, Mr. Howard established a bank of his own, under the name of E. Howard, banker, the first private bank ever established in Clarksville, and also became the agent of the Nashville Insurance and Trust Company. Some time after he moved to the room under the CHRONICLE office, now Webster's barber shop. He soon became largely engaged in the tobacco business, stemming and buying on speculation, in which he was also very successful, and died January 30th, 1854, leaving an estate valued at \$75,000 to \$100,000. At the time of his death he was winding up his business affairs here to form an extensive partnership with Sawyer & Wallace in the commission business. Sawyer & Wallace were to operate the New York house, and Mr. Howard was to conduct the New Orleans house, assisted by Mr. B. W. Macrae.

JAMES L. GLENN, BANKER.

James L. Glenn came here from Elkton soon after Mr. Howard and engaged as a clerk with Mr. Howard, first in the insurance company and then in the banking business, where he served till the bank was closed. Mr. Glenn made some reputation while with Howard as a clear-headed, careful man, cautious and correct in all his business transactions, combining those excellent qualities which peculiarly fit men for successful bankers. At the close of Howard's banking operations, about 1853, he succeeded in the business under the name of James L. Glenn, banker, in a house on the east side of the Public Square, exercising that sound judgment in transactions with the public which has characterized him all through life as an able financier and most efficient bank officer, as he has demonstrated up to the present day as Cashier of the Northern Bank of Tennessee. His efforts, as a matter of course, were attended with great success. He is a gentleman of high social qualities, companionable in his nature, pleasing in conversation, with plenty of good humor and keen relish for the ludicrous side of every question, and practical in all things. In addition to his banking business as Cashier of the Northern Bank, he is also a partner in the wholesale grocery house of John Hurst & Co. He was the builder of the elegant residence now owned by Mr. H. C. Merritt, on Madison street, and at present occupies one of the most beautiful and luxurious homes on Madison avenue. Mr. Glenn married Miss Ella Poin Dexter, daughter of John Poin Dexter, of Christian county, a most excellent lady who died some ten or twelve years ago, leaving him three children, Jeanie, a very sweet



little girl, and two sons, Richard and James, who have grown up to be model young men.

NORTHERN BANK OF TENNESSEE.

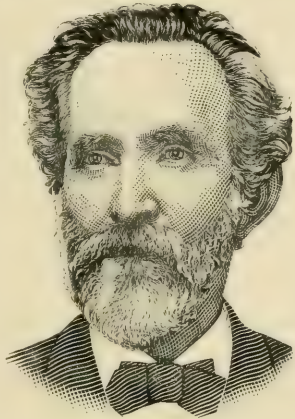
The Northern Bank of Tennessee was established in 1854 under the general banking law of Tennessee, chartered by the Legislature with \$50,000 capital, (Mr. Glenn having closed his private bank), with D. N. Kennedy, President, and Jas. L. Glenn, Cashier, and without any change in name or system this bank has continued in successful operation thirty-three years up to present date, maintaining all through the vicissitudes of banking in Tennessee the fullest confidence of the public in its good management and the integrity of the owners, passing through every financial crisis from that day to this without even suspension. It was doubtless due to the early beginning of the system of banking on a commercial basis rather than private security that enabled this bank to pass so many ordeals, general suspensions and panics, establishing itself so thoroughly in the confidence of the people. The bank was opened in the old house on the west side of the Square now occupied by John Young as a saddler's shop. After the fall of Fort Donelson in 1862, the assets of the bank were moved South and sent to England for safe-



keeping. At the close of the war, July 15th, 1865, the bank was reopened in the house now occupied by the express office, where it continued business up to 1885, when it was removed to its present elegant banking house, corner of Franklin and Second streets. Mr. John W. Faxon was appointed teller or assistant cashier in July, 1865, when reopened, and continued in this position, serving most efficiently until 1883, when he resigned to accept the position of Teller in the American National Bank, a new bank opened at Nashville, and was succeeded by Mr. Ed Munford, the worthy young gentleman who still holds the position, and Mr. Robert Henry serving as clerk.

Hon. David Newton Kennedy, President of the Northern Bank, was born February 28th, 1820, in Todd county, Kentucky. At the age of fourteen years he commenced clerking in a dry goods store at Elkton. Four years later, in 1838, he went to Nashville, engaging there also as a dry goods clerk four years, until March 6th, 1842, when he came to Clarksville, engaging with John S. Hart in the dry goods business under the firm name of Hart & Kennedy. Their store was opened on the west side of the Public Square, below Strawberry Alley, where Sylvia Sullivan now has a small grocery, and continued there until 1847, when they removed to the present postoffice corner, in Elder's block, a more commodious house. This firm commenced on very small capital, but prospered rapidly, growing to be the largest dry goods house in the

place. The firm continued eight years, the most confidential and cordial relationship existing between the partners during the time and ever since. The business was well managed and consequently very successful. At the end of eight years the firm was dissolved, Mr. Kennedy retiring on account of ill health. The dry good house established by them has been continued by successions to the present time of writing, as will be seen in a sketch of Mr. Hart. In the meantime Mr. Kennedy was elected Director of the Branch Bank of Tennessee in 1844, and in 1845 he was elected President of the bank, which position he filled till 1851, one year after retiring from the dry goods business, when he was elected Cashier of the bank, which place he filled until 1854, when the Northern Bank of Tennessee was established by Kennedy & Glenn, which has continued to exist since, with D. N. Kennedy, President, and James L. Glenn, Cashier. It must be said to the credit of Mr. Kennedy's financial sagacity, that he in a great measure revolutionized the old banking system of relying solely on endorsers, to the commercial system based upon the borrower's standing and produce in sight. Under the old system, the law required endorsers in the State bank on discount paper, which afforded speculators the means of operating in tobacco, pork, bacon, etc. Three or four speculators in well to do circumstances would combine together and endorse each other's paper, and not unfrequently one of the number would break, carrying the others down with him. Notwithstanding the long credit system, the immense amount of unsound currency afloat, the Bank of Tennessee here did not lose a thousand dollars in bad debts during Mr. Kennedy's connection with it, which was due to his prudent foresight in the change of system. Under the old banking laws, money was plentiful and men generally honest. At least there were no James gangs and but few expert burglars, and men in good standing could borrow all the money they needed by offering two good endorsers on their notes. This made times flush, produce high, and put land and all realty up to the highest notch; and those were counted good old honest days, when farmers grew rich, and slave property advanced to enormous figures, a first-rate young negro man being worth more than a small farm now; any man owing slaves could borrow money, or borrow to buy slaves. It was common to transfer money from one bank to another, as the necessity of different localities required, so that banks were never scarce of funds to accommodate every want, and frequently the Branch Bank of Tennessee here had a quarter of a million of dollars in its vaults. The mode of transferring money was by private conveyance, horse-back in saddle-bags, or in a carpet-sack traveling in a buggy or by river. Clarksville drew her supply from the mother bank at Nashville;



any one of the officers would go after it, bringing from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars at a time. Ten or twenty thousand dollars was frequently sent by a steamboat captain or private citizen passing. On one occasion, in December, 1852, the bank was in need of about one hundred thousand dollars to accommodate the Christmas demand. Mr. Kennedy went to Nashville after it, on a steamboat. Returning, the steamer was caught on a sand bar at Harpeth Shoals, and there hung up for three weeks. The weather was extremely cold and the river commenced freezing, and Mr. Kennedy found himself in a predicament. Col. Gil. T. Abernathy was on board with a pair of saddle bags, and making a temporary exchange with Col. Abernathy, he transferred the money from the carpet-sack, stuffing both ends of the saddle-bags full, and borrowing a rough horse from Mr. Littleton J. Pardue, left late in the evening, came home through the bitter cold, over a rough road, and through the dense darkness of the forest, twenty odd miles, arriving almost frozen a little before midnight. What ever may be said of the advancement of civilization and the spread of religion and general improvement of morals, no man of common sense would risk his life leaving Nashville now, openly, with one hundred thousand dollars packed in a carpet-sack, making just the trip Mr. Kennedy did. If morals have improved and people became better, so has crime progressed in proportion, for a man was just as safe among the Indians in early days as he would be out now traveling over the highways known to have a large sum of money. This country was at one time in early history full of horse thieves, robbers and highwaymen, but that era had passed. The pioneers banded together in companies called Regulators, and every man caught in suspicious maneuvering or conduct, engaged in no laudible work, was spotted and then taken to the woods, where he received a genteel thrashing and the admonition that if caught again in this country he would have to look up a rope to a tree limb. A bad set at that time infested the country along Red River up to Port Royal, had their stations and connections, operating between Clarksville and Russellville, and Nashville and Hopkinsville. The band of Regulators were headed by such good men as Capt. Smith, who lived on the Elk Fork, Mr. Fort, grandfather of the present generations of Forts, a man who was the peer of Reuben Ross; Nicholas Darnell, who lived near old Drake's Pond Church, east of Guthrie, and other honored citizens. They drove the last one from the country and the community rested in peace. Money was kept in vaults under ordinary locks. Such locks would be opened now by experts in two minutes, and it was believed that the only bank robbery known in those days, mentioned elsewhere in this work, was executed by a skilled mechanic familiar with the bank, who made a key to open the lock, but he was too shrewd to leave any trace of his crime.

In 1861 Mr. Kennedy was elected to the Tennessee Legislature from Montgomery county, and was honored with the position of Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Banking, and also Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, in place of Mr. Lockert from Stewart county. He was also a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1870, and was in both instances nominated and elected without solicitation or opposition. In 1855 he was elected a member of the Board of Directors for

Stewart College, and still occupies the position in the University Board. In 1866 he was elected President of the Clarksville Auxiliary Bible Society, which dignified position he still fills. In 1869 he was elected President of the Clarksville Board of Trade at its organization, which place he still fills by successive elections. He was the originator and prime mover in the establishment of Greenwood Cemetery, and has since been the Secretary and Treasurer of the company, and this has been the proudest enterprise of his life. Later he was by unanimous choice made Trustee of the Indiana, Alabama & Texas Railroad by the citizen subscribers to the bonds of the company. Mr. Kennedy became a member of the Presbyterian Church in 1844; was elected Elder in 1849, which place he has continued to fill since, and has been the enterprising and honored Superintendent of the Sunday School of that church since 1870.

Mr. Kennedy was married November 22d, 1843, to Miss Sarah A. Bailey, daughter of James Bailey, of Wilkerson county, Miss., who was a brother of Charles Bailey, Esq., of Clarksville. Mrs. Kennedy when a girl was distinguished for her beauty and personal charms, and loved through life for her amiable disposition and many excellent graces, combining neighborly kindness and charity for all. They have had nine children, having raised six to be prominent men and women, and in age are blessed with grand-children. The surviving six are Mrs. Mary Bryan Owen, Mrs. Sallie Gardner Plunkett, James Thompson, David Newton, the afflicted son, Mrs. Clara Stuart Burney, and Mrs. Ellen Barker Clapp. Mr. Kennedy has been one of the leading spirits in every public enterprise started since his day here, taking stock or paying money to help every scheme worthy of support, and has all the while enjoyed the fullest confidence of the public. Mr. Kennedy is now the only man in active business in Clarksville who was in business on his own account at the time he came here. Mr. John F. Coutts was here then, clerking for Williams & Bro., and afterwards engaged in business for himself. He is also the oldest bank officer, though not the oldest man, now in the State, and the oldest insurance agent.

THE BANK OF AMERICA.

The Bank of America was established in Clarksville in 1855, with branches at Dresden and Rogersville, Tenn. Col. M. D. Davie was President, John F. Barnes, Cashier. Charles M. Hiter succeeded Mr. Barnes as Cashier, and Capt. R. Y. Johnson succeeded Mr. Hiter, and proved to be a very efficient and popular officer. Mr. Johnson properly had charge of the branch bank at Dresden for a time. This bank was chartered under the general laws of Tennessee, was perhaps short of capital, and like many others based on the same system, could not withstand the panic of 1857, and was consequently a failure.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

The First National Bank of Clarksville was organized in 1865 with a capital of \$50,000; S. F. Beaumont, President, and W. P. Hume, Cashier. In July, 1867, the capital stock was increased to \$100,000. The Board of Directors was composed of S. F. Beaumont, T. F. Pettus, G. W. Hillman, Geo. H. Warfield and B. W. Macrae; S. F. Beaumont, President; B. W. Macrae, Vice-President, and W. P. Hume, Cashier.

These officers continued in charge until February 1st, 1880, when Mr. Hume, from infirmities, retired, and Mr. Macrae became the Cashier, and since that time the bank has been under the management of the same President and Cashier. The known integrity of the management at once gave the bank a high commercial standing; the stock was placed above par in the market, and the bank commanded a large and prosperous business. The bank did not issue any circulation until August, 1871, when it put out \$90,000 of its own notes, issued under the National banking law, on a basis of \$100,000 United States bonds purchased, and that circulation has since been reduced to \$22,500, based on \$25,000 United States four per cent. bonds, worth twenty-nine per cent. premium. The bank has its capital stock paid up in full, and has a surplus of \$22,500, which is \$2,500 more than the law requires. It has paid semi-annual dividends to its stockholders regularly every year and without any intermissions for twenty-two years. The excellent management, usefulness and popularity of this bank may better be judged by the value of its stock in the market, which is saleable at twenty-five to thirty per cent. premium. The present Board of Directors is composed of S. F. Beaumont, President; B. W. Macrae, Cashier; J. P. Y. Whitfield, Dr. G. M. Pardue, E. B. Ely, W. F. Taylor and Thomas H. Smith. Messrs. Wm. H. Higgins, Teller, and H. Percy Wisdom, Book-Keeper, have been connected with this bank a number of years, enjoying the fullest confidence of all, and high public esteem. Mr. Higgins has occupied his position since 1872, and Mr. Wisdom since 1877, beginning when quite a youth.

Baily Washington Macrae, present Cashier of the First National Bank, was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, and came to Clarksville with his father in 1849, when a



mere youth. His first business engagement was with Hart & Kennedy in 1850, to learn the dry goods business. He continued clerking in this house during the existence of the firm, and after the dissolution continued as clerk for John S. Hart, who succeeded Hart & Kennedy, until 1853. With three years' experience, he went to Nashville to accept a position in the wholesale dry goods house of A. J. Duncan & Co. He was, however, soon induced by Mr. E. Howard to return and assist him in winding up his banking business, with a view to a business engagement in New Orleans, which was afterwards abandoned on account of Mr. Howard's death. The banking business was

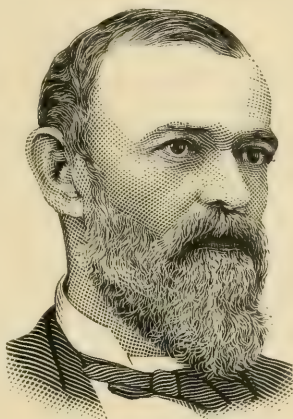
soon closed, and in December of that year (1853) he formed a partnership with John S. Hart in two houses, one John S. Hart & Co., dry goods house, and the other, B. W. Macrae & Co., grocery house. Mr. Hart managed the dry goods business and Mr. Macrae the grocery house. While this partnership trade was pending, an old and successful grocery man advised Mr. Hart against it, upon the grounds that Macrae was too young, inexperienced, unknown, and too modest and diffident to manage such

a house. Mr. Hart knew the facts and appreciated the last named traits of character in the young man, but whether they would operate against him, as the old gentleman advised, was the question. Having had young Macrae in his house three years, and knowing his business qualifications, punctuality, correct methods and high integrity, he believed that these would combine with other qualities to inspire public confidence and win success, and in this he was correct. Mr. Macrae at once bought a large stock of groceries for the firm, and in the conduct of the business his first move was to establish monthly auction sales as a means of advertising and becoming acquainted with the people. The prediction of failure on the part of Mr. Hart's friends and advisors, rather put the young man on his metal, and the amount of energy and business tact that developed behind his modest diffidence, was surprising to some people and most gratifying to his partner. The first auction sale took place in February, 1854, Mr. O. M. Blackman acting as auctioneer. Twenty hogsheads of fresh New Orleans sugar were rolled out on the Public Square, from the old house which occupied the present site of John Hurst & Co.'s building, some fifty sacks of new coffee and a variety of other staple and fancy groceries. The sale had been well advertised and the square was packed with wealthy farmers and country merchants from Christian, Trigg, Logan, Todd, Warren and Simpson counties, Ky., and as far back as people hauled tobacco to this market. Everything was sold out according to advertised terms, the sale rushed through, amounting to \$5,000 or more, realizing a handsome profit. By this means the reputation of the house was at once as well established as the oldest concern in the place. Accounts had been made and business relations opened with almost every substantial farmer in the country. It gave the house the pick of the trade, and inspired people with confidence in the integrity of its management, who waited for the monthly sales, and continued to deal with the house, which took the lead in the grocery line, doing the largest business in the town. In 1856 Hart and Macrae formed a partnership with Henry Hart in the grocery business in Nashville, under the firm name of Hart, Macrae & Co., also continuing their two houses here, and the three houses continued to do a prosperous business up to 1858, passing through the panic of 1857 unscathed; when the Messrs. Harts, having accumulated a comfortable sum, concluded to retire to farm life, and by mutual consent the three firms were dissolved, Mr. Macrae succeeding in the dry goods house, with Mr. B. F. Coulter as partner, under the firm name of Macrae & Coulter, and the Hart brothers settled down to successful farming in Robertson county, north of Springfield. The firm of Macrae & Coulter continued to do a successful and leading business until the fall of 1862, when the house was closed until after the war, when it was reopened by Mr. Coulter and G. W. Hillman, under the firm name of Coulter & Hillman. Mr. Macrae retired from business until 1867. During that year he took a prominent place in the management of the First National Bank, and was later elected Cashier, where he has continued since, a most efficient financier. He has since 1873, the organization, been President of Greenwood Cemetery Company, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Water Works Company; has been prominently connected with the building and loan associations of the city from their

organization, and is now President of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association. In fact he has been connected with almost every public enterprise of the city since the war, taking an interest in everything calculated to advance the public welfare, enjoying the full confidence of all citizens, and generally called to take a front or leading place for his known prudence, good business sense and consideration. Mr. Macrae united with the Methodist Church in 1852, and in 1854 was elected a Steward in the church, which place he has continued faithfully in. He is Treasurer of the Board of Church Extension of the Tennessee Conference, and President of the Board of Trust for superannuated preachers. He has generally been a delegate and efficient member of Annual Conference since his connection with the church. He was Chairman of the Building Committee in the erection of the handsome Methodist church edifice on Madison street, which reflects so much credit on the denomination in Clarksville, Messrs. A. Howell and John D. Moore being the other members. Mr. Macrae was married October 2d, 1856, to Miss Alice Miller, daughter of Mr. John C. Miller of Montgomery county, who immigrated from Virginia, a lady greatly esteemed for her lovely character. Mrs. Macrae died in 1873, and her remains rest in Greenwood, the spot marked by a modest and most beautiful marble monument. Three children were born of this marriage, who still survive, and are greatly esteemed for their worth to society, Mrs. Virginia Stuart Bailey, Mrs. Mary Chapman Drane, and son, John Miller. Mr. Macrae was the builder of his own elegant home which he now occupies, a plot of fifteen acres on Madison avenue, fronting with a beautiful maple lawn and charming residence, which was erected in 1872. The lovely grove of shade trees in front were planted by him about the time the building was erected.

Mr. Sterling F. Beaumont, President of the First National Bank of Clarksville, was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1825—"a noble son of a noble sire"—and was brought to Clarksville by his father, Rev. Henry F. Beaumont, when only three years of age, and was reared and educated here. The family is of French-English descent. Much may be known of the general character of the man by reading a sketch of his father, on page 173 of this book: for, according to the old saying, he is a chip off of the original block. In other words, he inherits many of the noble traits of his honored father. True, he is not a minister of the gospel, but as a business man of high honor, a citizen faithful to every duty, upholding morality, virtue and Christianity, a most generous friend with a heart full of sympathy for distress in all classes of society, a man without enemies, enjoying everybody's friendship and highest confidence, he is in a full sense his father's counterpart. Mr. Beaumont, after a liberal education at the Clarksville Male Academy, took a full course of studies in Lagrange College, in Alabama, where he graduated, and after returning home he read law for some time. He, however, soon found out that he did not possess that peculiar talent or higher qualifications which makes the most successful lawyers. He possessed no tact for prevaricating, or whipping the devil around the stump, and, moreover, his inclination lead him to different and wider fields. Dropping the law, he turned to buying and selling land on speculation. It was a most opportune time for a young man without money if he only

had good credit, which Mr. Beaumont had, and which he has scrupulously maintained to the present day. His father at that day had not accumulated sufficient means to spare from his own business to set his children up, and Sterling struck out boldly on his own account. At that time land was continually advancing and his judgment was not mistaken. Success attended his speculations, and in 1845 or 1846 he was enabled to start a wholesale and retail grocery house, which business he maintained successfully up to 1853, when he closed out to engage in the tobacco business, in which pursuit he has since continued, attended with great prosperity, and he now owns and operates one of the largest stemmeries in Clarksville, besides being interested in large houses at other points and buying tobacco regularly on the Board. Mr. Beaumont was elected President of the First National Bank at the time of its organization in 1865, and has been re-elected successively every year since, filling the place with distinguished ability and to the fullest satisfaction of the stockholders, maintaining the highest credit for the institution. He was also continually re-elected President of the Tobacco Board of Trade up to November, 1884, when he declined re-election on account of partial deafness, which made it difficult for him to transact the business with that facility he desired. Mr. Beaumont belongs to the Masonic fraternity, and is an old line Whig in politics, since the war acting with the Democracy, but never taking any leading part or acting the politician.



Mr. Beaumont was married in 1853, by Rev. A. L. P. Grenn, to Miss Mattie L. Conrad, a native of Springfield, Tennessee, and daughter of Mr. George C. Conrad, a distinguished citizen of Robertson county. It was a happy union blessed of God, and attended with sweeter joys than youth's early dreams could imagine. Mrs. Beaumont is a lady of cultivated intellect and high order of business capacity, who has performed well not only her part, but relieved her husband of the details and worry of home affairs, that all of his time and study might be given to the avocations relied upon for an income. What a wonderful blessing is such a wife to a man having many cares, taking fully half of the burden, relieving him of the drudgery that he may run the race of life unencumbered by the many smaller cares. Such has been the life and character of this most estimable lady, neglecting none of her duties to church and society. The improvement of their elegant home on Madison avenue is due to her excellent taste, skill and good management. This is a ten-acre plat, with splendid residence, beautiful lawn of forest trees, gravel drives, a lake, flower garden, fruits and many beautiful ornamentations, and all the comforts that could be desired. Mrs. Beaumont was born in 1833, and to this union were born five children: Laura, Lillian,

Adaline, Mary Boyd and Sterling F. All but Mary Boyd survive. Mr. Beaumont followed the example of his father in his religion. He united with the Methodist Church in early life and has since lived a Christian, carrying his religion into his every day business. Mrs. Beaumont has also been a faithful member, bringing up their children in the faith.

CLARKSVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

Clarksville National Bank was organized early in 1868 under the name of Montgomery Savings Institution, with B. O. Keesee, President, and J. E. Broaddus, Cashier. Mr. Broaddus served only a few months when he resigned, and Mr. A. Howell was elected to the place, which he has so efficiently and satisfactorily filled nineteen years and likely to fill during life. After the death of Mr. Keesee Mr. Henry C. Merritt was elected President and still fills that position. About 1870 the bank purchased the old Tennessee Bank building, west side of Public Square, its present comfortable quarters, and changed its name to that of "Bank of Clarksville," and later changed from the methods under the State laws to the National Bank system, taking the name of "Clarksville National Bank." Its capital is \$50,000 paid up, and a surplus fund of \$10,000, with \$10,000 undivided profits. It has been characterized by prudent, cautious management, enjoying public confidence and realizing handsome profits, declaring regular semi-annual dividends of five per cent. to its stockholders (ten per cent. per annum) and its stock is worth forty per cent. premium on the market. It has lacked nothing in its accommodating spirit to advance public interest and enterprise. Grundy Gilbert, a most efficient accountant and excellent young man, is the book-keeper, and Archer Howell the reliable young clerk.

Mr. Bell O. Keesee, President of the Montgomery Savings Institution, which name was changed to Bank of Clarksville, and later to Clarksville National Bank, was born in Montgomery county, on the south side of Cumberland River, and died December 30th, 1875. Mr. Keesee was in every sense a self-made man, and lived a life of



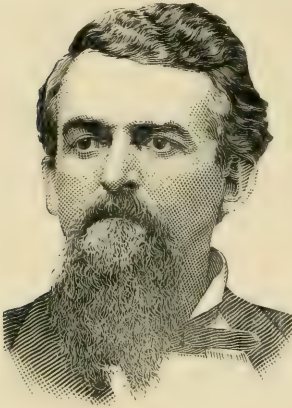
such varied activity and usefulness, that it would be difficult to record his many good deeds and acts of usefulness. He was brought up on a farm, raised very poor, and attained a very limited education. At the age of twenty years he came to Clarksville and opened a small grocery on very limited capital. Demonstrating his capacity for business and sagacious trading, he was shortly after taken in the wholesale and retail grocery house of Sawyer, Wallace & Co. In 1851 he again commenced business on his own account, and was very prosperous, winning his way to public confidence and accumulating money at every turn. In 1852 he was happily married to Miss Cornelia R. Peacher,

daughter of Peter Peacher, now Mrs. Ed. Turnley. She made him a noble wife, a true helpmate, and his course was onward and upward. He seemed to possess a

natural tact for making money, and it appeared that everything he touched turned to gold, and the beauty of it all was, that he was not selfish or money craving. While he delighted in accumulating, he was also a free giver when charity demanded, and was ever ready to join in any public enterprise and help build up the commercial interest, education, religion, manufacturing industry, etc. In 1859 he opened a tobacco stemmery, and by a stroke which showed his strong natural sense and sagacity, laid during the war the foundation for his fine fortune. Shipping his strips to Europe, he ordered them held in Liverpool until they should advance to double the price they then ruled at. His commission merchant remonstrated, and he reiterated his order and directed him even then not to sell until he was notified. The sequel showed his knowledge of affairs, for he sold for more than double price, and had at one time more than £10,000 to his credit in Liverpool. He also speculated in bonds, to some extent in gold, and always with success. He was continually buying and selling real estate, and was perhaps the best friend of those who had property sold by legal process, for he always made property bring its value. He seemed intuitively to know the value of a piece of property, and he never permitted a speculator to obtain a piece of property for a small value. At all sales he seemed to take delight in running property up to its value, whether he was anxious to buy or not. He was a strong friend of home markets and never bought abroad what he could get at home. Without education he was a man of strong natural sense, and his judgment was valuable on any subject. For eight years he had suffered from cancer, and had scarcely during that time known a good night's rest, and yet he was cheerful, apparently in good health, with a jest and a pleasant word for every one he met, going actively and indefatigably about his business, buying and selling, starting first one business and then another. He was just about embarking his capital extensively in manufacturing, with all the energy and arder of his nature, when he learned for the first time that his disease must very soon prove fatal, and the public for the most part learned that he was afflicted. There was something inexpressibly sad in the suffering man, doomed and marked by Death for his own, moving among his fellow men, with all the energy of a man, buoyant with hope—patient, cheerful, never complaining, never evincing a sign of pain, attending to business, arranging his affairs and preparing to die. Although his very vitals were consumed by disease, until dissolution had come almost before death, he never yielded, and continued to drive about until a short time before his death, and was only confined to bed for one week. He was a kind and attentive neighbor, who sought to know what those around him needed and to provide it. He built a fine house, not for show, but to shelter his friends and relatives, and he always kept it full. Few men have done so much for their relatives as he. He was for years a member of the Methodist Church, making no parade or show of his religion, but he was a practical Christian, a kind charitable man, who did many a good deed unseen, for although reputed close in money matters, he was a charitable, and in many respects, a liberal man. He had no money to waste or throw away. His death in the prime of life, and the period of greatest usefulness, was a loss to the city and the county, where he knew every man, and was on friendly terms with

all, high and low, rich and poor. His worth was fully appreciated by the people, and his funeral was one of the most largely attended, and a procession of nearly fifty carriages followed his remains to the grave. He sleeps well after his brief but active life in the community, where he made himself and carved out his own fortune, and conquered his own place among men.

Henry Clay Merritt, President of the Clarksville National Bank, was born near Hadensville, Todd county, Kentucky, April 12th, 1839. His parents were Dr. Daniel R. and Penelope (Hamum) Merritt, of Scotch-Irish descent. Henry was raised on the farm and learned quite early how to gather tobacco worms, how to drop corn,



tobacco plants, plow, hoe, go to mill, &c. He obtained a common school education in the neighborhood, and in 1858 entered Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee, and graduated from the law department of that school in 1861, and at once enlisted in the Confederate war service as a private in Co. K, First Kentucky Infantry, in which company he served one year. He then joined General Morgan's Cavalry and continued with that brigade in all of its daring adventures, dashing and gallant charges which immortalized General Morgan and his brave men, up to July 19th, 1863, when he was captured at Buffington's Island, Ohio, and kept by the Federals a prisoner of war two years lacking one month. Soon after returning home from prison, in 1865, he came to Clarksville and was admitted to the bar to practice law, and has since been engaged in his profession.

In this he soon earned the reputation of being a clear-headed, careful, pains-taking young man, a student in his profession, accurate in his work, and most efficient office lawyer. In 1874 he formed a law partnership with Hon. John F. House, with whom he is still associated in the profession. In 1869 he was elected Mayor of Clarksville as a Democrat, and re-elected in 1870. His administration was characterized by reform measures, confidence was inspired and finances improved. In January, 1876, just after the death of Mr. B. O. Keesee, he was elected President of the Clarksville National Bank, which position he still holds. October 30th, 1866, he was married to Miss Mary C. LaPrade, of Robertson county. She was of a prominent Baptist family and was a thorough-going, working Christian woman, and a lady of the most lovable traits of character. To them was born one child, Mary Fisher, a very sweet, amiable daughter, who died September 29th, 1880. Mrs. Mary LaPrade Merritt died August 4th, 1881. Her death was a great surprise and shock, and was mourned by the entire community. In 1882 Mr. Merritt was again married to his present estimable wife, Miss Maude Bailey, daughter of Hon. James E. and Elizabeth Bailey. They have

two children, Elizabeth Lusk and Maude Bailey. Mr. Merritt is strictly a business man, punctual in all of his engagements, and correct in his dealings. By industry and prompt attention to his own affairs, he has already—young in life—gained quite a competency, and he is by no means selfish or illiberal in its use, but exceedingly generous and charitable to all benevolent objects. He is one of the leading public spirits in Clarksville, and is a liberal subscriber to every public enterprise or any object that is calculated to advance the general interest of the city. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and has been an official in the church for the past ten years. Mr. Merritt owns considerable real estate, and purchased his present elegant home from Mr. Glenn in 1881.

Mr. Archer Howell, Cashier of the Clarksville National Bank, was born in Robertson county, November 7th, 1831. When quite young he learned the cooper's trade and became an expert barrel musician. In 1852 he moved to Pleasant Mound, in this county, and engaged in selling goods two years, until October, 1854, when he came to Clarksville and engaged as clerk for Mr. B. O. Kessee, and lived with him two years until 1856, at which time he was elected book-keeper in the Branch Bank of Tennessee. In 1859 he engaged in the warehouse business until 1863, when he moved to Louisville and from there to New York. In 1864 he went to Bremen, Germany, where he opened a commission house, which business he continued two years until 1866, when he returned to America and engaged in buying tobacco at Clarksville and cotton at Montgomery, Alabama, two years until 1868, when he was elected Cashier of the Montgomery Savings Institution, which position he has since filled, following the changes in the name of the bank, now nineteen years. Mr. Howell was elected Mayor of Clarksville in 1882, and re-elected in 1884, serving two terms, or four years, most efficiently, giving the city a splendid administration. He has been Chairman of the Funding Board Committee for Clarksville since 1883. He has served as Treasurer of the Mechanics Building and Loan Association since its organization in 1869, and as a member of the Board of Directors for the Citizens' Building and Loan Association since its organization in 1868, two well managed institutions, most beneficial to the growth and prosperity of the city. He served ten years as Director and Secretary and Treasurer in the Board of Education, from 1874 to 1884, when he resigned. Mr. Howell was urged to take this unthankful and unprofitable position when the public school system was in disrepute, finances in bad condition, and the School Board indebted to the teachers for past years work. He occupied the trust, filling the places of two members, City and District Directors. He freely devoted much of his time and attention to the schools, raising money, building houses, seeing after teachers, their methods, etc., and order was brought out of confusion and the schools established on a solid, prosperous basis,



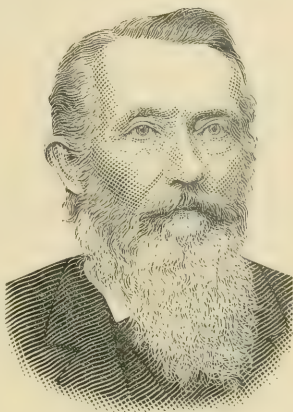
and have since continued to grow in popular favor. As a recognition of his valuable services and devotion to the cause, the present commodious building known as the Howell School was named in honor of him. Mr. Howell united with the Methodist Church in 1875, and was very soon elected a member of the Board of Stewards, and also a member of the Board of Trustees for the church, which places he continues to fill. He was also a member of the Building Committee for the present beautiful church edifice on Madison street, composed of B. W. Macrae, A. Howell and J. D. Moore. Mr. Howell was married to Miss Nannie Johnson, daughter of Hon. Wyl'e B. Johnson, April 29th, 1868, a lady esteemed for her many graces of mind and heart, and usefulness to her church and society. They have two children living, Archer, and their sweet little daughter Katie. One child, Johnson, died in infancy.

FRANKLIN BANK.

Franklin Bank was established in New Providence in 1868, under the State banking laws and name of New Providence Savings Institution, with Thomas F. Pettus, President, and W. S. Poindexter, Cashier. The bank was under the most capable management, and proved a great factor in upholding the business enterprise on the other side of the river. It not only favored the merchants, accommodated the people of the country, but steadily maintained the tobacco interest on that side, giving efficient aid to two warehouses. Really New Providence was the competitor of Clarksville in the tobacco trade, and also in groceries, up to about 1874 to 1876. After the completion of the Nashville & Henderson Railroad, Hopkinsville established a tobacco market, and the local pride of the Christian county people caused them to withdraw their patronage from New Providence and give it to Hopkinsville. The bank capital, Messrs. Pettus, Hambaugh, and other prominent tobacco men, had been able to stop nearly all of the Trigg and Christian county tobacco on that side, but the break to Hopkinsville was so sudden and great that it completely nonplussed the little town. In the meantime Mr. Pettus died, whose influence was a great loss, and after Mr. Pettus was succeeded as President by Mr. P. C. Hambaugh, the bank pulled up stakes and moved over to Clarksville, and was established in a building on Franklin street about the place it now occupies, when the name was changed to Franklin Bank and a few more stockholders admitted, increasing its capital from \$40,000 to \$52,000. This was a streak of good policy both for the bank and Clarksville. It brought with it the remaining patronage, very nearly all of the tobacco trade following. This strength added to Clarksville, the home market was no longer divided against itself, but was stronger to fight Hopkinsville, Louisville and all competition. The bank in its new location gathered increased patronage, and also strength and influence from its liberal policy and wise and prudent management by its Cashier, Mr. Poindexter. The building in which the bank was first located was destroyed by the big fire of 1878. Its assets and books, however, were all saved. The contents of its vault and safe were found in perfect preservation, and the bank was opened in the old banking house on the square now occupied by the telegraph office, where it proceeded with business until its present

building, erected expressly for it by Mr. D. Kincannon, was completed, and since that time its prosperity has continued to increase, and no institution enjoys more fully the confidence of the public. Its stock is valuable and not to be had on the market. Mr. R. B. Rossington has been efficiently connected with the bank since it moved to Clarksville as Assistant Cashier. Mr. R. E. McCulloch is the accomplished book-keeper, and Mr. Richard Poindexter the sprightly young clerk and collector.

William Spencer Poindexter, Cashier of the Franklin Bank, was born in Russellville, Ky., February 1st, 1830. At the early age of thirteen years he commenced clerking in a dry goods store. Of course his education must have been limited at that age, yet he took to business methods like a young duck to water. He could run his eye over a column of figures and guess every time, in a minute, the sum total of the whole, and no boy was ever so happy as he when given a hard sum, a problem in figures, or interest in fractional parts to calculate. Samuel Poindexter, his father, was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1796, and moved to Logan county in 1820, where he continued farming until his death in 1875. He raised six children, Wm. S. being the third. The grandfather, Peter Poindexter, was a Virginian, and died in 1840. Mr. Poindexter came to Clarksville October 1st, 1853, and engaged as book-keeper in the warehouse of W. S. McClure, which was given the name of "Rat-Proof Warehouse." It was said that Mr. McClure gave the house this name as a burlesque on Smith or some other man who advertised his house as "fire-proof." But this is doubtful. The most plausible solution is that he set



Billy Poindexter to figuring on the number of hogseeds of tobacco they would receive that year, and he figured the house full and then figured the rats out of their holes for more room. Mm. Poindexter was the first clerk he had ever crossed who could subtract a rat from its hole, and the name "Rat-Proof Warehouse" struck him with force. It was a good hit.

In 1858 Mr. Poindexter took charge of Red River Landing Warehouse, New Providence, on his own account, which he operated two years successively until 1860, when he formed a partnership, operating Trice's Landing Warehouse under the name of Poindexter & Pollard. This house controlled a large tobacco business, besides being the shipping point for the country on the north side of the river, and handled all of the flour from the several country mills on Big and Little West Forks, receiving all of the goods for Hopkinsville and interior towns and country stores. The house was well managed and made money, giving general satisfaction to customers. In 1867 Mr. Poindexter was elected Cashier of the New Providence Savings Institution, which,

after being moved to Clarksville, was changed to its present name, Franklin Bank, and has since continued in that position. It is to his financial skill and enterprising management that the bank is indebted for its large correspondence and great popularity. He is one of the most clear-headed financiers in the country. Public confidence in his integrity and careful management brings to the bank very large deposits from the country and consequently an extensive and prosperous business. Soon after the bank was moved he sold his place in New Providence and purchased his present comfortable home, corner Commerce and Seventh streets. Mr. Poindexter was never in any way extravagant, but observing practical economy with nothing stinted in comfortable living has been able to save quite a competency, layed away for a rainy day. Ostentatious in nothing, he has in a quiet way aided many young men in starting in life, who remember him most kindly for his generous assistance. He has acquired a general knowledge of men and things, keeps posted on all public affairs, and takes a practical view of everything, and always when relieved from business is very sociable and entertaining. He is liberal in the support of every laudable enterprise or anything that promises good results to the community, and charitable in his nature to objects of need.

Mr. Poindexter was married in 1859 to Miss Emily Everett. Their union was blessed with one child, a lovely daughter, Mrs. Lula Anderson, wife of W. B. Anderson. Mrs. Poindexter died in 1864, and some time after he married Mrs. Mary Gee, who died in 1873, and in 1875 he was wedded to his present estimable wife, who was Miss Kate Carney, of Murfreesboro, born in 1840—a lady of splendid education and bright intellect, who is worth her weight in gold to any community. Her hand is in every good work, and not the slightest want escapes her ever watchful eye. She is decidedly a leader in society; intelligent and entertaining, gentle in nature, modest in every act, and careful for the comfort and enjoyment of all. Her presence affords a charm to every circle. In church affairs and on committees of mercy she is ever busy doing good. Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter are members of the Methodist Church and perform well their part. They have two children, William Spencer, a sprightly little boy who is already taking to banking, and Rosa Kathleen, a very lovely little daughter.

Peter Catlett Hambaugh, President of Franklin Bank, came from Virginia in 1842. He applied to Mr. T. F. Pettus at Trice's Landing for work, and Mr. Pettus offered him work in the warehouse because of his manner of applying, believing he would not accept the position, but no sooner than told he tacked a lot of tobacco hogsheads, rolling them around like playthings. Mr. Pettus and all about the warehouse were surprised. When the hogsheads were placed as wanted, he saw a large cable rope, about an inch and a half size, lying on the bank in the mud, where it was used to cable steamers, and was almost covered with sand from the overflow, and thinking it ought to be taken in, he took hold at the waters edge, and raised the cable, cautiously shaking off the sand, and climbing the hill until he got to the other end, which he found fast to a great iron ring securely fastened to a post buried several feet in the

ground, and it was told that he gathered the ring in both hands, making a dead set, when Mr. Pettus called to him not to pull up that ring. This part was told of him as a joke, but he did shake up the rope to let it dry, and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Pettus found him such a valuable man, that his services were retained, and he became so watchful and careful of every interest, that it was not long before Mr. Pettus admitted him as a partner in the house, and from that day they became intimately



connected in business and were close friends during Mr. Pettus' life, and was therefore the more fitted to succeed him as President of the bank. Mr. Hambaugh also engaged in the grocery business in New Providence, and in pork packing, until 1858, when he sold out and moved to Ringgold and engaged in milling, in which he was also successful. In 1865 he moved back to New Providence and engaged in the tobacco business, which he has pursued with marked success to the present day. There is nothing like starting right in life as in everything else; a firm determination to do something, rather than wait for something to turn up, is the proper spirit for every young man to exhibit

when starting out. Mr. Hambaugh had not decided on any special calling or plan, and never dreamed of any special favor coming from Mr. Pettus, but just the way he laid hold, rolled tobacco hogsheads around and pulled at that cable rope, impressed Mr. Pettus that there was something in the young man, and he took a liking to him that grew into a warm and life-long friendship. That very act was the key to Mr. Hambaugh's start and wonderful success in life. Mr. Hambaugh was married to Miss Virginia Burgess, of Kentucky, in 1855. To them was born four children, William P., the owner of Ringgold Mills; Herbert O., the owner of the splendid woolen and flouring mills on West Fork known as Peacher's Mills; John C., junior partner in the firm of R. H. Walker & Co., and who is also engaged in the grocery business in New Providence; and Jewell, a very sprightly, charming little miss. Mrs. Hambaugh died July 27th, 1877. Rev. T. J. Duncan, writing of Mrs. Hambaugh, says: "To her family and domestic interests she was one of the most devoted women that I have ever known. To her husband she was a help indeed. If a well regulated home, close economy and indefatigable labor upon the part of a companion are auxiliaries to a man's success in this life, then Mr. Hambaugh owes much of his success to the frugality of his departed wife. Before her affliction shut her in from society, her church was a sweet resort to her, and no member of my charge was more punctual in their attendance than she. In all the enterprises for the advancement of church interests, she was in the fore front and worked zealously for their consummation. The church will miss her. To the preachers she was proverbially hospitable. Her father's house had been the preacher's home in her childhood, and her life was marked by the same characteristic hospitality." In February, 1880, he was married to his present wife, Mrs. Cephalia Burgess.

Robert Emmet McCulloch, the present book-keeper in Franklin Bank, is a son of Thomas McCulloch, who was for many years a leading clothing merchant of Clarksville, a distinguished Mason and prominent citizen, was born in Brownsville, Haywood county, Tennessee, September 7th, 1839, and was brought to Clarksville by his parents



in 1842 when three years of age. He was educated in Masonic (meantime changed to Stewart) College. He left college a very bright youth, and one of the most pleasing young orators of the school. After completing his education, he commenced business as a book-keeper in the Northern Bank of Tennessee, which place he held three years, from 1857 to 1860, when he was admitted as a partner in the clothing house of McCulloch, Pitman & Co. The firm was composed of Thomas McCulloch, M. C. Pitman and R. E. McCulloch. At the commencement of the war between the States, he enlisted as a private in Company H, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, and was soon after elected Sergeant of the Company. Later he was promoted by the War Department to First Lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp, and was assigned to duty on the staff of Brigadier General Wm. McComb, which position he held to the close of the war, when he returned home and again engaged in the clothing business with his father until his death in 1867, after which the house was continued in his own name several years. From 1872 to 1880 he was engaged in the tobacco business; three years with Grinter, Young & Co., three years with M. H. Clark & Bro., one year with Turnley, Ely & Co., and one year with S. E. Thompson & Co., New York, and since 1880 has occupied his place in Franklin Bank. He is also Treasurer of the Tobacco Board of Trade, and the efficient Secretary of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association, a very high and trustworthy place. Few men of his age have held more positions of honor and trust, and no one has discharged his duties with more efficiency, promptness and fidelity, and no one enjoys a larger share of public confidence. He is a most systematic business man; a cultured gentleman of refined sensibilities and high conceptions of moral rectitude. Early in life he united with the Methodist Church, making a faithful and useful member, and is now one of the Stewards of the church. In 1866 Mr. McCulloch was united in marriage with Miss Bettie Williams, of Henderson, Ky., a lady greatly esteemed by her neighbors and acquaintances. This happy union has been blessed with four lovely children; two lost, and only the two little boys, Thomas and Emmet, living.

Robert B. Rossington, Assistant Cashier of Franklin Bank, son of W. W. Rossington, was born in Cloyne, Ireland, June 1st, 1842, and was brought to this country by his father, who settled in Hopkinsville in 1850. Mr. Rossington received his education in the common schools, and about 1859 or 1860 commenced clerking and book-keeping in a dry goods store. During the war he engaged in farming. In 1867 he came to New Providence and engaged in the tobacco business for Whitlock, Mc-

Kinney & Co., Trice's Landing, and continued in the tobacco business with different firms and on his own account until 1877, when he took his present position as Assistant Cashier in the Franklin Bank, where he has served with fidelity and honor to himself; prompt, energetic and correct in the discharge of his duties, and ever accommodating to customers or strangers in the smallest want. He is a man of trained, systematic business habits, and a Christian gentleman. Mr. Rossington was married to Miss Sallie Cowherd, of Montgomery county, in November, 1864. To them was born two children, Reynolds and Thomas. Mrs. Rossington died September 12th, 1870, and November 10th, 1874, he united in marriage with Miss Mary E. Smith, daughter of Mr. John K. Smith, a most excellent lady, and to them has been born one child, a lovely daughter, Fannie.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK.

The Farmers and Merchants National Bank was organized September 23rd, 1884, under its charter obtained August 25th of the same year. Its first officers were Horace H. Lurton, President, and John W. Faxon, Cashier. When Mr. Lurton was elected one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, Capt. J. J. Crusman was elected President. The authorized capital of the bank was \$500,000, and the paid up capital \$100,000. The two first years of its existence, up to January 1st, 1887, it had set aside to its surplus account \$4,000, had paid \$10,000 in dividends to its stockholders, and had undivided profits amounting to \$3,000, making a profit of eight and one-half per cent.

per annum. Its growth has been rapid, and for a new institution, competing with four old and well established banks, its success has been marvelous. The building it now occupies was built especially for the bank by Mr. Samuel Hodgson, and its interior arrangements supervised by its Cashier, Mr. John W. Faxon, make it confessedly one of the cosiest and most convenient banking houses in the country. It contains one of Hall's latest improved safes, a roomy and strong vault, guarded by one of Sargent & Greenleaf's most modern time locks. It is now one of the leading banks of Clarks ville.

Hon. Horace H. Lurton, first President of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, was born in Campbell county, Ky., son of Dr. L. L. Lurton, who was at that time a practitioner there. He was educated at Douglas University, Chicago, where he had entered on the sophomore course, but on the breaking out of the war he re-



turned home and entered the Fifth Tennessee Regiment, whence he was afterwards transferred to Morgan's Cavalry. His father had removed to Clarksville during the war, where the son joined him at its close. He then attended the law school of the Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., where he graduated as Bachelor of Laws in February, 1867, during which year he married Miss



Fanny Owen, daughter of a distinguished physician of Lebanon, and step-daughter of Professor James M. Safford, the State Geologist. Returning to Clarksville he practiced law in partnership, first with the Hon. G. A. Henry, and afterwards with the Hon. James E. Bailey. In January, 1875, the Chancellorship of the district became vacant by the resignation of the Hon. Charles G. Smith, when Mr. Lurton was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy. The next year he was elected without opposition to the same office, which he held till 1878, when he resigned. The occasion of his resignation was the election of his former partner, Colonel Bailey, to the Senate of the United States, which made it necessary that Judge Lurton should be at Clarksville to wind up the unsettled business of the firm. From

1878 to 1886, Judge Lurton practiced law in Clarksville in partnership with Judge Smith, his predecessor on the bench of the Chancery Court. In the courts of the county and circuit, he has long been known as a leader in the Clarksville bar, widely known for the exceptional ability of its members. In August, 1886, he was elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, where it was predicted he would further develop that genius for the law which had been so long accorded him. In that his friends and the public have not been disappointed. He has already shown a fitness for the place, by the rapid and accurate dispatch of business, which stamps him at once as among the foremost jurists of the country. His transference to the Supreme bench of the State has left a vacancy not to be filled by any ordinary man. His leading characteristics as a lawyer were a profound knowledge of the law, backed by a close and cogent logical faculty, which render his arguments impregnable. To his knowledge of the law has been added an extent of general information rarely associated with such professional acquirements. Judge Lurton and wife have been blessed with four children: Kate, the eldest, a very bright and lovely daughter, died in 1885; the surviving ones, Leon and Horace, are sprightly boys, and May, their little daughter, a very sweet child.

John W. Faxon, banker, traces his ancestry back on both sides of the family to England. The American branch of the Faxon family, through a well prepared genealogical history, traces back to 1601, when Thomas Faxon was born in England. He

emigrated to America previous to 1647 with his wife Joane, and settled at Braintree,



Massachusetts. Ebenezer Faxon, the grandfather of John W. Faxon, who was a Captain in the Colonial army, settled in West Hartford, Connecticut, (now called Elmwood) where Charles Faxon, the father of the Faxon family of Tennessee, was born July 4th, 1799. Charles Faxon was married to Lucy Ann Steele, May 4th, 1823. She was a descendant of John Steele, who was born in Essex, England, and emigrated to New England in 1631 or 1632, and was one of the pioneers in settling the State of Connecticut. Charles Faxon was a printer, bookseller and editor. He conducted the Catskill (N. Y.) *Recorder* from 1823 to 1831, when he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., where he started the *Daily Star*, which afterward consolidated with the *Republican*, and was one of the strongest Democratic papers in New York. In 1843, with his

family of ten children, he moved to Clarksville, where he published for a short time the *Primitive Standard*, an Episcopal journal, with Rev. Jas. H. Otey, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee, as editor. At the same time he started the Clarksville *Jeffersonian*, which under the editorial management of himself and Charles O. Faxon, aided by his sons Henry W. Faxon and Leonard G. Faxon, continued until the fall of Fort Donelson as one of the leading Democratic organs of the State. John W. Faxon, the subject of this sketch, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., May 24th, 1840. He received his education at the Montgomery Masonic College and Stewart College (now the Southwestern Presbyterian University), and at an early age commenced his commercial life as a clerk in the postoffice at this place. In 1856 he went with his brother-in-law, John E. Wilcox, to Rogersville, Tenn., where he clerked in a bank until 1859, when he was appointed Assistant Bank Supervisor for the State of Tennessee. At the beginning of the war he volunteered in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, Company A, and was elected 3rd Sergeant. During the campaign in Western Virginia he served on Gen. S. R. Anderson's staff as private clerk. On account of physical disabilities he was discharged shortly after the celebrated Cheat Mountain raid, when he returned to Clarksville and was appointed Brigade-Major and Assistant Adjutant-General to Brigadier-Gen. M. G. Gholson, of the Ninety-Second Regiment, Tennessee Militia. During the battle of Fort Donelson he was appointed by General Floyd transportation agent at Clarksville to forward convalescent and straggling soldiers to the front. After the fall of Fort Donelson he was detailed to carry General Floyd's report of that battle to the Secretary of War at Richmond, Va. Here he received an appointment in the Treasury Department of the Confederate Government, where he remained until October, 1863, when he was ordered to report to Knoxville to Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, the Confederate States

Depository at that place, as chief clerk and to detect the counterfeit Confederate currency which was being scattered throughout East Tennessee from its manufactory at Richmond, Ky. After the fall of Knoxville he reenlisted in the 2d Company of Richmond Howetzers, and at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, having received a severe concussion from a shell, he was honorably discharged from the service. As soon as he became convalescent, he was ordered to report to Captain V. Q. Johnson, in charge of the tax in kind bureau at Charlotte, N. C., as chief clerk. The war ending, Mr. Faxon returned to Clarksville, where he entered the Northern Bank of Tennessee as Assistant Cashier, a position he filled with great satisfaction until August, 1883, when he resigned to accept the place as Teller in the American National Bank at Nashville. In January, 1884, he was elected Cashier of the Bank of Hopkinsville, at Hopkinsville, Ky., which position he resigned to accept the Cashiership of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of this city in July, 1884. Few men have been more identified with Clarksville's interests than Mr. Faxon. He served one term as City Treasurer, four terms as Alderman from the Seventh Ward, and as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the city in 1879-80-81 he was instrumental in bringing the financial affairs of the city to the present high standing. As Chairman of the Water Works Committee he aided no little in securing for the city the present excellent fire protection it enjoys. For twelve years he was Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church and collected and paid out the entire amount (over \$40,000) used in erecting the present house of worship for that congregation. His reputation as a first-class accountant called him into requisition in the winding up of the Bank of Trenton, Ky. Whether as bank officer, Alderman, Treasurer of the Board of Trade, Treasurer of the University, or in any of the numerous non-paying positions he has held, he has always discharged his duties faithfully and satisfactorily. For fifteen years he was correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* from Clarksville, and has frequently contributed articles to the press of this city and at other points. He is now Cashier of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the senior member of the firm of John W. Faxon & Co., insurance agents. He is also a member of the City Board of Education. Mr. Faxon was married February 22d, 1856, to Miss Florence Herring of this city, and is the father of four children, Ruth, Ross, Reita, and Marion, all living at this date.

Frank T. Hodgson, general book-keeper and very handy assistant cashier, when so needed, is a son of Samuel Hodgson, was born in Clarksville October 6th, 1860, and was educated in the city schools. He served several years as book-keeper in his mother's millinery's store, in Cincinnati, and with Mr. J. F. Wood in the hardware business until August, 1885, when he was elected to his present position in the Farmers and Merchants National Bank. He is also junior member in the insurance firm of John W. Faxon & Co. Mr. Hodgson is a young man of superior business qualifications and high integrity, filling every station with credit to himself. He was married October 6th, 1885, to Miss Linnie Wilson, daughter of Mr. G. B. Wilson, a lady of splendid accomplishments.

HON. JOHN F. HOUSE.

A volume purporting to be a history of Clarksville would be judged incomplete, should it omit to give extended space to the career and character of the distinguished gentleman whose name appears as the title to this sketch. Though yet at a period of life happily described by Victor Hugo as "the youth of old age," he has been closely identified with the history of public affairs in this city and his native State for the full term of a generation, and in various responsible and exalted trusts has achieved a reputation, within and without the borders of Tennessee, ranking him among the worthiest of her sons whose fame she is proud to cherish. Not unambitious, for generous aspiration is an instinct with those endowed with uncommon talents, it may be truly said of him, that the popular judgment early discerned his intellectual endowments and sterling character, and without effort on his part, dedicated them to the public service. In every sphere in which they have been called into action, he has amply redeemed the auspicious promise of youth, and as the theatre for the display of his powers enlarged, his appreciative friends have been more assured of the accuracy of their estimate. Retiring in his nature and deferential to others, and always indisposed to jostle chariot wheels in the race for promotion, he is, without question, accorded a first place—the peer of any man in the State—and adjudged worthy of the first honors her people can bestow.



The territory of Tennessee was ceded to the Federal Government by North Carolina, and many of its early settlers were immigrants from that State, and among them were the ancestors of John Ford House. His father, a lad at the time, grew to manhood in Williamson county, Tennessee, and married Margaret S. Warren, a descendant of a prominent family of Virginia—the Dabneys—whose religious faith was Presbyterian, having furnished one or more noted ministers to that church. Some years after the death of his father, his mother intermarried with Willis G. Jones, of Williamson county. She survives to an octogenarian age in the immediate neighborhood where her life has been passed, and to the home of this venerable matron on whom, by the death of his father when he was quite young, the rearing of the subject of this sketch was devolved, her devoted son takes time from his busy life to make frequent dutiful pilgrimages of esteem and affection. At the Williamson county homestead he was born, January 9th, 1827. The basis of his education was acquired under the tuition of Edwin Paschall, a man of genuine culture and superior talents, with remarkable aptitude for his profession. He had many pupils who became successful men in various pursuits. He lived to witness such results, and spoke of them with pride, and not least of the

success of this pupil, whose distinction entitles him to extended mention in this work. Leaving the academy of Paschall, young House entered Transylvania University, near Lexington, Kentucky, but did not complete its curriculum for graduation, his preparatory education terminating at the close of the junior year.

The straitened circumstances which compelled him to leave his college course unfinished, required him also before the attainment of his majority, to prepare himself for a calling for support, and with this view, he entered the law office of Campbell and McEwen, of Franklin, Tennessee. Here, for a few months, necessarily without much helpful instruction, he plodded his weary way through the intricate pages of Blackstone and Kent, at times quite discouraged. The Lebanon law school, afterward so famous a seat of legal learning, was, at that time, newly opened, and he betook himself thither, and soon, under the systematic and erudite teaching of Professors Caruthers and Green, he was stimulated with increased zeal in his chosen profession, and became a devoted and favorite student, especially of the former. The necessity for immediate exertion for a livelihood, forced him to leave that institution before its entire course of study was completed, but owing to his great proficiency, the faculty awarded him the full honors of a finished course, and conferred its diploma upon him in 1850. An oration, pronounced as a representative of one of the literary societies of that school, was regarded as an extraordinary effort, and laid the foundation of the reputation which has since been so fully sustained at the forum, on the hustings, and in Congress. To have endured the critical acumen of Judges Caruthers and Green, by whom it was highly praised, it must have rated far above the pyrotechnic rhetoric customary with undergraduates. Indeed, it became a tradition of the school.

Immediately after leaving the law school, he opened a law office in Franklin, Tennessee, but remained only a few months. In January, 1851, he married Julia F. Beech, a native of the same county with himself—a daughter of Mr. L. B. Beech, a prosperous farmer of that region, whose wife was a Miss Crenshaw, from Virginia. Mrs. House was educated at the Nashville Female Academy, in the palmy days of that renowned school. Their union has been blessed with one child only, which died in infancy. At the time of his marriage, he was newly settled in this city in the practice of law, which has since been his home. Clarksville had been long distinguished for the high order of talents and learning possessed by its members of the legal profession, and the young barrister, fresh from his studies, was at once thrown into competition with formidable veterans. An almost immediate success proved the temper of his ability and equipment, and the continued renown of the Clarksville bar is, in a great degree, due to the brilliant addition it then acquired in his person.

By instinct and conviction a Whig, as the country was then politically divided, it was in the following year, memorable for the last national struggle of that party in an organized form, that Mr. House entered the field of political digladiation, as sub-elect for the county of Montgomery, in behalf of the candidacy of General Scott. In the next year—1853—he was sent as the representative of that county in the General Assembly, the first which sat in the present capitol. His talents attracted attention in

that body, containing, as it did, more than a usual number of men of ability. A speech in opposition to a measure aiming to institute a radical scheme of law reform, was a conspicuous effort, and illustrated the sound conservatism he has always displayed. The term reform was, in that instance, perhaps, as it nearly always is, in matters of public concern, an alluring title to some charlatanical project which usually changes things for the worse. The speech elicited commendation from eminent lawyers of the State. During the session, a *brochure* came from his pen in the form of a report from the Committee on Buncombe, which was specially appointed on his motion to consider a proposition to alter the Constitution by Legislative enactment, reducing the *per diem* of members of the General Assembly. Retrenchment—the twin besetting Legislative folly with reform—and its customary motive, was mercilessly caricatured in that humorous paper, which was published at the time. It finely exhibited the power of ridicule which Mr. House frequently uses when the occasion is pertinent.

In a few years, Mr. House had attained a commanding position in his profession, both as a counselor and advocate, and was retained in a large number of the important causes arising in the extensive circuit of which Clarksville is the centre. In every political contest, however, his eloquent voice was heard, and notably in that of 1856, when the conservatism of the South, under the lead of Fillmore, endeavored to stem the tide of the sectionally aggressive forces which had been set in motion by the repeal of the Missouri compromise two years before. Some of his deliverances of that year were equal to any of his best efforts subsequently, and achieved for him wide fame as a powerful debater. In 1860, he reluctantly left his lucrative business at the call of his party, but the duty was one he would not avoid, and he became the district electoral candidate for Bell and Everett in that decisive contest in which the banner of "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws" went down, not to rise again until it emerged rent and disfigured, from the blood and fire of civil war. In that distempered hour, the utterances of no man in the State were more persuasively eloquent and forcible in the attempt to allay the passions which precipitated that result.

Early in 1861, under the authority of the Legislature, an election was held for delegates to a sovereignty convention to consider the impending crisis in public affairs, and to deliberate upon the attitude of the State thereto, and also an election submitting the question of the assembling of such a body. Mr. House was chosen as a delegate, but the popular majority was largely against its assembling, and the proceeding was nugatory. Had the convention been organized, it may well be conjectured that, in some aspects at least, the relationship of Tennessee to subsequent events might have been different, and the fortunes of prominent actors in that era have had another history. A very decided majority of the delegates elect were devoted to the maintenance of the Union, and representing the latest expression of the popular will, might have organized a preponderating sentiment adverse to an alliance with the Confederate cause, even against the fierce tempest of feeling which swept the State a few months later. Whatever might have happened in such a conjuncture is, however, foreign to

this sketch. Mr. House maintained his attachment to the cause of peace, fraternity and union, and would have upheld the Crittenden compromise, or any satisfactory and practical adjustment, and did not cease to labor and to hope in that behalf, until all efforts and hopes were silenced amid the thunder of guns at Sumter, and the tramp of hosts marching South. Thereupon, he, as did many another true patriot, saw his line of duty in the unification of the people of the State in resistance to coercive measures, and in the rapid progress of events, firmly aligned himself with the Southern cause.

When, after the popular vote for "separation", the State formally acceded to the Confederate government, Mr. House was elected a member of the Provisional Congress, and served in that body until February, 1862, having declined to be a candidate for the permanent Congress which superseded the former. He then sought service in the field, and was assigned to the staff of General George Maney and participated in the battles of Murfreesborough, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the frequent fierce engagements between the armies of Generals Johnston and Sherman beyond Dalton, until New Hope Church was reached, in the Spring of 1864. At that point he was ordered by the Richmond war office to report for duty as Judge Advocate, with the rank of captain of cavalry, of the military court sitting in North Alabama, and was engaged in that service until the termination of hostilities, when he was paroled, at Columbus, Mississippi, in June, 1865. From that point he returned to his home, which, for more than three years, had been within the lines of Federal occupation. Like most, if not all others who cast their fortunes on the hazard of the losing die in that desperate conflict, he was reduced to the necessity of rebuilding entirely his ruined estate, and to this he set about with characteristic energy in the practice of the law. As soon as quiet was restored and business resumed, litigation became active, and he was thenceforward constantly engaged in the various courts.

In 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention meeting in the city of New York. That was a body not in all respects judiciously constituted, or under the guidance of any well-digested and defined views of public policy, or well in hand in the interest of any leading character as a candidate for the presidency. It was the formative stage of a new political organization in fact, only partly welded then by the fires of the sectional struggle which gave rise to political issues proceeding from it. While Colonel House, in common with all conservative men in every section, utterly reprobated the truculent and tyrannical measures of reconstruction which the party in majority were enforcing, with others of the body he did not approve of some extreme utterances put forth in the platform and declarations of its chief spokesman, which could have no other effect than to bring the disastrous defeat which followed. In 1870 he was a member of the convention called to revise the constitution of the State, and was able and influential in shaping its work. He served as one of the committee on the judicial department. He was the author of the proposition extending the gubernatorial term to four years, and giving the governor the veto power that functionary now possesses, and providing for a lieutenant-governor, who should be *ex-officio* president of the senate. The entire proposition met with the favor of the con-

vention, but was afterward reconsidered and lost by a small majority, except in the feature noted. He was the author also of a wholesome proposition for an amendment remitting the trial, on their merits, of a large and defined class of misdemeanors to justices of the peace, thus superseding the necessity of such culprits being confined in jail awaiting indictment, and being put through the tedious and costly forms of trial in the higher courts. It is the absence of such a provision that so enormously swells the item in the treasury budget under costs of criminal prosecutions. The measure failed by a majority of two votes. In 1872 he supported the forlorn candidacy of Horace Greeley for the presidency, rather as a protest against the Grantism of the period, which seemed to embody all that was politically vicious, whether of principle or practice, than an endorsement of that singular political movement; and at the same election, actively antagonized the return to the public councils of Andrew Johnson, who was a candidate for representative at large for the House of Representatives.

In 1774 he was nominated for Congress from the Nashville district by acclamation, and took his seat in December, 1875, as a member of the Forty-fourth Congress. He received a similar form of nomination in 1876, 1878 and 1880, and voluntarily declined to serve another term. His period of service comprised the last half of General Grant's second term, all of Hayes', and the first half of the Garfield-Arthur administration. His entrance of the National Legislature was at the advent of the first Democratic majority in the lower house after the first Congress under Buchanan, eighteen years before, and for six years of his service that party was in power in the body. Many important questions were debated, and during the winter of 1876-'77, pending the electoral count, the scenes were tempestuous, surpassing in excitement perhaps those of any former time. Colonel House was a conspicuous and influential member from the first session. During his Congressional career, several Democratic members from his State were his elders in age and of longer service, and their preferment in the organization of the House of Representatives to a degree excluded him from that character of advancement to which his conceded capacity would otherwise have promoted him. But he was at once assigned to leading committees—the judiciary, elections, the Pacific railroad, the Texas Pacific, civil service reform, and the special committee on laws relating to the election of President and Vice-President. He served as chairman of the Democratic Congressional caucus, and in 1879 was prominently considered for the Speakership of the House, many discreet members of his party urging him as a more judicious choice than either of the recognized aspirants. With characteristic modesty he gave no countenance to the movement. His committee work was promptly and efficiently done in all its stages. While not ambitiously frequent in speech from the floor, from his first effort he always commanded the attention and interest of the body, and his participation in brief current debates was always pointed and forcible. His more formal speeches were always full expositions of the subject, pregnant with thought and suggestion, expressed in vigorous and eloquent diction, and delivered with the animation and fervor of the genuine orator. His first speech in committee of the whole, in 1876, was on a delicate and difficult question at that juncture to a

Southern Representative—the relations of the North and South. It was treated in a considerate and masterly manner, and was pronounced by many of his Southern colleagues competent to discriminate, the most statesmanlike utterance drawn forth in the long discussion. It gave great satisfaction to his immediate constituency, and secured his position as a leading exponent of the manliness and conservatism of the Southern Democracy. Other notable speeches during his Congressional service were those on the Louisiana returning board, whose matchless scoundrelism was vehemently denounced; on the tobacco tax, a subject of great interest to the region he represented; on the state of the Union, involving a discussion of the relations of capital and labor and the burden of the public debt; on the policy of the government toward the Texas Pacific railway; on appropriation measures generally, and equality before the law of the different sections of the country; on civil service reform; on the election of delegate Cannon, of Utah; and on the question of claims against the government. He also delivered eulogies on George S. Houston, of Alabama, and Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, who died members of the Senate of the United States. Both were models of chaste and tasteful allusion in that most difficult line of oratory, and the latter glowed with admiration of the splendid character it portrayed. His service in Congress was so useful and distinguished, that his retirement was not only cause of regret in Tennessee, but throughout the country. The withdrawal of such men from public employment often gives rise to the reflection that our system should, perhaps, in some manner offer greater inducements for retaining to the use of the government the superior qualifications they possess, and the valuable experience they have acquired.

In May, 1880, at the centennial celebration of the founding of Nashville, he was selected to deliver the oration at the unveiling of an equestrian statute of Andrew Jackson erected on the grounds of the capitol, and in the presence of the thousands assembled on the occasion, he pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the character of the great soldier and statesman. Since he has been in private life and immersed in professional engagements, he has only appeared in public to serve as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1884, and was Chairman of the Tennessee delegation in that body. Perfect frankness and unchallenged integrity of motive and conduct have illustrated alike Colonel House's public and personal relationships, and no imputation of chicane or demagoguery has ever assailed his character. When called upon, he has met every issue at the threshold without equivocal utterance. Educated in the principles and traditions of the Whig party under the tutelage of Clay, Webster, Bell, White and other more or less eminent leaders, who, for more than three decades of the country's history, with varying success impressed the policy of the government, until the era of the civil war, he was its ardent and devoted adherent. Since that period, he has been a not less bold and faithful member of the Democratic party, and in this apparent radical change of political convictions there is no inconsistency. The limit of this sketch affords no proper field for the discussion of the question involved in this statement. Suffice it to say, that the prolonged predominance of a party exercising, during the sectional conflict and for twenty years after, powers of the government far

beyond the text and spirit of its constitutional scope, profoundly altered the entire political situation. In resistance to such tendencies and policies, the very essence of the conservatism which was the cardinal characteristic of the Whig party, required men who proposed to conform the workings of the government to the intent of the chart of its legitimate functions, to reverse their political attitude. The multifarious mischief of centralization, and the absorption by the general government of all power reserved respectively to the several States and to their peoples, became the paramount evil to be repressed. To this spirit and purpose, is to be attributed Colonel House's political views and efforts for twenty years past, and he is but a prominent exemplar and type of a large majority of former Southern Whigs. All history teaches true statecraft to be the adoption of principles and the adaptation of measures which may best preserve the proper ends of government and meet current exigencies in public affairs, and that differing periods present different requirements. That is the just and simple solution of the question. To the change in views thus necessitated, Colonel House has been inflexibly consistent. He opposes all interposition directly or indirectly by the Federal Government with concerns properly within State cognizance and control, and resists the centripital force in every direction and particular. To this end, he has recently published a letter of great power in opposition to such legislation as presented in the Blair educational bill now pending in Congress, and it may be said that no argument delivered against it in the Senate of the United States equals that letter in cogency and conclusiveness, either as to the constitutionality or expediency of the measure. He does not hold that the "general welfare" clause in the Constitution gives Congress general power of legislation on every subject, nor does he on the other hand, assert the qualified sovereignty of the States against the powers delegated to the general government, but he does hold the vast mass of legislation affecting the immediate concerns of the people, is wholly within the inalienable province of State authority.

Though holding no official connection with the State government since his Legislative service more than thirty years ago, he has properly been moved to deep interest in her public affairs, and with customary candor and decision, has expressed his views on questions which have agitated her people. The most distracting of these since the war was the disposition of the State debt. Its final adjustment, determined by the Democratic State Convention of 1882, was justified and boldly upheld by Colonel House as the wisest practical settlement of which it was susceptible. Valued friends differed and criticised his course as a departure from the standard by which he had held public and private obligations to be governed. Of course he, with the large majority who coincided with him, knew it was ideally right that the composition of a public debt so contracted should be on terms proposed or agreed to by the creditors, but it was very clear the time when such an adjustment was possible had irrevocably passed, and that in the ferment of popular feeling and the rapid drift of events, repudiation of the entire debt was imminent. The action of the Democratic majority of the State, which alone could effect any permanent settlement acceptable to the people, was timely, and averted a conclusion of the question which might have brought irretrievable

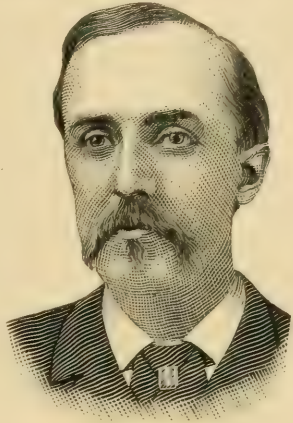
ruin and irreparable dishonor. The result, year by year, since the adjustment, amply vindicates the wisdom and substantial justice of the course pursued by Colonel House and those who acted with him.

The biographer's duty would fail in its performance if he did not endeavor to present some of the more personal characteristics of his subject. Colonel House is of medium height, compact in figure, and inclining to portliness. He is fully developed in the region of the chest, giving him the powerfully resonant voice he uses with such skill and effect in public speech. His head is large, well set upon its support, and animated by intellectual and expressive features. His carriage and address is one of ease and natural dignity. Neither in the social circle or his daily walk, or before a jury, a deliberative body, or a popular audience, does he present any of the artificial graces of what, for a better word, is usually called style. He is everywhere and in all senses, an earnest man, too deeply interested in whatever is in hand to pause to consider such trivial adjuncts. And yet his deportment is devoid of nothing whose place such things could supply. His forensic and popular addresses, whether the occasion be more or less important, are solid and weighty in matter, and never without point, and clothed in copious and forceful diction, appeal to the reason and judgment of his hearers. Figurative illustration of his love of thought is not wanting, but he uses, without distasteful excess, the rare gifts of imagination and fancy natural to him. His temperament is fervid, and breathing through every movement of mind and bodily gesture, there is an intensity of feeling sometimes manifest in vehement delivery. This prompts him, too, at times, to employ invective, and to the display of powers of sarcasm which an antagonist may well apprehend. He easily relaxes from the cares of his office and business, and in the *abandon* of a circle of friends, he is a most entertaining and agreeable companion. For a number of years he has been a communicant of the Methodist church, and has served as a lay representative in its assemblies.

As a public man, he is equally without the art or the inclination to seek popularity by other than legitimate methods—the worthy performance of every duty which may confront him, and the open avowal of his convictions and sentiments. By such means he has maintained a public character than which none is held in higher estimation by his fellow-citizens of all parties, alike for splendid abilities and stern fidelity to every trust. He bids fair to attain a more exalted official station than he has yet held, and in such a sphere he would win the confidence and admiration of the people of Tennessee to an equal degree with any man who has ever served as her representative in the Senate of the United States.

HON. ARTHUR H. MUNFORD.

Hon. Arthur H. Munford, the present efficient Judge of this judicial circuit, is widely and favorably known in this and adjoining counties. No man has more friends than he, and no man deserves to have more. He has grown up here in our midst, and by dint of energy and perseverance, aided by a naturally kind heart and amiable temper, he has fought his way to a position in the esteem and affection of our people of which any man might be proud. Mr. Munford has a singular faculty for making friends wherever he goes. In the Legislature of 1884, where he represented this county, he gained the warm friendship of Speaker Manson and other prominent members. As Chairman of the Judiciary Committee he won laurels for himself and displayed a knowledge of the law and a faculty for dispatching business which showed him to be eminently fitted for the position he now so gracefully and satisfactorily fills. Mr. Munford was born in Clarksville on the 2nd day of June, 1849. His father was a prominent Whig in the old days when Clay and Polk contended for the mastery in Tennessee, and more than once represented this county in the Legislature. He died in the prime of life just before the war broke out, and his oldest son, entering the army soon after, was killed at the battle of Franklin, so that Arthur found himself, almost in childhood, the head and mainstay of the family. He had, however, the example and advice of an intelligent mother to guide him, and from his youth up he has been sober and industrious, of excellent morals, and a disposition so accommodating that he has never lacked for friends. Arthur was educated at Stewart College here, and is out and out a Montgomery county product. He studied law in the office of General Wm. A. Quarles, and came to the bar about sixteen years ago, since which time, up to his election to the office of Circuit Judge, he diligently followed the practice of his profession. He has several times presided as Special Judge in the Circuit and Criminal Courts in this and adjoining counties, and has always acquitted himself creditably. He is quick to see the point in the discussion of a question, prompt and decisive in his rulings, and clear in his charges to juries or in announcing his conclusion on any disputed point. With all this, he has an affability and a courtesy springing from native politeness, which has enabled him to avoid giving offense even to those with whom he has been compelled to differ in opinion. In his last canvas for the Legislature and in his course at Nashville, you always knew exactly where to find him, and while all of his constituents did not perhaps endorse his course upon every public measure, none could fail to respect him for his candor and for the firmness with which he advocated what he thought to be right. On the 29th of April,



1880. Mr. Munford was married to Miss Lilly Underwood, of Bowling Green, Ky., daughter of Hon. Joseph R. Underwood, one of the most distinguished men that our neighboring State was ever produced. An early and life long friend of Henry Clay, Governor Underwood filled almost every position of trust that his people could confer on him, and it is not too much to say that his daughter, who became Mrs. Munford, inherited many of the rare traits of character that made her father so respected and beloved in his day. Mrs. Munford was a lady of especially bright mind, and of such kind heart and winning manners that she was a universal favorite in the new home here to which her husband brought her. It was a literal fact with her, that

“None knew her but to love her ;

Nor named her but to praise.”

She died in the early spring of 1885, leaving two little girls, the oldest about four years of age, the youngest only a few days old.

JOSHUA COBB.

Dr. Joshua Cobb was a native of Eddyville, Ky., born April 19th, 1809. He possessed a strong and active intellect, and received a liberal education. He graduated



at West Point Military Academy in 1835 with distinction, and won high honors in the medical schools. His splendid talent and studious application gained for him a most lucrative position at once, that of medical attendant or resident physician at Cumberland Iron Works, Stewart county, where his active career was commenced. The Cumberland Iron Works Company operated three furnaces, Bear Spring, Dover and Bellwood. They employed slave labor, and negroes were so valuable that iron makers were compelled to employ the best medical talent. Dr. Cobb had the practice of these three furnaces by contract, and soon gained in addition a lucrative practice in the thickly populated

country surrounding. During the same year (1835) he was married to Miss Julia Mimms, an accomplished lady of his native town, Eddyville, who was a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Mimms, of Virginia, who died in 1841, and in 1843 he married Mrs. Mariana T. Dortch, who was a daughter of Colonel Henry H. Bryan, who represented the Clarksville District four years in Congress. Dr. Cobb was noted for his practical business sense, as well as his medical skill and thoroughly trained mind, and success attended his efforts. He was greatly encouraged by the sound judgment and unerring counsel of his good wife, whom he consulted on all important transactions. While engaged in his profession, riding over the country, he became familiar with the rich iron deposits, and by the advice of his wife bought a large amount of these lands, and about 1844 he gave up his practice and organized the Rough and Ready Furnace Company, composed of himself, Thomas W. Barksdale, Samuel Cooke and William

Bradley. They built the Rough and Ready Furnace and operated it very successfully one year, and sold out to Barksdale, Johnson & Co. for \$65,000. The next venture was the purchase of Lagrange Furnace. In this Messrs. D. N. Kennedy and William Phillips were partners, under the style of Cobb, Phillips & Co. This also proved a paying investment, and the company was induced to build the Eclipse Furnace, and buy the Clark Furnace and a one-third interest in the Girard Furnace. These last purchases proved a mistake, and consumed the profits of Lagrange. The property depreciated greatly during the war, and it was only by the best management that they got out safe, and was about the only one of the many iron companies that saved anything from the wreck of the war. This magnificent property, valued at a quarter of a million of dollars, was sacrificed for \$75,000.

Dr. Cobb moved to Clarksville in 1851, continuing his connection with the iron interest, and giving his attention to the outside work, such as selling iron, buying supplies, settling accounts, etc. Before moving here, however, he bought the present Cobb homestead of Judge William Turner, who moved to Nashville about that time. This place consisted of four acres, the beautiful forest hill, a small grove between Madison and Commerce and Fifth and Sixth streets, on which is now located the beautiful homes of Mr. Merritt, Mrs. Pettus, and Dr. George Bowling, besides the Cobb home. This proved a wise investment, the most beautiful square in the city, for which he paid a sum equal to \$5,500 cash, from which lot Mrs. Cobb has since sold off \$13,000 worth of lots, and still has the value of \$10,000 left. The Cobb residence was built by Judge Turner and not quite finished when Dr. Cobb bought it. The house built by William Bradley is now worth, saying nothing of the ground, more than the whole place cost.

Dr. Cobb at once identified himself with the public-spirited citizens, taking an active part in all city and county measures of progress. His splendid business talent, high order of intellect, stern integrity and practical methods which so well fitted him for a leader in society were soon recognized, and he was called to the front on every occasion when wise counsel and courage of convictions were needed. He was possessed of a high sense of honor, and being of an irascible temperament, had no patience with anything of a seeming wrong purpose. He was generally careful and conscientious in his investigations of public matters, and after making up his mind was always ready to give a reason for his convictions in the most forcible expression. It required undoubted evidence to change his views, and he always maintained his opinions with vigorous energy. His opposition to what he conceived to be grossly wrong was most aggressive and often violent, no matter who stood in the way, and with all he was tender as a woman in his nature, possessing a heart full of sympathy for weak and suffering humanity, and kind to a fault in his personal relations with his fellow man. He was elected several terms Mayor of the city, and served with the highest credit to himself, ever watchful of the public interest. About 1866, after retiring from active business, he was persuaded to serve the county as Magistrate, which he did with distinguished ability up to the minute of his death, which occurred suddenly in open court

on the 7th of April, 1879. He was at the time regarded as the foremost member of the County Court, served on all important committees, and always filled the chair in the absence of the judge.

By his first marriage Dr. Cobb had two children, Irene, wife of Captain F. P. Gracey, and Captain Robert L. Cobb, at present chief engineer and manager of new construction for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. To his second marriage with Mrs. Dortch, who is the mother of William T. and Dr. George C. Dortch by her first marriage, was born Edwin Cobb, who was mortally wounded in the Confederate service at Chancellorsville the same day that General Stonewall Jackson fell, and died soon after at Richmond, Va.; Mary, who married Captain W. B. Tapscott; Marina, wife of H. C. Jessup, Mt. Rose, Penn.; Virginia, wife of City Marshal Robert H. Williams; Sallie West, wife of Mr. Bryce Stewart, and son, Gideon Clark, who died at nine years of age. His widow, Mrs. Marina Cobb, who is now seventy-six years of age, still survives, occupying the homestead, and is one of the most interesting ladies of Clarksville—a lady of clear head, active brain, and particularly bright memory, keen perception, posted on all current events and very entertaining, observing all the courtesies of society with charming grace. Dr. Cobb lacked but a few days of seventy years. His sudden death was the result of apoplexy, no doubt brought on sooner from undue excitement in a heated discussion of a public question before the County Court. He had been in feeble health for some time from heart disease, and sudden death was to be expected, but was not looked for at that time. The following extract from the *Courier-Journal* of the following day by the Clarksville correspondent describes the scene of his death: "At about half-past ten o'clock this morning the whole community was shocked to learn that Dr. Joshua Cobb had died suddenly of heart disease while in discharge of his duty as a member of the County Court at the Court House in this city. The report spread rapidly and great excitement prevailed. The County Court was engaged at its regular April term in transacting its business. The report of Judge Tyler upon the compromise of a recent lawsuit of the county against the Louisville & Nashville railroad was up for discussion. Dr. Cobb made a speech in relation to the subject, during which he showed great earnestness and appeared, as he always did when deeply interested in a discussion, very much excited. At the close of his remarks, while another member was addressing the Court, he staggered, uttered a peculiar sound and fell forward into the arms of those who stood near him. Drs. Daniel F. Wright and C. W. Bailey were called to his assistance. Proper restoratives were applied, but all efforts were fruitless, as his spirit had flown from earth. * * * For some time past his health has been gradually failing, until death to-day struck the fatal blow while he was manfully fighting for what he deemed the best interests of his county, leaving to be inscribed upon his monument the noble tribute, 'Died at his post.' * * * Out of respect to his memory the County Court has adjourned until Monday, April 21, and all places of business will be closed at the time of his funeral." The *CHRONICLE* closed a well-written article on his character with the following paragraph noticing the obsequies: "His funeral at the Methodist Church was largely attended, and the grand

points in his character as an honest and kind-hearted man and a just and conscientious magistrate were impressively dwelt upon by the two ministers, Rev. R. K. Brown and W. Mooney. The interment was in the family allotment of the City Cemetery."

CHARLES BAILEY.

Charles Bailey was born in Sampson county, North Carolina, on February 9th, 1791. His father, David Bailey, came from Scotland in the year 1770, and was married to Mary Williamson, daughter to Daniel Williamson and Jeannette McDougle. David Bailey died in 1794, and his widow, Mary, with her children, came to Montgomery county, Tennessee, in the year 1805. The children walked nearly all the way out, crossing Red River at Port Royal in April, 1805, wading the streams in their bare feet. Miss Elizabeth White, who afterwards married C. H. P. Marr, was one of the party, and Charles Bailey always admitted that she was the best walker in the party. The widow settled near Clarksville, in the neighborhood of the old Lee Henderson place. Here she eked out a living for a large family of small children. Charles Bailey came to this city about the year 1808, and on the 29th of May, 1817, he was married to Mary Bryan, daughter of James H. Bryan, of Robertson county, Tenn. He was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court in 1836, and was re-elected from term to term until 1852, when he was defeated for the office, but was again re-elected in 1856, and then held the office until his death on the 15th of March, 1863. He was elected Justice of the Peace, and qualified on January 3rd, 1853, on which day he was chosen Chairman of the County Court. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church about the year 1842, and was afterwards selected as one of the Elders in the church. Mr. Bailey was a Whig in political sentiment, though very conservative, taking no very active part in politics. No citizen or public officer was ever more universally popular with the masses. His defeat for one term of his office was a great surprise, and more an accident than otherwise. Joseph M. Dye, a very popular Democrat, made the race against him for the clerkship, running upon his merits as a man and Democrat, and had no fault to urge against Mr. Bailey except that he was a Whig and had held the office a long time uninterruptedly. His friends had no idea that Mr. Dye could defeat him, and made no exertions to bring out his vote, while Mr. Dye and friends drew the political lines closely and worked diligently. There never was a complaint or an objection offered against him in the discharge of his official duties, nor against him personally. He was a man absolutely without personal enemies, and Democrats, ever after that defeat, voted for him as before, notwithstanding that party contest was close and often bitter. There was a kind of magnetism about his benevolent face that drew all men to him. He was most sincere in all things, his



heart full of tender devotion, and his friendship genuine, and few men have exercised a more potent influence. The position he so long occupied made him quite a good lawyer, and his advice, so much sought after, was always sound. Mr. Bailey was as pure as men get to be in this life, living in an age when men were judged by principles of honor, not dollars and cents. He floated upon the sphere of integrity. Mrs. Bailey was also a lady of decided character and great worth to the community, always foremost in every good work, occupying a leading position in society, giving shape to the prevailing sentiment. They lived in an old brick house on Franklin street, lately torn down, on the lot now occupied by the handsome residences of Dr. C. E. L. McCauley and Mr. Earnest Beach. The house in its day was a fine residence, and was one of the most hospitable homes in the town. Mrs. Bailey died February 1st, 1878. This most happy union was blessed with six children, five sons and one daughter, five of whom lived to be of age: Henry, father of C. H. Bailey, who died February 16th, 1848; Miss Lucy Bailey, died July 20th, 1867; Hon. James E. Bailey, who distinguished himself as the successor of Andrew Johnson in the United States Senate, died December 29th, 1885; Dr. C. W. Bailey, at present a most eminent physician, and Charles D. Bailey, who now fills with distinction the offices of Circuit Court Clerk and Magistrate, so long honored by his father.

CHARLES O. FAXON.

Charles Oliver Faxon was born at Catskill, New York, February 18th, 1824. He was educated principally in Buffalo, New York, to which place his father, Charles Faxon, removed in 1831. In 1842 he removed to Madison, Wisconsin, where he was



connected with a newspaper as local editor. At eighteen years of age he exhibited such strength of mind as a newspaper writer that he abandoned a plan he had in view of entering West Point to be educated as a soldier, and determined to devote his talents to the newspaper profession. Soon after his father's arrival in Clarksville, Charles O. Faxon followed him, and in 1844, during the exciting political contest between James K. Polk and Henry Clay for the Presidency, he took up his pen as an advocate for Democracy. From his boyhood he had been a student of men and politics, and at twenty-two years of age he was a clear, forcible writer, and could trace the political antecedents of almost every prominent man in either political party.

The Clarksville *Jeffersonian*, at that time edited and published by his father, Charles Faxon, was the only Democratic paper in this Congressional District. Charles O. Faxon became its political editor, but he was so young that his modesty prevented the placing of his name at the head of the editorial column. At first he submitted all his articles to his mother, a woman of superior culture and of fine literary attainments, for

criticism, and he in after life attributed his success as a writer to her careful and severe criticism of his youthful compositions. He had a most excellent memory, and at an early age had read and digested well all the principal standard works, both prose and poetry. He was in fact a walking encyclopædia, and could remember dates and speeches of the leaders of political parties almost word for word. He was courteous in all his writings unless attacked in an underhanded manner, or unless his editorials were twisted or garbled by his opponents to be used against his party. At such times he would send forth such cutting sarcasm and blighting wit as to utterly demolish his adversary. Yet his sarcasm and powerful hits left no sting, for his opponents were until his death his warmest personal friends. Mr. Faxon was appointed Postmaster at Clarksville under Buchanan's administration, a position he held until the war. When the war cloud between the States first made its appearance, he sedulously favored peace and the maintainance of the Union. He wrote strong editorials in favor of the Union until the attack on Fort Sumter, when he wheeled suddenly into line with the South and until the close of the war was one of its staunchest supporters. On several occasions the Tennessee Democracy endeavored to induce him to take charge as political editor of the *Union and American* at Nashville, but having a weak constitution, and knowing the arduous labor required as editor of a daily paper, he declined the position. In 1862 he was a candidate for the Confederate Congress, his opponent being Dr. Thomas Menees, of Robertson county. In this contest the party leaders whom he had served so well and faithfully, and whom he had labored so successfully to elevate, proved treacherous to his cause, and the old story was repeated—he was defeated. After the fall of Fort Donelson, Mr. Faxon went South and was employed on the *Chattanooga Rebel*, afterwards becoming its editor-in-chief, which position he held until the paper was turned over to General Wilson, at Selma, Alabama. The *Chattanooga Rebel* was one of the most remarkable papers of that period. The property of Franc M. Paul, of Nashville, it followed the Western army, issuing its daily editions and selling thousands of copies to the soldiers, containing all the latest news up to the hour of its publication. It moved from place to place, advanced and retreated with the army, and never missed an edition. At the close of the war, Mr. Faxon returned to Clarksville, but was soon summoned to Louisville, Ky., by Colonel W. N. Haldeman, when he was made political editor of the *Louisville Courier*, which had been suspended during the war. The paper in the face of the strongest advocates of Southern destruction, put on a bold front, and from the start fought manfully for the rights of a prostrate people. Threats were frequently made at the Capital that the *Courier* would be suppressed and its editor imprisoned. These threats had no other effect than to make the editorials of the paper more bitter against Republican despotism, and the paper defiantly stood its ground and used all its power in securing for the South better treatment from the Northern bullies. Here Mr. Faxon formed the acquaintance of George D. Prentice, and though they had editorially crossed many a lance, they continued till death warm personal friends. When the *Courier* consolidated with the *Journal*, Mr. Faxon, who was then suffering with consumption, returned to Clarksville, when he

wrote for the *Tobacco Leaf* for a few months, until his health utterly failed him. He died January 28th, 1870, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Faxon was first married, June 4th, 1850, to Sarah C. Hickman, of Roscoe, Todd county, Ky. She died October 20th, 1851, leaving one son, Wm. H. Faxon, now book-keeper for Wheeler, Mills & Co., tobacco salesmen, Hopkinsville, Ky. His second wife, who was sister to his first wife, was Ellen D. Hickman. By this marriage he had five children, four of whom, with the mother, survive him, and are now residents of Christian county, Ky. A friend has truthfully said, that "Charlie Faxon was a man of superior talent, a warm friend and a generous neighbor. He had a contempt for the aristocracy of wealth, but admired talent even in the humblest of earth's creation. He lived almost entirely for others, was a hero in every political contest in which he entered, and died leaving no living man his enemy."

DR. WILLIAM I. HOLMES.

Dr. William I. Holmes was born in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, July 21st, 1810, of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was Andrew Holmes, born in Pennsylvania 1770. His grandfather was born in Ireland in 1730, immigrated to America in 1756,



and was the commander of a company of rangers during the Revolutionary war. His mother was Ann Irvin, born in Pennsylvania in 1771, and died in 1850. Dr. Holmes received a fine education in his youth. He graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at the age of nineteen years, and at once commenced reading medicine in the office of Dr. J. K. Finley, a distinguished physician, and in 1834 graduated with high honors from the University of Pennsylvania. But the young doctor was not to be flattered by the praise of his friends into resting on the laurels won by long and diligent application. There was no rest for the ambitious, energetic spirit like his. Having heard of

the many attractions for young men of nerve in the then far West, he determined to try his fortune, and immediately after graduating came to Montgomery county, locating on the South side of Cumberland River, where there was plenty of timber, iron ore, cheap land, and practice for a young doctor. Dr. Holmes was never in a hurry to get rich, but being a practical man in all things, prudent and cautious, he was content to go slow but sure. Being a young man of fine education, handsome address, entertaining on all subjects, prompt in all his engagements, and accommodating, he soon established himself in the confidence of the people, taking a leading position in the community. He practiced medicine thirty-five years in that community, achieving a wide reputation and eminence in the profession. Moreover he was respected, by the rich and poor alike, for his integrity of character, fair open dealings, honest purpose, sound judgment and good advice on all public affairs. The iron works were generally

in operation during the time, and afforded a lucrative practice to start with, and his earnings were promptly invested in lands, town property, bank stocks and bonds, and has all through life been an economical, prudent man, temperate in all things. For some years his practice extended from Clarksville to Charlotte in Dickson county, keeping him constantly in the saddle. Dr. Holmes was married October 22nd, 1846, to Miss Agnes A. Allen, daughter of Hon. Nathaniel H. Allen, a prominent lawyer, who represented this district in the State Senate. Mrs. Holmes was born December 26th, 1824, and died October 13th, 1865, and was a most estimable Christian lady and devoted wife. To this union was born six children, five of whom are living: John A., born 1847; Mrs. Mary Fuqua, born 1853; Mrs. Lucy Cunningham, born 1857; Mrs. Sarah H. Duncan, born 1863, and Alfred, born 1865. Dr. Holmes moved to Clarksville in 1869, and has since lived a retired life. He has been a devout Presbyterian since 1831, devoted to his church and Christianity, and is greatly esteemed among his neighbors and acquaintances.

MORE ABOUT THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Bowling, wife of the late Richard P. Bowling, a lady of remarkable clear memory, who is related to the old families, for interesting reminiscences of the first settlers, and events that occurred over one hundred years ago, which were given to her by Mrs. John H. Poston, who was Nancy Nelson, and often heard the facts related by her parents.

George Bell and William Montgomery were the first actual settlers in Clarksville. They came here with their families, in 1784, from Virginia. George Bell built the first house that was ever erected in the junction of Cumberland and Red Rivers. The houses were of course log cabins, and stood on the hill side of the big spring known as Poston's spring. William Montgomery and wife, Margaret, were the parents of John Montgomery, a distinguished citizen, for whom the county of Montgomery was afterwards named. George Bell had a son named Hugh, who afterwards became a noted citizen of the county, and a daughter named Elizabeth. One day Hugh Bell was riding over the hill north of where the University now stands, when an Indian in ambush leveled his bow and sent a quivering arrow unerringly at the pale face. Hugh Bell saw the Indian in time to dodge his arrow by throwing himself over on the opposite side of his horse. This motion brought his right leg to the horse's back, and the arrow struck, passing through the calf of his leg. The Indian fled, and Bell, not knowing how many were in the woods, also made good speed for home, and prepared the family for an attack which did not then come. Some time after that a party of Indians, professing to be friendly, made their appearance at Bell's house and asked to stay all night. It would not do to refuse; they were taken in and treated very kindly. The Indians had a sick baby that caused them much concern. It cried a great deal, and Mrs. Bell, thinking it was hungry, got a cup of good cool milk from the spring and sent it to the baby by her daughter Margaret. The child drank heartily of the milk and was quieted. Next morning the Indians, on taking leave of the family, confessed that they came

there for the purpose of killing the whole family of pale faces, but they had been so kind to give the baby milk and save its life, the purpose had been abandoned and they would leave in peace and friendship. A big Indian then pointing to Hugh Bell said he was very sorry he did not kill the big pale face that day the arrow struck his leg, but now "Indian mighty glad arrow missed, because pale faces kind, give the papoose milk," and the band left imploring the blessing of the Great Spirit upon them. Hugh Bell after that settled on the Nashville and Hopkinsville road about two miles north of Port Royal, and built a large story and a half double log house. The daughter, Elizabeth, married a Mr. Nelson, from Virginia. Mr. Nelson settled the home known as the old Warfield place near Dunbar's Cave. Their first born was a daughter, named Nancy for her grandmother, Nancy Bell. She was said to be very beautiful and sprightly, and was married to John H. Poston on the 13th of March, 1808, at the age of fifteen years, Mr. Poston being twenty-two. Mr. Nelson was in well to do circumstances, and gave a brilliant entertainment on the occasion. He doubtless built the present Warfield homestead. Nelson afterward sold the place to Judge Huling, who came here from Pennsylvania, and Wm. R. Bringham married Judge Huling's sister Julia at this place. In after years Frank Poston, youngest son of the first marriage, and Ellen Bringham, daughter of the last marriage, were united in wedlock in the same room in which the parents on both sides were united. The first settlers called the town "Cumberland," which name was afterward changed in honor of a prominent citizen named Clark.

The first graves opened in the junction of Red and Cumberland rivers by the white settlers were for Mrs. Nancy Bell, wife of George Bell, and Mrs. Margaret Montgomery, wife of William Montgomery. This was the beginning of the old grave yard now known as City Cemetery. William Bell, the oldest son, settled in Nashville and became a distinguished citizen, representing the county in the Legislature. An educational enterprise was named in honor of him, which has since been changed to the Normal School.

John Hamill Poston was evidently the first merchant of Clarksville, and he set an example of high commercial integrity which has since prevailed to the credit of Clarksville, as well as to his success and honor. Mr. Poston came to Clarksville, or rather was sent with a stock of goods by a wealthy merchant of Virginia named Wm. King, about 1806 or 1807. He was born in Charles county, Maryland, April 15th, 1786. His father was William Poston, whose wife was Sarah Hamill, of Scotch descent. His grandfather was John Poston, who emigrated from London, England, and settled in Charles county, Maryland. John H. Poston was a man of clear head and fine intellect, and was an honored and prosperous citizen. He and Rev. Henry Beaumont were personal friends, and worked together like brothers in all public affairs. Mr. Poston was for years President of the Board of Trustees for the old Male Academy. He was for several terms President of Branch Bank of Tennessee. He represented this county in the Legislature one or more terms. He was, with Mr. Beaumont, foremost in all things, and greatly honored for his worth as a man and citizen. He kept

a hospitable home, and his house was ever an asylum for the worthy in distress, and more than one orphan has been indebted to his generosity for a home and education. His wife was a very superior woman, possessing the same nobility of soul and strength of character that distinguished her husband. Mr. Poston followed merchandizing during life, and was very successful, accumulating large property. He owned at one time a large portion of Clarksville and considerable real estate in Mississippi. He built successively three houses on the same spot, known as Poston's Spring or the ice factory, all but the last, the large brick, being destroyed by fire. He owned all of the land on Red River between the two bridges and up to Main street, and all back to the bottom was a dense forest. Mr. Poston died at the old brick homestead, October 2nd, 1848, distinguished and honored for his usefulness. To the marriage of John H. Poston and Nancy L. Nelson, was born thirteen children, of whom only the two youngest survive, Hugh Hamill Poston, of Nashville, and Benjamin Franklin Poston, of this city. Two sons, Richard and William Poston, settled in Memphis and distinguished themselves as lawyers; Richard was said to be a brilliant orator. Mr. John F. Couts married a daughter, his first wife, who was a very lovely woman. The writer understands that the other children died quite young. The family were all Methodist except the two youngest, who joined the Episcopal Church.

Clarksville had an organization about 1840 called the "Trades Union," which met at the old Masonic Hall. Nothing can be learned of its object or its officers. The following gentlemen composed the Building Committee for what was then the new Court House, between Franklin and Strawberry streets, which was burnt in the great fire of April 13th, 1878: M. A. Martin, Samuel McFall, Joseph Chilton, Joseph Johnson, Eli Lockert, Henry F. Beaumont, C. C. Williams, George C. Boyd, G. A. Davie. They advertised to let out the contract to the lowest bidder on April 24th, 1841.

Galbraith, Cromwell & Co. were one of the most enterprising business firms in Clarksville forty-five years ago. They built a splendid steamboat named the *James Hood*, in honor of a prominent merchant of Nashville. The boat was built by Clarksville capitalists exclusively, and was regarded as quite an acquisition to the trade. It was completed in December, 1841, and mastered by Captain James Lee. The boat measured 137 feet keel, 156 feet on deck, 23 feet beam, 5 feet hold, 22 inches draft, and carried 240 to 250 tons. It had a handsome cabin with twenty-eight berths, elegantly fitted up. Mr. Galbraith, the head of the firm, was a thoroughgoing business man and greatly esteemed citizen. He left here and engaged in business in New Orleans and died there; his widow, a most estimable lady, still survives, and resides in this city with Mrs. Joshua Cobb. Mrs. Galbraith is a daughter of that good man, John McKeage, the old tobacconist, who ranked along with Henry Beaumont, John H. Poston, Isaac Dennison, Tate Bryarly, Wm. Broaddus, T. W. Frazer, Dr. Drane and others. Galbraith, Cromwell & Co., and Captain Joseph Irwin, owner of the *Clarksville*, bought the *Ellen Kirkman* the same year, and Captain Irwin took charge of her, turning the *Clarksville* over to his brother James.

The following is an advertisement taken from the *CHRONICLE* of April 25th, 1843, which is not without a point, in as much as it exhibits that Christian spirit, union of sentiment, unselfish devotion and general regard for every one's welfare, which has always made Clarksville people strong and their religion beautiful. The Baptist people were building a church; the little brick that used to stand on the southeast corner of the Court House square. They were unable to finish it. There were not more than a dozen Baptists in town, and they were very poor, and this was the fourth church. The Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians already had comfortable houses of worship for the times, and the Baptists wanted one, and instead of trying to smother out this weak effort, as religious bigotry would in many places, here comes men of all the denominations, and some of no religion, putting their shoulders together and their hands in their pockets to help the weaker sect: "The ladies of Clarksville will hold a fair on the 17th and 18th of May. The fair will be opened on the evening of the 17th, in the New Court House, and on the evening of the 18th there will be a Coronation of a Queen of May, and a Supper, got up in the best style. A large attendance from the surrounding country is expected. The proceeds arising from the fair are to be applied to the completion of the Baptist Church in this place. The Clarksville Social Band have kindly agreed to lend their valuable assistance upon the occasion. Admission to fair, 25 cents; admission to coronation and supper, \$1.00; children, half price. G. W. Hiter, R. Poston, Jr., D. N. Kennedy, W. C. McClure, J. H. Hiter, E. P. McGinty, J. Bailey, W. B. Johnson, R. Wilkins, W. P. Hume, Ed. H. Munford, J. T. Wynne, Committee of Arrangements."

Dr. George McDaniel was in the forties a prominent physician and citizen of this city. Himself and family were passionately fond of flowers. On the night of June 30th, 1842, a large party of young people and friends gathered at Masonic Hall, just opposite his house, to witness the opening process of a night blooming cerus. It commenced opening about sundown, putting out three beautiful flowers, which were fully expanded by eleven o'clock, and all were completely dead before the morning sun rise.

Justice E. Moore was perhaps the first man in Clarksville with a camera-obscura, who made his appearance here in December, 1841, taking daguerreotypes. The trouble was getting people to set before the thing, fearing it would extract all of their beauty. Mr. Moore must have done some business, however, as several of the illustrations of early citizens shown in this book were engraved from pictures no doubt made by him.

James A. Grant, in his reminiscences, says: "Jesse Ely and Joshua Brown were here the first time we ever saw the town, and had been, long before, engaged in manufacturing hats, and theirs was the first exclusive hat store here. They were men of untiring energy, industry and unflinching integrity. They soon accumulated a competency and reared large families, the members of each, without blot, sustaining the good name bequeathed them. Mr. Ely bought the lot upon which R. H. Pickering now lives, and built one of the first comfortable homes upon what was then denomi-

nated the Charlotte road, now Greenwood Avenue—in the meantime renting his property down in town, bringing him a handsome income. He died not many years after, leaving his wife and five daughters and three sons, who, under the careful training of the mother, are all honorable, influential members of society. The mother died a few years ago; all the children, save one, still reside here. Mr. Brown died a few years ago, and not a member of his family remains here. Mr. Ely and Mr. Brown were both zealous members of the Baptist Church, and that denomination, in this city, owes much of its prosperity to the unceasing zeal and support of the Ely family, who have stood by it ‘through evil as well as good report.’”

In another sketch Mr. Grant says: “There once lived in this community a young man named Absalom Chilton, familiarly called ‘Boas.’ He was an exceedingly good humored, kind man, and inherited large bone, strength and pluck. After becoming a well matured man he was quick to resent a wrong, but never sought a difficulty. He, however, on account of his strength and courage, caused his friends to say that Boas could whip any man in the county. At that time a large, well developed man named Elliott, lived in one of the surrounding counties, who claimed he could whip any man who could be pitted against him. Hearing of our young hero, he came to town and hunted him up. After securing an introduction, he invited Boas and his friends to the ‘Old Hickory’ to take something to drink. This being through he turned pleasantly to Mr. Chilton and remarked, ‘I have heard that you could whip any man in the country; I deny it, and have come over to whip you.’ Mr. C. told him he had nothing against him, and did not follow fighting just for the fun of it. Mr. E. insisted on a pitched battle—a regular fist-and-skull affair—whereupon Mr. C. told him if he was ‘spilin’ for a fight’ he would accommodate him. They stepped out on Strawberry alley and proceeded to business. After exchanging several terrible blows with the fist Mr. C. gave his antagonist a lick which felled him. The force of the blow also crushed Mr. C.’s right knuckles so badly that after his opponent arose and made at him he had to defend himself altogether with his left hand. Here friends interposed and stopped the battle.”

“Neither of the combatants claimed a victory, but Mr. Chilton’s friends pronounced him victor. Mr. E. left town and we have never heard of him since. Young Chilton bought the farm where Mr. Gaisser’s family now live, built a log cabin, went to farming and kept bachelor’s hall. One hot day in July he was ploughing on the edge of the bluff which overhangs the river at that point, when his plow struck an old stump, which caused a large rattlesnake, about five feet in length, to come out. He procured a club and killed it, but at that moment another, the mate, made his appearance, and they then kept on coming out of their den, of all sizes and length down to five or six inches, until he killed fifty-six snakes. He came to the CHRONICLE office next day to make a report, and laughingly said, ‘It was not a good day for snakes, either.’ A notice of this snake killing can be found in an old CHRONICLE of that date. Mr. C., if living, is now a resident of California, to which State he removed many years ago.”

In 1840 and 1841 Clarksville had a splendid military company called the Independent Guards, composed of her best young men and handsomely uniformed. S. Albert Sawyer, the great tobacconist of Sawyer, Wallace & Co., New York, who was then a youth commencing his business career in Clarksville and greatly esteemed for his sturdy habits and solid character, was the handsome orderly of the company. The death of President Harrison, which occurred April 4th, 1841, was a great shock to the country. Montgomery was a Whig county, and the people felt the bereavement acutely, coming as it did so soon after his victory and inaugural, before the heated fires of the campaign had fully died. Clarksville people observed the time appointed by President Tyler, May 14th, for an exhibition of respect and feelings of sorrow for the dead President, in which the Democrats laid aside all partisan spirit. The occasion did credit to the community. Captain Sawyer brought out his fine company, in handsome uniform, and by special invitation General W. B. Johnson commanded on the occasion and a great procession followed. Rev. Dr. A. A. Muller, assisted by Rev. Dr. I. H. Harris, Rev. H. F. Beaumont and Rev. Simpson Shepherd, officiated.

Allen Johnson was among the prominent business men of early days, engaged in the dry goods business with George Smith, but in later years devoted himself to the tobacco business and died a few years ago at a very old age, greatly esteemed and honored by all men. Dr. C. L. Wilcox came here from Russellville in 1842, though he was raised in this county. He gained a large practice, was elected mayor, and after that removed to St. Louis but returned after a few years and died here about 1878. J. Y. Hiter, a prominent citizen, came here in 1839 and died in 1846, at the age of sixty-three years. T. A. Thomas learned the drug business with Dr. Rowley, and some years later, in 1847, engaged in the drug business on his own account. J. M. Owen and C. E. Parish had drug stores at the same time. The Thomas brothers—T. A. and Dr. E. R. W. Thomas—kept the popular drug store of the town for many years, first at the corner of Strawberry street and the Public Square, where Lehman now has a saloon, and later in Elder's block next to the corner, and were succeeded by Thomas & Warfield—E. R. W. Thomas and George H. Warfield. This firm was succeeded by S. B. Stewart. Dr. Wilson J. Castner, dentist, came here about 1846, and at once gained a wide reputation for skill in his profession. He maintained a most lucrative practice during his life, and was a man of considerable prominence in church and all public affairs, maintaining the highest confidence of the people. He died about 1866. His widow, and daughter, Mrs. Matt Gracey, still survive, occupying the old homestead, corner of Fourth and Franklin streets. In 1846 among the active business men were Settle & Carr, grocers; Ward & Mason, grocers; Wm. S. & R. W. McClure, grocers; John N. Hobbs, stoves and tinware; S. A. Sawyer, grocer; W. & J. E. Broadbuss, dry goods; Beaumont, Payne & Co., grocers; H. L. Bailey, steamboat agent; Dr. L. S. House, practicing physician; T. D. Scott, Sewanee Hotel; Hart & Kennedy, dry goods; R. S. Moore, dry goods; J. S. Shaw, cabinet maker; G. W. & J. W. Leigh, dry goods; H. P. & J. F. Dorris, tin and sheet iron workers; Wither-spoon, Browder & Whittaker; John Adams, dry goods; P. Peacher & Co., hats and

shoes. In 1848 was added W. F. Fall, dry goods and hardware; Philip Larmon, dry goods; and J. D. Watts, hotel and livery business.

The Franklin House, now owned and kept for public accommodation by W. R. Bringham, of popular notoriety, was built about 1842 by Joseph Chilton. In those days of chivalry, big eaters and unstinted hospitality, a man couldn't run a hotel unless he owned a farm and negroes enough to run the farm and wait on the hotel, and withal was not able to keep it up long at the prices charged. Every tavern keeper had his own stables then. Mr. Chilton advertised to sell out November 24th, 1846, and offered to sell the servants belonging to the house; also the farm of 200 acres near town "laid off to support the tavern." It is not known whether he found a purchaser then or not, but two years later the Franklin House was kept by T. V. Cannon, who charged twenty-five cents a meal and \$1.50 per day for man and horse. The inference is that he left there a bursted Cannon.

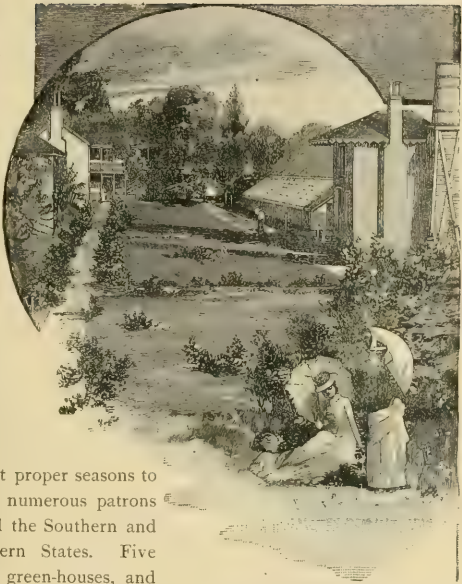
About 1840 London & Douglass, enterprising millers, came to this county from New York and built the New York mills on West Fork. The wheat crop of that year was cut very short, and they imported 4,000 bushels of wheat from Illinois and hauled it out to the mill from the wharf by wagon, and back in flour for shipment. Donaldson & Brown, says John F. Shelton, opened the first regular livery stable in Clarksville, which stood back of E. B. Ely's confectionary house, between First and Second streets and Franklin and Commerce streets—probably Colonel Crusman's old stable. This was about 1841. Mr. Shelton then worked for Harland & Barker in the pork-packing business. This firm put 10,000 barrels of pork annually. It was a good business then and ought to be now if capital was enlisted. Mr. Shelton went to Nashville, learned the livery business and returned here in 1855, and in partnership with J. W. and M. F. Shelton, bought out W. B. Munford's large livery stable, which adjoined the Court House lot, extending through from Franklin to Strawberry streets. They paid Mr. Munford \$8,000 for the stock and fixtures, and several months after sold to Owen Herring for \$11,000, taking a negro man named William in part payment at \$1,500. M. F. Shelton took William for a carriage driver, and the first trip to the farm on Yellow Creek, William was drowned while riding one horse and leading the other into a deep hole for water. John F. Shelton then built a small stable on Strawberry street, which he conducted on his own account some time, and then went in business with S. A. Caldwell, corner Second and Franklin streets, which partnership continued successfully twelve or fifteen years, the firm of Caldwell & Shelton owning a large farm on Cumberland River, operating it in connection with the stable until about 1886, when the firm dissolved, Squire Caldwell taking the stable and Shelton the farm. Mr. Shelton then started the street car line, organizing the company, of which he was elected President. As soon as the line was in successful operation, which was from the start, Mr. Shelton erected the large building on Franklin street now occupied by Bowling Bros. & Cunningham as a feed store, coal office and ice depot, which the firm bought as soon as completed. Mr. Shelton then built the handsome new livery stable, which he now occupies, on Commerce street, between First and Second.



EVERGREEN LODGE.

Evergreen Lodge is situated on a northern suburb of the city of Clarks-ville, and is about ten minutes' walk from the corner of Second and Franklin streets. The "Lodge" is the property of Captain James J. Crusman, on which is his residence—a fit abode for a mil-lionaire—nestling, as it does, among many lovely specimens of evergreens, from which it derives its euphonious appellation. The fitness of the location for a nursery and flower garden may be seen at a glance, from the fact that the magnolias of Florida and spruces of Norway flourish side by side, being in that happy medium of latitude where the rich and varied floral treasures of the South meet in gorgeous array their more sturdy sisterhood of the North.

The flower garden and nursery comprises about fifteen acres in cultivation. More than half is devoted to flowers. Carnations, roses, chrysanthemums, geraniums and dahlias are here grown by the thousands; palms and ferns are also a specialty; lilies in endless variety, and as good a general assortment of rare plants as is to be catalogued by any of the more extensive florists of the North. Large importations of bulbs are received each Fall from Holland. Strawberry and grape vines, evergreens, flowering shrubs and fruit trees are all grown for sale and shipped at proper seasons to



their numerous patrons in all the Southern and Western States. Five large green-houses, and a large area of glass in pits and frames is constantly in use in raising and propagating young plants for their respective seasons of shipment. What the Champs Elyses is to Paris, Central Park to New York, and Fairmount to Philadelphia, that Evergreen Lodge is to our city, and is as popular a resort for the cultured and intelligent of this community, as are those other great abiding places of the beautiful in their respective cities. A visit to the Lodge is at no season of the year without interest to all who appreciate the wondrous beauty of the thousands of fair blossoms a benign Providence has scattered over this terrestrial sphere for our pleasure and edification. Since Mr. James Morton assumed charge of the Lodge, improvements have been the order of the day, and in the best of taste, an air of neatness and systematic arrangement pervading the entire establishment. New drive-ways have been made that greatly enhance the beauty of the place, and the shrubbery has all been planted anew. This enterprise on the part of Captain Crusman is meeting its just reward, and the business is spreading to great proportions.

SAMUEL A. CALDWELL.

Samuel Abner Caldwell was born in Montgomery county, November 10th, 1825. His parents were Samuel and Nancy Caldwell, of Irish descent. The father was born in Virginia in 1776, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. He came to Tennessee in 1806 and died in 1840. The mother before marriage was Miss Nancy Howell, born



in Robertson county, Tennessee, 1804. Her parents were from Virginia. She died in 1856. Mr. Samuel A. Caldwell was brought up on the farm, and like the tall timber of the Southside, grew straight and handsome, but did not take much to farm life. He obtained his education in the country schools, and at the early age of sixteen commenced clerking in a store in Palmyra, where he continued for several years, when he engaged in the lumber business, in which he was very successful until the commencement of the war, when he lost over \$2,000 in lumber consumed for army purposes at Fort Donelson, and he was compelled to quit the business in 1862, when he engaged in farming till

the close of the war. In 1867 he came to Clarksville and engaged in the livery business with Samuel Allen; Mr. Allen died in about one month after, and John W. Wright bought his interest. This partnership, Caldwell & Wright, lasted one year, when it was dissolved and the firm of Caldwell & Shelton established, which firm continued to do a prosperous business up to August 10th, 1885, when they dissolved and divided property, Mr. Caldwell taking the stable, and is now conducting a large and prosperous livery, feed and sale business. In 1875 he was elected Justice of the Peace for this the Twelfth District, which office he still holds, and is regarded as one of the best Magistrates in the county; clear headed and impartial in his decisions, observing common sense law, and oftener settling disputes without trial than otherwise. Mr. R. H. Pickering, County Trustee, states that Squire Caldwell has paid to him as Trustee, in two years, \$506 small offense fees for the State, and one-third that amount to Mr. R. D. Moseley for county purposes, more money than has been paid in by all of the Magistrates of the county. Squire Caldwell is strictly honorable in his dealings, and not like the Rev. Sam Jones, who says he don't want to die within six months after a horse swap. Sam Caldwell is not quite so good a preacher as Sam Jones, but full of rich humor, abiding always in truth, and is one of the men who won't "tell a lie" in a horse trade, and will not fear to take a chance in a trade in the last moment after his baggage has been checked. Squire Caldwell is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, efficient in the choir and serving the cause in other ways. He is also a distinguished Mason, a Knight Templar, and a member of the Knights of Honor. He is a man of benevolent nature, a true friend, kind neighbor, hospitable and generous to a fault, and deserves the wide popularity he has earned and the leading position he occupies in society. Samuel A. Caldwell was married April 28th, 1857, to Miss

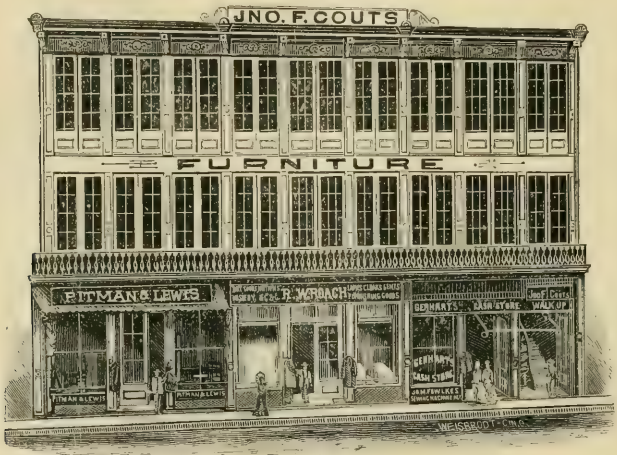
Amanda Manervia Neblett, daughter of Dr. Josiah Neblett, born June 22nd, 1831. They have raised a very interesting family of five children, all living at the homestead on Greenwood Avenue: Richard D., Mary C., Lucy V., Hart M., and Cora L. Lucy is the accomplished wife of Mr. John A. Clements.

JOHN F. COUTS.

John Franklin Coutts, furniture dealer and undertaker, has the oldest record connected with the present active business interests of Clarksville. John F. Coutts was born in Robertson county, October 21st, 1818; was raised on a farm and received a common country school education. His father was William Coutts, a native of Robertson county, and of German descent. His mother's maiden name was Miss Nancy Johnson, sister of Hon. Cave Johnson, General W. B. and Joseph N. Johnson, a sketch of whom will be found elsewhere. Mr. Coutts came to Clarksville in April, 1838, and engaged one year as copying clerk for Joseph Johnson, Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, and then took a clerkship in the store of Mr. Isaac Dennison for a short while, when he engaged with Galbraith, Greenfield & Co. several years until the firm was dissolved, and he then engaged with Williams & Co., S. S. and L. G. Williams and George Gray, continuing with this house till September, 1843, when he opened a grocery house on his own account, occupying the corner store in the old Poston block, southwest corner of the Public Square, now known as Coutts old furniture building, just opposite the Tobacco Exchange. Messrs. Beaumont, Payne & Co. occupied the middle store, or next door to Mr. Coutts, and were also engaged in the grocery business, A. B. Harrison occupying the other corner as a clothing store. Mr. Coutts still remembers Rev. Henry F. Beaumont with reverence and deepest admiration for his noble nature, true manhood and neighborly kindness. Mr. Coutts remembers during the time they were in the grocery business a great storm swept over the coffee growing region, almost totally destroying the crop, and causing a heavy advance in coffee. Mr. Beaumont was the first to receive the news, which he communicated to his partners. As soon as Mr. Beaumont had gone to his factory, Mr. Payne called on Coutts, inquiring how much coffee he had. "Fifty sacks," answered Coutts. "What will you take for it?" "Nine and one-half cents," replied Coutts. "I will take it all," said Payne, "weigh it and put it out on the front." This was done, the coffee paid for, and soon stacked up in the middle house. The transaction was soon known over town, and also the advance in coffee. The next day Mr. Beaumont called, and addressing Mr. Coutts, said: "My partner, Mr. Payne, bought your coffee, and I understand that you had not heard of the advance when you sold, and I called to say you can have the coffee back if you wish." Mr. Coutts thanked him very much for his generous spirit, but did



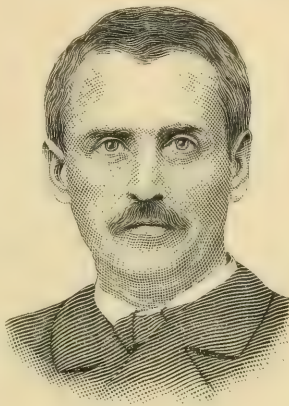
not take the coffee back, as he was able to make another deal in New Orleans that served him as well. Mr. Coutts continued in the grocery business only two years, when he sold out to Albert H. Judkins, who came here at that time from Springfield. He then engaged in the furniture business with William Ruthertford at the same stand, still known as Coutts' old furniture store. Mr. Ruthertford was a Scotchman, a superior business man and fine mechanic, but his prejudice to the slavery system, which then prevailed in the South, drove him away, and Mr. Coutts bought his interest in the stock and continued the business at the old stand until 1872, when the desertion of that part of the town by the leading business interests, forced him to change also, and he moved to the splendid warerooms in the Hillman block, which he now occupies, a cut of which accompanies this sketch. At the close of the war his son Poston Coutts,



on his return from the army, was admitted as partner, under the firm name of John F. Coutts & Son, which relation continued up to Poston's death, November 9th, 1877. Poston Coutts was a model young man, strictly upright and honest in all of his dealings, and pure in character. He possessed a bright and cultivated intellect, and his influence was a great loss to society, and especially to the large number of young men and boys whom he drew around him. His life was a living example of pure religion to be seen and observed by all men in his every day walk. Mr. Coutts is still an active business man, keeping abreast with the progress of the age, and all late improvements in furniture and undertaker's goods. His long established reputation for liberality and correct dealing has given him a trade which cannot be taken away, and which has never been lessened but increased by competition.

HON. CHARLES W. TYLER.

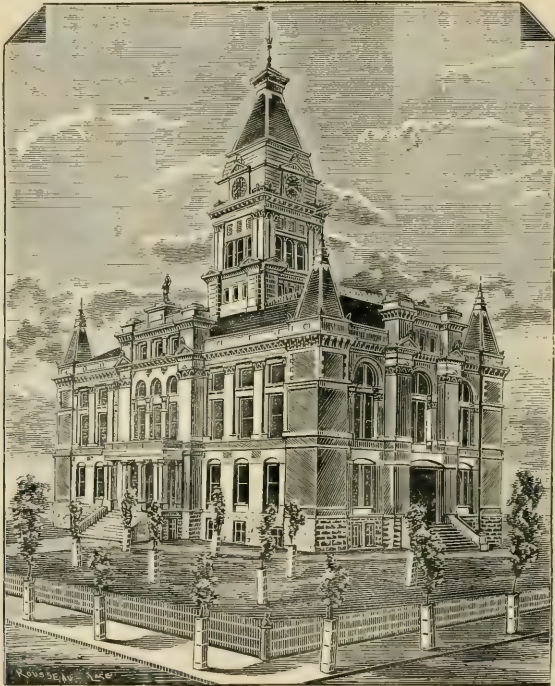
Charles W. Tyler was born in Civil District No. 1 of this county. He was the youngest son of John D. Tyler, a sketch of whose life we publish elsewhere. He was raised on his father's farm, and received his education almost entirely at his father's school. He started to school at five years of age, and by the time he was fifteen had completed the Latin and Greek courses. When the civil war began he was at college at Lebanon Tennessee, but the news of the fall of Fort Sumter broke up the institution and scattered the boys to the four winds. Returning home he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was elected Brevet-Second-Lieutenant of a company raised in his neighborhood, of which Cyrus A. Sugg was Captain. Soon after it was organized this company was ordered to Fort Donelson, where it remained until the surrender of the fort, February 16th, 1862. Mr. Tyler made his escape from the fort, and raising a company of cavalry he went South, where he remained until the close of the war, serving most of the time in Forrest's command. When the war ended his father had died, leaving a large security debt hanging over the family, which it was impossible to pay. One of his first experiences when he came back from the army was to see the old homestead sold by the Sheriff for this security debt. He bought part of it himself on credit, and for a few years remained on the farm with his mother and sisters. In January, 1871, he moved to Clarksville, where he has since resided. In the Summer of 1872 he took out a license to practice law, forming a partnership with Edmund B. Lurton, a brother of Judge Horace H. Lurton. Within less than six months after he began to practice he was offered the position of Attorney-General of the Criminal Court by Governor John C. Brown, but declined it as his partner, Mr. Lurton, was a candidate, and he had been pressing his claims. A few months after this, in July, 1873, Judge T. W. King of the Criminal Court died, and Governor Brown offered Mr. Tyler the vacant judgeship, which he accepted. The next year he ran before the people and was elected by a handsome majority to fill Judge King's unexpired term. In 1878 he was again a candidate for the full term of eight years, and was elected over two competitors, receiving a much larger vote than the two combined. Last year, 1886, his term having again expired, he was re-elected without opposition. He has always been an uncompromising Democrat, but both Republicans and Democrats have sustained him whenever he has been a candidate for position. Judge Tyler has demonstrated superior financial ability in the management of the county affairs. Coming into office he found the county heavily in debt and its credit below par. His management soon placed county warrants at



par. and moreover has in the meanwhile reduced the heavy debt over half, besides building the Court House, which cost over \$100,000, without increasing taxation; also in the compromise and settlement of the railroad lawsuits for the county's interest, and which saved the county \$30,000. He has greatly improved the jail and jail system, reducing the cost of keeping prisoners three or four thousand dollars per year.

THE COURT HOUSE.

The Court House erected in 1843 was destroyed by fire on the night of April 13th, 1878, after having been occupied for thirty-five years as a temple of justice. The lot



MONTGOMERY COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

on which it stood was so small—and the inconvenience of having it on Franklin street, the principal thoroughfare of the city—was so great, that the magistrates of the county determined to purchase a more convenient site for the erection of a new building. The

lot of Mrs. Jennie E. Johnson, fronting on Second and Third streets, and also on Commerce street, was purchased for the purpose. This lot is about 220 by 240 feet, and upon it has been erected the beautiful building of which the above is an exact cut. The Montgomery county Court House is the handsomest in the State, and one of the handsomest buildings in the South. The exterior is of pressed brick with stone trimmings, the foundation and basement story of the building being altogether of stone. The basement has eight large rooms, suitable for offices, jury rooms, visitors, etc. The first story proper has a large and convenient room each for the County Clerk, Trustee, Register, Circuit and Criminal Clerk, County Judge, and two rooms for the Chancery Clerk, besides a library room and the Chancery Court room. In the second story there is a large County Court room, furnished with desks, etc., for the forty-three magistrates of the county, with two committee rooms in the rear. Across the hall is a similar room for the Circuit and Criminal Court, with a jury room and two other rooms, one for witnesses, the other for attorneys and their clients in the rear. There is also a large grand jury room in rear of the hall on this floor. The whole house is heated throughout by steam, and is provided with water and gas, a tower clock and 3,000 pound bell, and everything else to make it complete in every respect. The entire building is of the most substantial character, and is not only an ornament to the county, but will last for generations. McCormac & Sweeny, of Columbus, Indiana, were the contractors. S. W. Bunting, of Indianapolis, was the original architect, but C. G. Rosenplaenter, now of Memphis, was appointed architect soon after the plans were adopted, and supervised the work to its completion. The entire cost of the building, grounds, furniture, etc., was about \$100,000. After the fire of April 13th, 1878, referred to, which destroyed a large part of the business portion of the city, the courts were held for some time in City or Market House Hall. Here it was that the question of building a Court House that would be creditable to the county was discussed and decided upon. The following gentlemen were elected a Board of Commissioners to carry out the wishes of the magistrates: C. W. Tyler, C. G. Smith, W. S. Mallory, G. H. Slaughter and Griffin Orgain. Judge Tyler was made Chairman of the Board, and Judge Smith, Secretary and Treasurer. Soon after Judge Smith resigned, and Squire Isaac P. Howard was elected to the vacancy, and Squire Slaughter made Secretary and Treasurer. These gentlemen had the management until the building was completed. Three locations were offered for the site of the new Court House. The lot of Mrs. Jennie Johnson, the lot upon which the Howell School is now located, and Dr. Cobb's place on Madison street. The committee recommended the Howell School lot, but after considerable balloting by the court the Johnson place was selected. Squire Orgain voted persistently to the last for the Cobb place, because he thought the building would answer for a Court House a number of years until the growing town should surround it, and the county be out of debt and able to build a fine Court House in the beautiful grove, which would also answer as a city park. After the Johnson lot was selected, the old Baptist church, which stood on the southeast corner of the lot, was repaired and used for a Court House until the new building was completed.

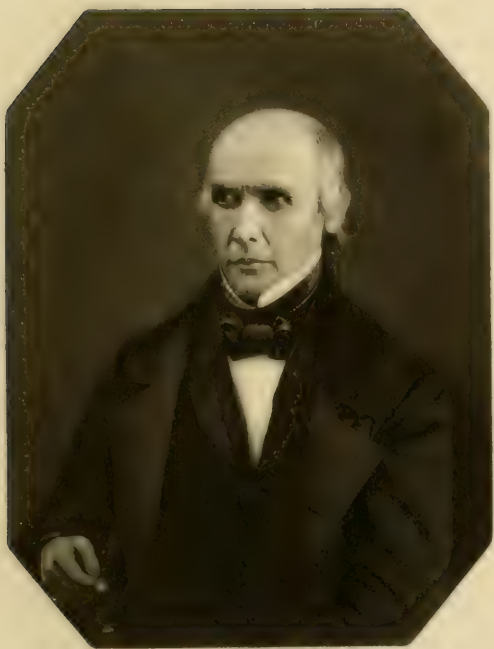
CHARLES D. BAILEY.

Charles Duncan Bailey, Clerk of the Circuit and Criminal Courts, was born in Clarksville, April 6th, 1836. He is a son of Charles Bailey, who so long honored the same post of duty, leaving behind a memory to be cherished, a sketch of whose life will be found elsewhere in this book. Charles D. Bailey was educated in Clarksville, a graduate of Stewart College, and entered his father's office as Deputy when quite young, and served up to the war between the States, when he entered the Confederate service, a member of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. He was afterwards transferred to Johnson's Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, serving part of the time with Woodward, and was at the close with General W. C. P. Breckenridge, and was one of the guards of the treasury train in the final retreat, and was one of the last to surrender at Washington, Georgia. In 1870 Mr. Bailey was elected Circuit Court Clerk, and has continued to hold the office by re-election since.

He is well known as one of the best clerks in Tennessee; perhaps no clerk in the State is now so thoroughly proficient in the duties of his office as he. His books are kept in the most systematic manner. He is neat and methodical, and his word is authority on all subjects connected with the duties of his position. His popularity is such that he rarely has a competitor, but is virtually at the end of each term of office usually without opposition.

In 1879 he was elected Justice of the Peace for the Twelfth District, Clarksville being entitled to three justices or representatives in the County Court, and also fills that place with distinction. Charles D. Bailey is like his father in many respects, possessing a clear head and pure heart, a man who evades not his duty, nor turns neither to the right or left in pursuing the way his sound judgment teaches him is right. He possesses a generous nature, is kind and accommodating to all, and enjoys the fullest public confidence. Mr. Bailey has given much time to the study of the law, which is necessary to the intelligent discharge of his official duties, and is regarded as one of the best judges of law in the city, which knowledge adds greatly to his efficiency and usefulness. Mr. Bailey is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and an upright Christian gentleman in the truest sense.

Mr. Bailey was married May 21st, 1879, to Miss Mary W. Dye, daughter of the late Joseph M. Dye. This was his way of taking vengeance against Mr. Dye for beating his father one term for the Circuit Court Clerkship; taking his daughter away, a sweet revenge indeed. Mrs. Bailey is a cultured, intelligent lady, exceedingly modest and domestic. They have three bright little children, Henry L., Lucy C., and William. They have a delightful home, a four acre lot on Main street, known as the Bringhurst place.



Edw. Johnson

Jan. 20. 1860.

CAVE JOHNSON FAMILY.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., January 10th, 1862.—*To my sons, Hickman, Dickson and Polk:* You will desire to know something of your family relations, and I have concluded to gratify you with all the information I possess as derived from the various members of the family with whom I have met. Henry Johnson, my grandfather, removed from Pennsylvania to North Carolina during the Revolutionary war, in which he served as a private, under what command or in which of the campaigns I know not. He settled near the forks of the Tadkee, a few miles from Salisbury, where he resided until the year 1796, when he removed to Robertson county and settled at a place now belonging to the family of Ben Porter, deceased, two and a half miles east of Springfield. He afterwards purchased on Karr's Creek, about three miles south of Springfield, where he died in 1815. His place was sold lately to Walter Bell. His wife was Rachel Holman. Of her family I knew nothing, except her brother Dave Holman, who lived many years in Robertson county near the Cross plains, where he died, leaving a large family of sons and daughters. She died about the time of her husband, leaving the following children: William, Thomas, Henry, Isaac, Joseph, Jacob V., Rebecca, Mary, and Rachel. Rachel died before she became of age and unmarried. All of them moved from North Carolina and settled in Robertson county, with their families, except Thomas, who had settled there in 1789.

William Johnson, first son, married Diana Morgan; had a large number of children, of whom I knew Thomas, Henry and Elizabeth, afterwards married to James Burton. Thomas removed with Morgan and settled in Carroll county, Tennessee, and afterwards to Arkansas, where his family still reside. Henry removed with his father and family to Green county, Alabama, where William and wife both died. Henry and most of the family afterwards removed to Mississippi, where they now reside. I know now but little of any of them.

Thomas Johnson, second son, settled in Robertson county as a surveyor in 1789, went to Kentucky the next year, and was married to Mary Noel at Craig's Station, near Versailles, Ky., and brought her to Robertson county in 1790, then Davidson county. He was actively engaged as a captain of a company in suppressing Indian hostilities, and rendered much service to the frontier settlers, and went with his company to Nick-a-Jack on the Tennessee River and was in the battle. He and his company were compelled to cross the river by swimming on logs and surprised the Indians and killed a great many. After the treaty of peace with the Indians made at Greenville in 1794, he engaged in surveying, was elected Colonel of his county, and was a member of the convention which framed the State Constitution in 1796. After the organization of the State, he was elected the Clerk of the County Court of Robertson county, and in 1800 he was elected Brigadier-General in preference to Colonel John Shelby, of Montgomery, when it was apprehended that we should be involved in a war with France, if not in a civil war with the Federal party, then headed by John Adams and Alexander Hamilton. He was the active, decided and efficient friend of Jefferson, and warmly and zealously opposed to the doctrines, as well as the leaders, of the Fed-

eral party. He continued Clerk of the County Court until the establishment of the Circuit Court system in 1809, when he was elected the Clerk of the Circuit Court of that county. He was the decided friend of Madison, and all his war measures, as well as the declaration of war against Great Britain. During its continuance, in the Summer of 1813, he, with his brigade, was called into service for the purpose of suppressing Indian hostilities in Alabama. He marched with his brigade (I with him as Assistant Quartermaster, rank Lieutenant) in the Fall of 1813, and after some weeks of instruction at Huntsville, Alabama, by General Carrol, marched into the Creek Nation, crossing the Tennessee River at Ditto's Landing, and joined General Jackson at Fort Williams, near the Ten Islands, on the Coosa River. He was soon after sent with some two thousand men to destroy some Indian villages some ten or twelve miles up the river, where it was supposed a large body of Indians had taken a stand. Upon reaching that place it was ascertained that the Indians had left the towns. They were all burned, and the troops returned without having seen an Indian. Soon after it was ascertained that the Indians had gathered in great numbers at Tehoopke (the horse shoe), where General Jackson marched immediately with the main body of his troops, leaving my father in command of Fort Williams, where I remained with him. After the destruction of that place, which had been fortified, it was ascertained that they had again rallied at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, called the Hickory Ground. General Jackson immediately marched to that place, where he met the Georgia troops. The principal Indian chiefs came in, surrendered and made peace towards the last of March, 1814. He with his brigade returned to Tennessee by the way of the Cahawba, where it was supposed some portion of the Indians were disposed not to acquiesce in the treaty. The treaty, however, proved satisfactory, and they returned to Tennessee in April, whilst General Jackson and his forces retraced their steps to Fort Williams. The war ended, my father continued the performance of the duties of the Circuit Court Clerk the balance of his life. In 1816 he lost his wife, and continued to reside at his farm, three miles east of Springfield, until after his daughter was married and his sons left him, pursuing their occupations, and the youngest was attending college, when he thought it prudent to marry again, and in 1823 married Mrs. Roberts, the widow of General Roberts, and the sister of the distinguished agriculturist, Mark Cockerel. He died at his residence in 1826, the farm now owned by Mrs. Morris, it is believed, without an enemy, beloved and esteemed by all his neighbors. He was in truth the counsellor, attorney and arbitrator for the citizens of his county, and but few men ever did more to keep down neighborhood controversies and lawsuits. He was universally regarded as an upright and honest man, and well informed in all the business as well as political questions of the day, and was at all times ready, without fee or reward, to transact the business and settle controversies among his neighbors. So highly was he esteemed, that when nominated by his friends for Governor, in 1819 I think, he received almost the unanimous vote of his county, but was defeated by the East Tennesseans running one candidate, whilst West Tennessee ran three. He came to Tennessee in 1789, was a member of the convention in 1796, and the friend and associate of the

leading men of the day, the Seviere, Whites, Williams and Rhea of that day, and of the Robertsons, Weakleys, Shellys and McNairys, and of General Jackson from the time of his arrival in Tennessee, was his ardent friend and supporter, and enjoyed his confidence and friendship until the close of his life.

Henry Johnson, the third son, came to Tennessee in January, 1793, and acted as deputy surveyor for his brother Thomas, and shortly after married Polly Kerr (or Carr) who was at the time the widow Harden, with one son, Jonathan Harden, now residing in Arkansas, and they had many sons and daughters, to-wit: William, residence in Arkansas; Thomas, residence in Robertson county, Tennessee; John, residence in Robertson county, Tennessee; Dr. Harrison, married and died in Alabama, his widow and children now in Robertson county; Peggy, married John Long and died in Robertson county; Polly, married James Coutts and now in Arkansas; Nancy, married Crisel and died in Robertson county. His prudence and industry secured him a competency, and made him very independent. He was an upright, honest man, and enjoyed much of the respect and confidence of his neighbors, and died in Robertson county a few years since. His wife died some years before.

Isaac Johnson, the fourth son, came with his father to Tennessee in 1796. After residing some years here, teaching school, he returned to North Carolina and married Amelia Holman, a relative of his mothers, remained a few years in Robertson and removed to Overton county, where he died some eight or ten years since, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom now reside in the neighborhood of Livingston. I have never met but one of his family, Henry, who was run for the Legislature a few years ago.

Joseph Johnson, the fifth son, moved with his father to Robertson in 1796, remained a few years there and removed to South Carolina, where he married Elizabeth Cuthbert, I think, and remained there some years, and returned and settled in Robertson county, where he and wife died a few years ago, leaving the following children: Mary, married Smith and died in Robertson county; Ann, married Smith, he died and she now lives in Robertson county; Sampson, married widow Moore, daughter of of Archer Coutts, and lives in Logan county, Kentucky.

Jacob V. Johnson, the sixth son, came to Tennessee with his father in 1796. My most loved companion and associate in my boyhood, although six or seven years my senior. He studied medicine whilst I read law, and settled on Duck River in Humphreys county, where he was very successful in his profession, and married Sally Jarman, a daughter of General Robert Jarman. He continued there for some years and removed to Alabama, and now lives near Allsbough, a short distance from Tusculumbia. He was very successful in his profession as well as in cotton planting, and is said to be very rich. He and his wife have had no children. He has been deservedly popular as a physician wherever he resided. A man of great prudence and good common sense, with more learning than is common among physicians, educated as he was mainly by his own means, and without regular instruction. He is an honest and just man in all his dealings and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him.

Rebecca Johnson, oldest daughter, married Sampson Mathews and came to Tennessee about the time of her father, and settled on the Sulphur Fork, about ten miles east of Springfield, and afterwards removed and settled about five miles west of Springfield, where they both died, leaving Thomas B. Mathews, who now resides on his place; Richard Mathews, who died leaving children. There are probably other children, and if so I do not recollect them. Thomas has a large family, and Richard left some children, of whom I only know my namesake, Cave. Most of the family reside in Robertson county.

Elizabeth Johnson, the second daughter, married John Crocket, who resided some years in Robertson county, and removed to Duck River on Harmon Creek in Humphreys county, where they both died leaving a number of children, some of whom still reside there, and others have removed to the district near Troy, and one of them, John I think, was Sheriff of the county.

Polly Johnson, the third daughter, married Jacob Frey, and lived in Robertson county until his death, and the widow still lives there. They had many sons and daughters, mostly unknown to me. One of the daughters married Colonel LeRoy Covington, and another married a Mr. Cole, and I think she is a widow. Some of the sons, Adam or Henry, live in the edge of Kentucky not far from Cross Plains, in the neighborhood where Mrs. Frey settled.

Rachel Johnson, the fourth daughter, died in Robertson county after she was grown up, and never married.

Your great-grandfather, Henry Johnson, had a brother, Isaac Johnson, who removed to Tennessee about the time he did, and settled about four miles south of Nashville, known yet as "Johnson's Station," now belonging to one of the Bosleys, upon which he resided until the acquisition of Louisiana (1803) by Jefferson, when he removed to Woodville, Mississippi, a short distance below Natchez, where he died leaving the following children: Joseph, first son, died wealthy, without children. Henry, second son, who was Deputy Sheriff in Davidson county in 1800, and removed to Louisiana and was elected Governor many years in succession; was afterwards elected to the United States Senate and served many years; whilst in the Senate he married Miss Key, of Maryland, a sister of Frank Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner;" I knew him well whilst in the Senate. Isaac Johnson, third son, somewhat my senior, who was in college with me in Nashville, and died shortly after his return to Mississippi without having married. William Johnson, fourth son, who resided with his brother Joseph and practiced law, and inherited most of the property of his brother Joseph, married and is now living with many children; I met with him but once, and know but little of him or his family.

Your grandfather, Thomas Johnson, married Mary Noel, the daughter of Mary Noel, whose husband was killed in Virginia during the Revolutionary war, and was the sister of Colonel Cave, who commanded a regiment of militia in Virginia at the battle of Yorktown. She removed with her kinsman, the Rev. Richard Cave, to Kentucky, in 1789, with her two daughters, Mary Noel and Rosanna Noel, and were sta-

tioned in Craig Station, where Mary Noel was married to your grandfather in 1790, and came with him immediately to Tennessee, passing through Kentucky by Bowling Green, then only a log-house station in the wilderness. I have often heard her recount the perils of that trip, accompanied by only five or six persons, then removing to Tennessee. They were taking their dinner at the Sulphur Springs when they discovered a large body of Indians attempting to head them on their route to the station at Bowling Green. All that part of Kentucky was then an open prairie. They were pursued vigorously and rapidly and often in sight until they reached the station, which they did before night, without any mischief to either of the party. She was a lady of great energy and indomitable courage, and managed her horse with as much skill as any horseman in the company, and practiced horsemanship to the close of her life. I remember well in the absence of my father with a company of scouts, an alarm was given of Indians supposed to be in the immediate neighborhood, when she resolutely prepared for defense without a man or a gun on the place by bringing her servants, some ten or twelve, into their log cabin, barricading the door and putting a large kettle on the fire, and kept the water boiling for the purpose of dashing upon the Indians should they approach the house. No one closed an eye that night. The next morning she was relieved by information that after committing some depredations a few miles off, they had retired from apprehension that the scouts were near. A few days after, when peace had been made with the Indians and the settlers had abandoned their posts, Mary Noel and her daughter Rosanna removed from Kentucky and settled at my fathers, and Rosanna married William Haggard and lived many years in the same neighborhood.

I do not know the relationship between Mary Noel and the Rev. Richard Cave, probably brother and sister, and Mary and her daughters were active members of his church. He was a prominent, leading and influential member of the Baptist Church. It is probable that the Johnsons of Kentucky were connected with the family of Rev. Richard Cave, though Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky and myself tried to trace the connection, but were not able to do so satisfactorily. Richard M. Johnson was given the name of Richard after Richard Cave, whilst my mother gave me the name of Cave after her much loved and venerated pastor, and Colonel Cave Johnson, of Burlington, Kentucky, the uncle of Richard M., was named after the same man. Colonel R. M. Johnson and myself came to the conclusion that we were related on both the paternal and maternal branches and both connected with the Bledsoes, Hyatts and Smitheys through the maternal branches of both of our families. Wm. Haggard and wife Rosanna, after a few years residence in Robertson, removed to the county of Stewart and settled on a farm opposite Dover. They afterwards moved into the town and lived there the balance of their lives, and several years after I commenced the practice of the law in 1816. They left three sons, James, Noel and William H. James Haggard married Amelia Holman, daughter of Daniel Holman, of Robertson, and had one son, Holman Haggard, when his mother died. James Haggard married a second time, removed from Stewart, and I have not heard of him or his family since, except

Holman, who now lives somewhere in Kentucky. After having married a Miss McIntosh, some ten or fifteen years his senior, is said to be of no account to himself or anybody else. Noel Haggard died under age and unmarried. William H. Haggard married very young and removed to the Western district, and has a large family of children, I learn, but I have known but very little of him since.

Having thus given you an outline of our family and connections, as far as known to me, I proceed to your more immediate relatives. Your grandfather, Thomas Johnson, and grandmother, Mary Noel, were married in 1790, at Craig's Station, in Kentucky, and removed to Robertson county, Tennessee, where their first son was born, named Cave, in 1791, and died a few months after. Your father, Cave Johnson, the second son, was born the 11th day of January, 1793. Henry Minor Johnson, the third son, was born in 1795. Taylor Noel Johnson, the fourth son, was born in 1797. Nancy Johnson, the first daughter, was born in 1799. Willie Blount Johnson, the fifth son, was born in 1800. Joseph Noel Johnson, the sixth son, was born in September, 1803. Joseph N. Johnson married Margaret McClure, left three children, now living in Clarksville, and well known to you all.

Nancy married William Coutts in 1807, lived and died near Springfield, leaving a large family of children: Sons, John F., Cave, Willie, Thomas and Joseph; daughters, Mary Judkins, Martha Coutts and Julia Reynolds, all of whom are known to you.

Willie B. Johnson married Catherine Dortch, the sister of your mother, and died leaving a widow and two sons, Robert and Baker, and two daughters, Martha and Nannie, all of whom now live in Clarksville.

Taylor N. Johnson died before he was twenty-one years old from intemperance. He had fine talents and promised to be the leading member of the family. During the absence of your grandfather and myself in the army he became very intemperate, and no effort that either of us could make, and we made many in every way we could think of, could win him from the debasing practice, the vilest of all habits, alike the enemy of every virtue, of morality, decency and good sense.

Henry M. Johnson studied medicine, married Sallie Green, the sister of Colonel Lewis Green, practiced his profession with moderate success in Robertson county, and then moved to Mississippi, and then back to Somerville in the Western district of Tennessee, where he gathered a very handsome property, ample to make him independent, and died leaving a widow and three sons, Thomas, Cave and Zachariah, and two daughters, Mary and Sarah. Their mother acted badly, married a scamp, who robbed the children of most of their property, and she died leaving the children in great distress, who, I understand, have gone to Texas, and I think Thomas, Zachariah and Sarah are dead. I have received one letter from Cave in Texas, but I now forget the place.

One of the greatest evils resulting to my family from my constant employment in public, and which has always been a source of deep regret to me, was my inability to go to the assistance of his family in proper time to save them and their property. I had, however, confidence in the prudent management of his wife, who had the charac-

ter of being a very discreet, prudent woman, and was myself completely absorbed in what I supposed to be the true interests of the country, and postponed any effort until too late to save them. Your father,

CAVE JOHNSON,

was born three miles east of Springfield, on the 11th day of January, 1793. He was sent to the academy about two miles east of Nashville, where Andrew Ewing now resides, then under the control of George Martin. In 1807 he was sent to Mount Pleasant Academy, on Station Camp Creek in Sumner county, then under the control of John Hall, where he remained a year, and was then sent to Cumberland College, now the University at Nashville, where he continued until the troops of the State were called to march to Mississippi in 1811. He with his college mates formed a volunteer company, of which he was elected Captain, and tendered their services to General Jackson to accompany him to Mississippi. The General declined their services, alledging that we had men enough to fight the battles of the country, and that our interest, as well as that of the country, would be most promoted by our continuance at our collegiate studies. The course of General Jackson caused deep mortification to the students, and produced severe denunciations among many of them. They of necessity acquiesced and continued their studies.

In the Summer of 1812, he commenced the study of the law with Wm. W. Cooke, then one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, a profound lawyer and a most estimable gentleman, and continued with him in Nashville until the Fall of 1813, when his father's brigade was called upon to join General Jackson in the Creek Nation. He accompanied his father in the character of Deputy Brigade Quartermaster during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and returned home in the month of May, 1814, the Indians having been subdued and peace made with them. He continued his law studies with P. W. Humphreys on Yellow Creek, where he then resided, and boarded with him and Robert West, and towards the latter part of the year obtained license and commenced the practice of the law, full of hope and never doubting success. I was strongly impressed with the belief that my first duty was to get me a wife, without doubting for a moment that my success in my profession would enable me to support a family, not having anything else upon which I could rely. I then, in the Spring of 1815, paid my addresses to your mother, Elizabeth Dortch, then in her fifteenth year, with whom I became acquainted at her sisters, Mrs. West, whilst reading law. I was very properly rejected, but felt the deepest mortification, which influenced my future conduct for more than twenty years. I then devoted myself to my profession, eschewing female society, and under the most solemn determination never to address another lady. I did nothing in my profession out of Robertson, where I lived until the Fall of 1817, when I was elected Attorney-General by the Legislature sitting at Knoxville, upon the nomination of W. C. Conrad, and without any application or knowledge even of a vacancy. One Samuel Chapman, who had been the incumbent of that office, had made himself unpopular by his intemperance. I then devoted myself with great assid-

nity to my profession until I was elected to Congress in 1828, having in the meantime accumulated property which I estimated at forty or fifty thousand dollars. In the meantime your mother married Mr. Brunson in the Fall of 1817, and became a widow in 1826, with a son and two daughters, and with but little property, other than her prospects from her father.

I was elected to Congress at the August election, 1828, over Dr. J. Marable, who had been for some years the member, a gentleman of decidedly popular manners and more than ordinary talents, and very great popularity, and who could not have been defeated except for his intemperance, which had become habitual. I was re-elected to Congress in 1831 without opposition. In 1832 many members of the bar, Judge Martin, W. K. Turner, G. A. Henry, N. H. Allen, Herbert Kimble, thinking I was not likely soon to give way and make room for themselves or others, determined to defeat my election, and as the best means of accomplishing it, selected General Richard Cheatham, living in Robertson, to run against me in Northern counties, and Dr. John H. Marable, who had been very popular in the Southern counties, as my competitors. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the campaign between the friends of Cheatham and my own, and serious apprehensions for weeks were entertained of some bloody affairs taking place, as many friends on both sides attended all our public meetings, well armed and prepared for any emergency. During this canvass an exciting publication, containing the grossest falsehoods against me, was made under the signature of "J. O.," which was generally attributed to General Cheatham and a few active friends about Nashville, but the authorship was assumed by H. S. Kimble. I denounced it as false and calumnious and appointed a day for establishing its falsity in Clarksville. When the day arrived, the crowd was so great that the hill now occupied by Dr. Cobb, then in the woods, was selected for the place of speaking. The crowd was perhaps greater than ever had been in the town of Clarksville, before or since. I first addressed the crowd, taking up the pamphlet paragraph by paragraph, and introduced evidence clearly and unquestionably proving their falsehoods, and then charged and proved that the real authors, Cheatham and his Nashville friends, knew them to be false, and that Mr. Kimble had assumed the authorship without careful examination, and then showed that he likewise knew them to be false. Mr. Kimble appeared and replied not at all to the satisfaction of the public, and the election resulted in giving me a majority over both. I should not omit that one of the main charges against me was hostility to the administration of General Jackson, because I had voted against the bill then known as the "force bill," authorizing General Jackson to coerce, by force of arms, the State of South Carolina, and giving him troops for that purpose. I mention this fact, because a few years afterwards the whole of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned became the most bitter and malignant opponents of Jackson and the Democratic party. At the election in 1835, Wm. K. Turner was brought forward by them and supported with great earnestness and zeal. My majority over him was larger than it had ever been before, obtaining a majority in every county. The elections in August, 1837, took place after Jackson's term had expired, and after the election of

Van Buren. My opponents seized upon the nomination of Judge White with great eagerness, notwithstanding he had always opposed all the measures of the Whig party and sustained every prominent measure of his administration, and especially in opposition to the United States Bank, and a protective tariff, and the removal of the deposits and the independent treasury, after the State banks had failed to perform satisfactorily their duty as fiscal agents of the government. With all these measures I had been to some extent identified. To these measures was attributed the expansion of the banks and the derangement of the currency, and General Cheatham, hoping to avail himself of the distress in the country and to throw the odium of it on me as identified with the Democratic party, insisted upon a renomination, although against the original understanding of my opponents, which was, to run first one and then another of them until I was defeated. He was nominated, and conducted the canvass upon the ground that he and Judge White were more reliable friends of the administration and measures of General Jackson than myself and Van Buren. With this course, aided by the failure of the Bank of Pennsylvania, which was the old United States Bank re-chartered by Pennsylvania, he succeeded in the election by a majority of ninety votes.

After this defeat I resumed the practice of the law, and began to think seriously of the folly of my resolution not again to address any lady after my rejection in 1816, and of the propriety and necessity of a family as I advanced in life. My early attachment soon revived, I renewed my suit, and we were married the 20th of February, 1838.

When the elections in August, 1839, came on the people had an opportunity of seeing the principles of my opponent as developed by his acts in Congress, in which he identified himself thoroughly with the Whig party and became the open advocate of General Harrison, or rather of Mr. Clay. The election of 1839 terminated in my favor by a majority of 1496.

In the elections of 1841 my opponents did not think proper to bring forward any candidate against me. In the elections of 1843 my opponents, having failed with Turner and Cheatham, brought forward G. A. Henry, and after an animated canvass, with the weight of the administration against me, I was again successful by a majority something short of three hundred votes.

Mr. Polk having been elected President, I was invited by him, after the close of Congressional term, to take charge of the Postoffice Department, which I did, and continued in it until the expiration of his term, the 4th of March, 1849. How I performed its duties must depend upon the judgment of others. I am gratified, however, to be able to say, that the postoffice books showed that we had collected postages amounting to over seventeen millions, and paid the same as provided by law, to contractors and others authorized to receive, without the loss of a dollar so far as we could ever learn. All the postages due had been collected and paid out except thirty-five hundred dollars, due from deceased postmasters, and indulgence given to their families and securities. Since the close of Mr. Polk's administration, so much has been said of the corruption of Congressmen and public affairs, and their selfishness and folly in the

appropriation of the public moneys, that I take pride in saying to you that during my fourteen years service in Congress, and four years in the Postoffice Department in the bitterest party times, no accusation or even imputation was ever cast on me of a misappropriation of the public money intrusted to my care, not even a wish or desire to apply any portion of it improperly for my friends or myself, and no charge, so far as I ever heard, of a want of fairness or impartiality in the discharge of my public duties. On the contrary, I was universally regarded as one of the principal defenders of the Treasury, and a terror to that class of claimants who sought to obtain public money by indirect means. I may state a single exception to the above remarks, though hardly worthy of notice. Major Henry, in his canvass with me, charged me with taking more mileage than I was entitled to, and made much out of it, as it was made so late in the canvass that any explanation could not be made before the election. The facts were, that members of Congress fixed their own mileage by a rule of the House. I had fixed mine at eight hundred miles—seven hundred and fifty being the estimated distance from Nashville. The rule led to some enormous charges by members, so great as to be esteemed fraudulent. Congress then ordered a committee to fix the mileage of each member, by which they were to be paid. The committee fixed my mileage some twenty or thirty miles more than I had before charged, and I received pay under the report of the committee, as every other member of the House did, and was bound to do by law.

In April, 1849, I reached my home with my family, in very bad health, growing probably out of the climate of Washington, and the great labors to which I had necessarily been subjected in the performance of the duties of my office, so much so that I was unable to mount my horse. The cancer on your mother's breast, then appeared for the first time, and we apprehended so much danger from it, that in the Spring of 1850 we visited Philadelphia for the purpose of having it extracted, if possible, and had her case submitted to a board of surgeons, selected by Dr. Jackson, her medical attendant. It was decided that it could not be taken out with safety, and that an attempt to do so would only hasten her death. Prior to that time, she had always been cheerful, buvant, full of hope that she might be relieved, but after that time her spirits sunk, and her whole mind seemed given to preparations for a future life. We spent one day at Wheatland with Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane. Her anxiety to see you and her other children before her death was so great, that she could not be induced to remain longer at Wheatland, or make any other delay on the road. We reached home safely. She very soon was confined to her bed, and died on the 10th day of November, 1851. Her sufferings were great, but she bore them with fortitude, under the full belief that we would all again meet in another and better world, where sickness and sorrow would be unknown. You thus lost the most affectionate mother, and I the best of wives. After the decision at Philadelphia, she seemed to think of but little else than the prosperity of her husband and children in this life, and their salvation and reunion hereafter. You will find among my papers her deed of gift to her children for her portion of her father's estate, which I drew up as better than mak-

ing a will, in which she divided all that property among her children, at my request, giving no portion of it to me, except a life estate in the portion allotted to you, which was done to avoid the necessity and the expense of guardianship for them and annual accounts as required by law. My children will see in this book a statement of the negroes given them by their mother, which for her sake, as well as mine, they will take care of and treat with humanity and kindness.

During the canvass prior to the elections in 1853, Judge Martin died, and some difficulty presented itself to Governor Trousdale in making a *pro tem.* appointment, lest it might have some influence on the pending election, as well as upon the final selection of a judge by the General Assembly. Under these circumstances I accepted the *pro tem.* appointment to act until an election was regularly made, and I performed the duties for three or four months, and Judge Pepper was selected to fill the vacancy. I found my health so much improved, that I felt anxious for some occupation. I could not consent to return to the practice of the law, and concluded to accept the Presidency of the Bank of Tennessee, and entered upon the duties in January, 1854, and served six years, and had determined to return home, but was prevailed on by numerous friends, who thought the public good required my continuance, to permit my name to go before the Governor for a renomination. He, under the pretext that he had committed himself to another, declined to make a renomination, whilst he supposed I had declined to accept. A correspondence with him will be found among my papers, showing that no doubt existed of my integrity and proper management of the office, which satisfied me, although I believed then, and do believe now, that my opposition, as shown in my report to the Legislature, to his private hobby of an exclusive metallic currency and the destruction of all banks, together with my disagreement with him as to the construction of the acts of 1854 and 1857, the first authorizing the capital of the bank to be increased to its original amount out of the profits of the bank which were retained for two years, and then a report made of the fact to the Legislature, though the profits had been but partially distributed among the Branches owing to the misconduct of the Athens Branch. Then came the act of 1857, repealing the act of 1854, and the Governor insisted that the money which had not been in fact distributed among the Branches should be paid in the Treasury, which was rather low at that time. I decided it was my duty to distribute it among the Branches. The Governor also insisted that my Cashier (Morton), who was reported a Whig, should be superceded, and a Democrat selected in his place. He also insisted that Wisdom, the Cashier of the Branch at Clarksville, a reported Whig, should in like manner be superceded. I told him frankly that both were good officers, and would not be superceded by my consent, and that neither of them had had anything to do with politics for years, and were my best Cashiers. He therefore superceded the board at Nashville with a new one, who elected a Democrat to his taste. He also had the board so modified at Clarksville, so as to give a majority of the board against Wisdom, and elected Wilcox. I did not vote against him at his second election on account of our difference as to his "exclusively gold and silver currency," nor did the friends of the Bank of Tennessee, although they

regarded it as a great absurdity, whilst the surrounding States dealt largely in paper currency. We believed if he was elected he could not impose upon the Legislature his ridiculous whim of a gold currency, or accomplish the destruction of the banks. We did elect him, although we might have defeated him, and he signally failed in carrying out his policy. I thought his partisan malignity so unbecoming his high office, that I did not vote for him at his late election, and shall not probably ever do so again. I had done so much to secure his nomination for Congress, probably more than any other man. I had done so much to procure his nomination for Governor, and sustained him with great zeal, that I could not but feel his omission to renominate me as unkind as well as ungrateful.

I removed home from Nashville in January, 1860, and spent most of the Summer there. Upon my arrival at Washington I learned that President Buchanan had sent a commission to me authorizing me to act as commissioner in behalf of certain citizens of the United States who had claims against the Republic of Paraguay, in conjunction with a commissioner chosen by that government. We were nearly three months engaged, and made an award, which you will find among my papers, if you have curiosity to look into such things. I have been more particular in giving you an outline of my own life than of other members of our family, supposing you may feel more interest in it than any other.

Your mother, Elizabeth Dortch, was the daughter of Isaac Dortch and his wife Martha, whose maiden name was Martha Norfleet, the sister of Major James Norfleet and Cordial Norfleet, both of whom resided in the same neighborhood. Isaac Dortch was born in Halifax county, North Carolina, but spent most of the earlier portions of his life in the county of Edgecomb, where he married and moved to Tennessee in 1795, and settled the place where he lived and died near Turnersville, near eighty years of age, leaving the following children: Nancy Dortch, who married Robert West, and is still living, having outlived most of her children. Norfleet Dortch married a Miss Blair, and had several children, and are all dead. Elizabeth Dortch, your mother, who married Archibald Brunson in 1817, who died leaving Isaac, Elizabeth and Penelope, and afterwards married me on the 20th of February, 1838. Martha Dortch, the third daughter, married Dr. Leavell, had several children, and died some years ago. John Baker Dortch, the second son, married the daughter of Governor Willie Blount, and both died, leaving Willie B. and John B., both now living, and Nancy, who married Bailey, and is now dead. William Dortch, the third son, married Marina Bryan, daughter of Colonel Henry H. Bryan, and died leaving two sons, George and William, now living in Clarksville. Isaac Dortch, the fourth son, died before he came of age. Catherine Dortch, the fourth daughter, married my brother, Willie B. Johnson, who died some years ago, and his widow and children now live in Clarksville. Hilliard Dortch, the fifth son, died many years ago, without ever having married.

I have thus given you a brief statement of our family relations and connections from my recollection, in the midst of the excitement and turmoil produced in our town by the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. If I survive the invasion of our town,

which is now hourly expected, I may add some reflections as to my own life, which may enable you to avoid some of the errors of my life, the greatest of which, I think, was ever engaging in politics, though more successful than most others.

CAVE JOHNSON.

The above letter of Hon. Cave Johnson, written to his sons, then in the Confederate army, is dated January 10th, 1862. It was evidently commenced on that date and not finally concluded until after the battle of Fort Donelson, February 12th to 16th, 1862. As appears from its conclusion, it is regretted that he did not give "some reflections on my (his) own life," &c., as he then thought he probably would. Soon after the war began, all of his children having joined the army, he moved to the residence of Mrs. Mary E. Forbes, his stepdaughter, the wife of Colonel Wm. A. Forbes, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, who was afterward killed in the second battle of Manassas. When General Grant's army advanced from Fort Donelson to Clarksville, he with the Mayor surrendered the city to General Grant. He met the prominent Federal officers, among whom was General McClelland, an old acquaintance and former friend who had served with him in Congress. He was a devoted Confederate from the proclamation of President Lincoln calling out 75,000 troops to invade the Southern States, until the final termination of the war. He refused to have anything to do with the organization of the Radical government, or even to vote while the men whom he had advised to go to war were still battling for the cause so dear to his heart. As an evidence of his intense interest in the Southern cause we give an extract from a letter written during the war. To Hon. R. H. Gillett, of New York, he wrote, March 2d, 1862, as follows: "So intense is the feeling against the North and the prospects of independence so much diminished by their recent victories, that a reunion with England and France, as colonies, has become a frequent subject of conversation and would secure the approbation of the Southern people as soon as the hope of success is lost. * * * * I have, as you know, always been a Union man, and violently opposed to secession, and was selected as the Union candidate in my old district because of my long and determined hostility to nullification and secession, and secured a unanimous vote in it. (This was before the war.) I would have spent my last dollar in its defense and cheerfully yielded up my life for the preservation of the Union, but when I saw the President and Congress had set aside the Constitution, and under the tyrant's plea, necessity, that all security for property was gone; the habeas corpus suspended; citizens arrested and imprisoned without warrant upon the suspicion of the Secretary or other inferior officers; public trials refused; the civil authorities made subordinate to the military; martial law declared by their generals, under which I am now writing and for which I would be sent to Fort Warren if deemed of sufficient importance. I could not but believe that our people acted rightly in seeking protection elsewhere than in such a Union." Gillett's Democracy in the United States, page 267.

His feeling of hostility to the Federal government grew stronger and stronger as the war progressed. This was fully shown by his letters to his sons. In one dated July 5th, 1864, he says: "I received yours of a recent date and am glad to hear of

your continued good health. I feel very lonely in my old age, without having any of my sons with me, but under the circumstance I would not have one of you with me if I could. I only regret my age and infirmities prevent me from being with you. I shall be content if you all discharge honestly and faithfully your duty to the cause you are enlisted in. Be cautious of your health that you may ever be ready for duty."

His youngest son having been captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglass, Chicago, Ill., a prisoner, he visited him in the camp. He came after visitors had been forbidden entrance into the camp, and would not have been allowed to go in but for an order from General Halleck. He came in bowed down with age and infirmity, the tears running down his cheeks, but he found the Clarksville soldiers so bouyant and cheerful that his gloom was soon dispelled, and he was as cheerful as the prisoners. He spent the day with them, partaking of their fare. While there his son spoke of an opportunity he thought he had of escape. He spoke promptly and said: "My son, you must not make the effort. Leaving out the question of the danger you would be subjected to, it is more honorable and manly to share the fate of your comrades, whatever that may be."

He remained quietly at home during the entire war, continuing his residence with Mrs. Forbes, though occasionally spending a part of his time at his farm on Blooming Grove Creek, near Corbandale, Montgomery county.

In the early part of 1865 he received a letter from Major-General Thomas, signed by his Adjutant-General, asking his reasons "why he should not be sent into the *enemy's* lines, &c., Clarksville then being in possession of the Federals. To this he replied in substance that on account of age and infirmity he had been unable to take any part in the war, and had remained quietly at home taking no part except to express his opinion on public men and public measures; that "I spend my time weeping over the misfortunes of my country and praying for the safety of my sons." The God of Battles decided the issue of the war against the cause in which he was deeply interested and to which his whole heart was given, but his earnest prayer for the safety of his sons was heard, and all three, having served through the war, were surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia—the eldest in command of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, his second with Major-General Harry Heth, and his youngest son on the staff of General McComb. After the battle of Petersburg, April 2d, 1865, a letter was received in Clarksville from a member of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, who was captured, stating that his eldest son had been killed and his youngest mortally wounded. This error probably grew out of the fact of the perilous position they both occupied when McComb's Brigade attacked and recaptured one of the Confederate batteries which had been captured by the Federals, and to which his son Hickman was assigned to command; and in the attack his youngest son, on horseback, had the sole of his shoe shot off, receiving a bruise on his foot, and dismounted to see the extent of the injury. The news of the safety of his sons did not reach him until after the surrender of General Lee.

He was greatly attached to his slaves, as his letter shows, thirty of them having been given to him during life by his wife, with remainder interest to his children. In 1860 he was offered a large price for his farm and also for his slaves, which he declined, being unwilling to sell any. On June 10th, 1863, he wrote to Hon. Bellamy Stores, who had served in Congress with him, looking to the emancipation of his slaves, from which we make a few extracts: "I am now old (nearly seventy) and my health very irregular, and am possessed of sixty-five or seventy colored people, inherited from my and my wife's ancestors and their increase; not having purchased any except to unite families, nor sold any except for crime. About two-thirds are females and perhaps one-half children under fifteen. The time in which we live, as well as my infirmities, admonish me that I should do something in my lifetime to secure as far as possible their prosperity and comfort when no longer under my charge." After stating that the law prohibited the emigration of colored people to Illinois and Indiana, but that he knew of no such law in Ohio, he concludes - "I address you on this subject not under the expectation that you will have leisure or inclination to give me any aid in the accomplishment of my wishes, but with the hope that you may, without inconvenience to yourself, put me in connection with some of your benevolent societies or individuals in whom I may repose confidence, that I may learn from them where the best location can be secured for them, and the probable amount of money that would be necessary to remove and settle them." He was referred to Levi Coffin, who recommended Ohio, and he then made a list of the names of each family and the number of acres of land he thought necessary for the support of each family and forwarded to Mr. Coffin. The excitement incident to the war on both sides prevented him from carrying out this plan. After the close of the war, when the last gun had been fired and the Confederate armies had all surrendered, and a proclamation of peace had been issued by the President, he applied to President Johnson for pardon, having been one of the excepted under the amnesty proclamation of the President of May 29th, 1865. The pardon was granted August 19th, 1865, and he, together with his sons, took the oath of allegiance to the United States government.

In the election for a member of the Senate to fill the unexpired term of B. R. Peart, he was unanimously elected to represent the counties of Robertson, Montgomery and Stewart. He presented the certificate of the Secretary of State, which was as follows: "Nashville, April 9th, 1886. I, Andrew J. Fletcher, Secretary of State for the State of Tennessee, do hereby certify that according to the returns of the Sheriffs of the counties of Montgomery, Stewart and Robertson, of an election for a Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. B. R. Peart, of the Nineteenth District, Hon. Cave Johnson received *all* the votes polled and is elected, &c. A. J. Fletcher, Secretary of State." See Senate Journal of '65 and '66, page 418. The County Clerk also made a similar certificate. The committee on election reported against his admission, and the report of the committee was adopted by the Senate, they refusing him his seat. It was done upon the grounds that he had "consented to" and "countenanced" the rebellion, and as his three sons had been in the Confederate army, they

presumed he had contributed "means" to aid the Confederate cause, and as he had not voted in the Spring elections he was not entitled to hold office, although no such law existed. He wrote an address to the people of his district on April 30th, 1866, setting out his efforts to obtain his seat and the refusal of the Senate to allow him to do so. At this time there were twenty counties deprived of representation. In the conclusion of his address he says: "They may learn a lesson from the fate of Haman, who erected a gallows for Mordacai and was hanged on his own gallows; or from the fate of the inventor of the guillotine, who was among its earliest victims. They may make a bed of thorns for the people to lie on, and it may soon become their bed of repose."

It was not long before they realized the truth of this prediction. When Brownlow was elected to the United States Senate and Senter became Governor, he found the same laws for the oppression of the people with the same arbitrary power in the hands of the Governor. The Radical party attempted to defeat him with William B. Stokes, and with this same power he enfranchised all the people of Tennessee, and was elected Governor over Stokes by a large majority, and the majority of the Legislature was relegated to private life and to everlasting infamy.

He died at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Forbes, in Clarksville, Tenn., Nov. 23d, 1866. He was a member of Trinity Church and his funeral took place in that church, the services being conducted by Bishop Quintard and Rev. Samuel Ringgold, the bishop preaching the funeral sermon. He was buried at Trinity Cemetery with the Masonic service and also the burial service of the Episcopal Church. His remains were afterward removed to our beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, where he sleeps by the side of his beloved wife. A plain, white marble monument was erected over his grave, with the following inscriptions:

On the North side: Cave Johnson. Born in Robertson county, Tenn., Jan. 11th, 1793; died in Clarksville, Tenn., Nov. 23d, 1866.

On the East side: Member of United States Congress for fourteen years.

On the West side: Member of President Polk's Cabinet from 1844 to 1848.

On the South side:

He passed through the strife
Of political life
Without a blot on his name;
Honor walked by his side
As a guard and a guide
To the temple of fame.

JAMES HICKMAN JOHNSON,

the eldest son of Cave Johnson, was born at the old homestead of the latter in Clarksville, Tennessee, October 8th, 1840. The residence is now the property of his widow, lying just east of the bridge over the railroad on Madison street. He was named after his uncle, James Dortch, and Hickman county, that county always giving his father a large majority for Congress, as also the counties of Dickson, Henry and Stewart, as

will appear hereafter from the names given his other sons. He was given the best educational advantages in schools and colleges from an early age. Among the institutions of learning he attended, were Stewart College, Clarksville, Tenn., and Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn. When the war between the States was commenced in 1861, he was attending the Law Department of Cumberland University. He returned home and joined Captain William A. Forbes' Company as a private soldier, which was afterwards Company A, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., then in his twenty-first year. He was soon after elected Lieutenant in Company G of the regiment, and subsequently promoted to Captain of his company and to Major of his regiment. At the battle of Petersburg, April 2nd, 1865, he was in command of the regiment, and remained in command from "Petersburg to Appomattox," and surrendered the regiment with General Lee's army on the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. He was with his regiment from the beginning of the war till its close, except when absent on account of a severe wound, taking part in all of its battles and skirmishes. He was severely wounded at the battle of Cedar Run, August 9th, 1863, being shot through the foot, from which wound sixteen or eighteen bones were taken out at times, lasting long after the close of the war, and from which he never entirely recovered. At Petersburg, April 2nd, 1865, McComb's brigade attacked a fort to the left of his brigade, which had been taken by the Federal soldiers, and captured it. Major Johnson's regiment being on the right of the brigade, he was assigned to the command of the fort. This attack and capture was made soon after daylight, and the fort and the line of the brigade was held to about eleven o'clock, during which time, the fort being the outpost of that portion of Lee's army, received a terrific fire of shot, shell and musketry from the enemy. The enemy having made a charge upon the line and the fort, the thin ranks of McComb's Brigade were compelled to give way, and retreat was made necessary. This could only be made by swimming Hatcher's run, which he did. Immediately after crossing the run, the brigade retreated along the line of Picket's Division, the works having been abandoned by General Pickett, and it received a severe fire from the artillery and infantry. Major Johnson soon found himself in command of the rear guard of that portion of the army, with about one hundred men, his youngest brother being the only mounted officer with him. He received several messages from General Cook, who was fortifying some distance in the rear, asking for "God's sake hold the enemy in check as long as possible, that I may complete the line of breastworks I am hastily throwing up to retard the advance of the enemy." He held the advance of the enemy in check for



some time, fighting and then retreating, having had four skirmishes with them, until at last he was driven into Cook's works. He was then ordered to report to General McComb at Anderson's farm, near Extra Mills, where another line was to be formed. Wilcox couriers having brought information that the bridge was taken in front and it was impossible to cross the river, he was ordered to cross the river at Extra Mills. Reaching the river, he found that General McCombs and others had crossed the Appomattox River, but as there was only one small flat-boat to cross the river with, it was impossible to get his men across. In the meantime General Cook, after a gallant fight, had been compelled to retreat, and seeing the impossibility of crossing, ordered all the troops to march up the river, and to the surprise of all found the bridge had not been destroyed, and they joined the army of General Lee, retreating on the opposite side of the river. He remained with his regiment and the army in its retreat, taking part in the fights till its surrender. He was one of the bravest and best soldiers of the gallant old Fourteenth Tennessee, and did much in winning for it that great fame which will last as long as the gallant deeds of Tennesseans in war are remembered. He was a popular man, and a thorough gentleman, and strictly honest. He left no debts unprovided for. He died at his residence in Clarksville, October 28th, 1880, and was buried in the square at Greenwood where his father sleeps. He was married to Miss Mary Boyd, October 15th, 1867. She was a daughter of the distinguished lawyer, George C. Boyd, and Mrs. Virginia C. Boyd. She is now the Postmaster at Clarksville, having been appointed by President Cleveland. They had two children, Cave, born July 24th, 1868, who died August 1st, 1869, and George Boyd, who was born May 12th, 1870, and is now Assistant Postmaster. He was a member of the Episcopal Church from 1866 to his death.

THOMAS DICKSON JOHNSON

was named after General Thomas Johnson, his grandfather, and Dickson county, and was born at Farmer's Hill, Robertson county, Tennessee, January 21st, 1842. He is the second son of Cave Johnson and Elizabeth (Dortch) Johnson. He, like the other brothers, in his early life was given every educational advantage in schools and institutions of learning, among the number Stewart College, Clarksville, the Military College at Nashville, and Chapel Hill, North Carolina. His father was so anxious for the thorough education of his sons, that before the civil war, then a man of large estate, he frequently was heard to say and told them that he intended making his will in such a manner as to exclude from any participation in his estate any of his sons who had not regularly graduated in a regular course of study in some of our colleges or universities. Cave Johnson was a just man and would not have disinherited any of his children, but made this statement to them to impress upon their minds the great importance he attached to a complete and thorough education. Of course, such a thought could never have entered his mind after the war, when his sons had spent four years of their lives, the very best years for educational instruction, in the service of their country. Soon after his return from the University of North Carolina, he began the study of

law, but the war coming on soon, he abandoned the study of law for the life of a soldier in defence of his home and State. In 1861 he joined the company of Captain William A. Forbes as a private soldier, which was afterwards Company A, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. He went with his regiment to Virginia, and remained with the army of Northern Virginia throughout the war, taking part in all its camp life, marches, battles and skirmishes, except when disabled from wounds received in battle. He was first wounded in 1862 at the battle of Gaines Mill, Virginia, and the next year at Fredericksville, Virginia, and received a third wound at Chancellorsville, Virginia. He was knocked down by a minnie ball at Gettysburg, though not wounded, the ball failing to penetrate through his clothing. He was on service the latter part of the war in the signal corps with Major General Harry Heth, but took part in all the engagements of the army as an aid to this General. He was a brave and faithful soldier, and continued in the service during the entire war, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. He returned home with his parole in 1865, and began the study of medicine. He afterwards attended the medical department of the University of Virginia, and later the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Maryland, graduating from the latter institution in 1869. He was for some time resident physician at Bayview Hospital, but in the latter part of 1869 located at Clarksville, where he continued to practice his profession until 1875, when he received an appointment by the Egyptian Government as Staff Surgeon with the rank of Major in the Egyptian army. He was sent with that army on its campaigns into Abyssenia, and on March 7th, 1876, was wounded with a spear at the battle of Gourah and captured. He was a prisoner for forty-eight days and suffered great hardships at the hands of his captors. He owes his life to the noted chief, Rass Walda Cellassie, who controlled the provinces of Amhara and Samaine. For the valuable services rendered by him, and the high estimate of his ability as a surgeon and gentleman, he was decorated by the Khedive with the order of Medjeddie, and is perhaps the only Tennessean ever decorated by a foreign government. In 1877 he resigned his commission in the Egyptian army and returned to Clarksville, where he has since practiced his profession with great success. His studious habits, his careful training in the medical colleges, and his great experience in hospitals and the army, and his practice, has justly placed him in the front ranks of surgeons and physicians. He was married in 1880 to Miss Carrie Lurton, a daughter of Dr. L. L. Lurton and Mrs. Sarah Harman Lurton. They have three children: Sarah, Thomas Dickson, Jr., and Polk Grundy, Jr. He has been a member of the Episcopal Church for about



eighteen years. He was confirmed in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1868, and has been a consistent and active member since.

POLK GRUNDY JOHNSON,

the youngest son of Cave Johnson, was born at the residence of his father in Clarksville, Tennessee, November 2nd, 1844. He was first named Henry Stewart, after the



counties of Henry and Stewart, but when his father was called to the cabinet of President Polk in 1845, as Postmaster General, at the solicitation of Mrs. James K. Polk, and Mrs. Felicia Porter, daughter of Felix Grundy, his name was changed to Polk Grundy, after President Polk and Felix Grundy. He entered school at five years of age, first attending the school taught by Mrs. Boardman, and continued in private schools in Clarksville until 1857, when he was sent to James Ross, who had a boarding school about ten miles from Clarksville. In 1858 he entered Stewart College at Clarksville and continued his studies there until the beginning of the war in 1861. He first joined Captain Wm. A. Forbes' Company, being then sixteen years of age. His father was then absent from home, and upon his return objected so seriously to his going into the army, that Captain Forbes, his brother-in-law,

refused to allow him to join his company. He afterward joined a cavalry company being raised by Robert W. Johnson. This company, however, did not get the necessary number to entitle it to be sworn into the service before Governor Harris made his second call for troops. James E. Bailey, then on the Military Board at Nashville, came to Clarksville to raise a company for active service. As soon as he learned that Bailey intended raising a company, fearing his father would again object to his entering the army, he went before Judge Kimble, the County Judge, and took the oath as a soldier for twelve months. He was the first person sworn into Bailey's company. The company was soon organized and he went with it to Fort Donelson. This company became Company A at the organization of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment. He took part in the battle of Fort Donelson, was surrendered with the Confederate army to General Grant, February 16th, 1862, and was sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. He remained a prisoner of war until Sept. 5th, 1862, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. The regiment was reorganized at Clinton, Miss. The conscription act of Congress had been passed, but he did not come within the age provided for service by that act and could have returned home. He nevertheless volunteered his service for the war. He served as a private soldier in the Forty Ninth Tennessee Regiment until September, 1863, when he was detailed for duty at the headquarters of Brigadier-General

William A. Quarles. He was appointed Aid-de-Camp to that General, with the rank of First Lieutenant of Cavalry, Sept. 4th, 1864, and his commission bears that date, signed by John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War. He served on the staff of General Quarles until that General was wounded and captured, when he was assigned to duty, at the request of General William McComb, by the Secretary of War as Assistant-Inspector-General of McComb's Brigade. He was wounded during the siege of Atlanta. On the 28th day of July, 1864, in the battle of Lick-Skillet Road, while acting Assistant-Adjutant-General, his horse was shot under him, the ball entering his head just between his eyes, and rearing up fell backwards, and caught his leg under him, and in his effort to extricate himself he was covered with blood from his bleeding horse. The next morning he made the official report, of the losses of the brigade, showing that more than one-half the brigade were killed and wounded. At the battle of Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865, while charging a battery which had been taken from the Confederates, he, while on horseback, had the sole of his shoe shot off and his foot bruised, and three minie balls passed through his clothing. He retreated with the army, swam Hither Run, and with his brother, Major Johnson, covered the retreat of that part of Lee's army until the line of General Cooke was reached. He then reported to General McComb at Anderson's farm, and crossed the Appomattox River at Extra Mills. He was surrendered with General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9th, 1865, being the only personal staff officer of Gen. McComb at that time, Captain John Allen, Assistant-Adjutant General, having been wounded at Petersburg, and Lieutenant R. E. McCulloch captured. The brigade surrendered at that time consisted of 54 officers and 426 men, total 480 officers and men. He was not in Clarksville from the beginning to the close of the war. He reached home after he was paroled on the 15th day of April, 1865. In September, 1865, he attended McGill College, in Montreal, Canada, intending to remain four years preparatory to studying law. On account of his father's health failing he only remained one year. He afterward attended the law department of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., and received the degree of Bachelor of Laws in January, 1868. He was associated in the practice of law with General Quarles until appointed Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, July 8th, 1870. This appointment was made by Hon. Charles G. Smith, Chancellor. The constitution of the State, adopted in 1870, vacated all the judicial offices in the State. Judge Smith was again elected Chancellor, and he was reappointed Clerk and Master for a term of six years. He was again appointed Clerk and Master by Chancellor Lurton for a full term in 1877, and again by Chancellor Seay in 1883, and now holds that office.

He married Miss Emma V. Robb, daughter of Colonel Alfred Robb (who was killed at the battle of Fort Donelson) Oct. 1st, 1868, and they had two children, twins, who died at about the age of six months. She died Aug. 29th, 1872. On Oct. 7th, 1875, he married Miss Nannie W. Tyler, daughter of Hon. John D. Tyler and Mrs. Mildred Tyler. They have two children living, Cave and Mildred. He has been a member of the Episcopal Church since 1867, and a member of the vestry since 1868,

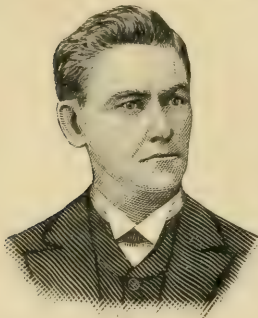
except for one year. He was for several years the Junior Warden, and has attended nearly all the conventions of that church since 1868. He was the Treasurer of the building committee of the church and is now the Treasurer of the Bible Society of Clarksville. He was one of the directors of Greenwood Cemetery at its first organization and has been a director ever since. He is a Democrat of the old school, and believes in the doctrine the least governed the better—that the Democracy “has confidence in man and abiding reliance in his high destiny,” and “it seeks the largest liberty, the greatest good and the surest happiness.” Believes in the “supremacy of principles which should control the action of government—whether the people should rule or be ruled—whether man should be protected in the pursuit of happiness or forced to travel a road assumed to be the best by others, whenever they have power to dictate.”

CONCLUSION.

From the foregoing sketches it will be seen that the Cave Johnson family were destined for war. Cave Johnson's grandfather was a private in the Revolutionary war. His father was a Brigadier-General with Jackson in the Creek war. He was a staff officer in his father's brigade with the rank of Lieutenant, and his three sons, his only children, in the Confederate army. It is to be hoped that his four grandsons will escape war, but who can tell? The causes of war in our country seem to have passed away, but there are always agitators seeking to destroy the liberty of the citizen, who become so extreme that war may be necessary at any time. We can only hope that our country, “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” may be spared another war.

MICHAEL SAVAGE.

M. Savage, Attorney-General, was born in Montgomery county, March 12th, 1859. His parents, Patrick J. and Ellen Savage, are natives of Ireland, and emigrated to America when quite young, and were married and located on a farm in Montgomery county soon after. The father was born in 1822 and the mother in 1831. The son



was given a good country school education, and at the age of twenty years he commenced the study of law. He attended Vanderbilt University in 1880-81, and in the Fall of 1881 was admitted to the practice of law at the Clarksville bar. By close application, diligence and great perseverance, he has risen rapidly in his profession and in public esteem. In 1884 he was made Chairman of the Democratic County Executive Committee, in which position he served two years, and in 1886 he was chosen Chairman of the Sixth Congressional District Convention, which nominated Hon. Joseph E. Washington for Congress. On the 5th of August, 1886, he was elected Attorney-General for

Montgomery county without opposition, which position he now fills with ability and credit to himself. July 2nd, 1883, he formed a law partnership with H. N. Leech,

under the firm name of Leech & Savage, which relationship still exists. The ability and energy of the firm is generally recognized, and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company have retained their services as attorneys for the corporation at Clarksville. Mr. Savage is a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias, a most influential benevolent order.

HON. WM. M. DANIEL.

William Madison Daniel, who ranks with the ablest lawyers of the State, was born in Henderson county, Tennessee, February 4th, 1837. His parents were Cole Spencer and Martha A. Daniel, natives of Virginia. They came to Tennessee and settled in Henderson county in 1837, where they remained till 1840, when they moved to Clarksville, where the father died in 1866, the good mother in 1884, six children surviving. Mr. Daniel is in a great measure, a self made man. At the early age of thirteen years he was placed in a position that brought him in contact with the world in a way well calculated to try the patience and endurance of strong, even-tempered men, and he proved equal to the emergency. He finished his education at Stewart College in 1859, and commenced the study of law under the instruction of General Wm. A. Quarles, and in 1860 began the practice of his profession. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he enlisted in Company A, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. The next year he was detailed for duty in the signal department, and had charge of lookout stations for General A. P. Hill's division. In 1863 he took charge of the signal department for General Anderson's division. In 1864 he again united with his regiment, but was subsequently transferred to the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, and continued with this command until the surrender at Appomattox.



At the close of the war he returned home penniless, as did many of the boys, when he formed a law partnership with the late Judge R. W. Humphreys, which continued until 1869. He then formed a partnership with General Quarles, which relation still continues. Mr. Daniel, though starting without a dollar, soon developed remarkable business talent, and while enterprising, was always cool headed and conservative, and has been successful in accumulating a handsome estate. In the first effort to build the Princeton Railroad, the company recognized his financial ability and enterprising spirit by selecting him as its President. He favored beginning work at once and building as far as the funds then held by the company would enable them to do, trusting to further efforts to obtain aid for the completion of the road. The directory determined, however, that the funds then held were not sufficient to justify the beginning of work, the effort to obtain the aid expected from the Kentucky end of the line having failed, and in the meanwhile other parties came in offering to build the road through from St.

Louis to Nashville as a competing line with the L. & N. The original enterprise was abandoned for this, which was only intended as a diversion to defeat the project. Had Mr. Daniel's policy prevailed, the road would have been completed ten years sooner.

Mr. Daniel is a most earnest and forcible speaker, presenting his ideas in such plain, conservative argument, as to attract attention and be understood; and in plying a doubtful witness before a jury, he has no superior. A witness trying to evade the truth is sure to twist and squirm under his searching examination. In 1880, when the financial troubles of the State became very embarrassing, and the Democratic party greatly agitated and divided into factions, and defeat seemed inevitable, he was nominated for the State Senate by the State credit wing, against his protestations, but he was finally prevailed upon by personal friends to accept, and did, entering the campaign with defeat staring him in the face. His conservative speeches, however, presenting the question in such clear, forcible language, did much to quiet the nervous excitement and harmonize Democratic sentiment in his district, and he was elected over both Cheatham, the Republican candidate, and Rogers, the Low-Tax Democrat, by a handsome majority. The State Credit Democratic platform in that campaign favored the settlement of the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar, with four per cent. interest, and all party candidates for Governor and the Legislature so construed it. Mr. Daniel declined, however, to pledge himself to so low a rate of interest. The Low-Tax Democratic platform denied that the railroad bonds were any part of the State debt, and favored the settlement of the old bonds, known as the State debt proper, in full, repudiating the railroad debt. The Republicans favored a settlement at sixty cents on the dollar, with six per cent. interest. Neither party had a majority in the Legislature, and it was then that the famous 100-3 bill was submitted to the General Assembly, and was finally carried, as it was charged, by most notoriously corrupt methods. Mr. Daniel took the lead of the conservative element, and fought the 100-3 measure by a bill of his own on a basis of fifty cents and graded interest, maintaining that the State Credit Democrats could not afford to deviate from the platform upon which they were elected. His bill was offered as a substitute for the 100-3 bill, but the effort to substitute failed by one vote. Mr. Daniel proved equal to every emergency, and won character by his firm adherence to party pledges to the people and conservative leadership. At this session he was Chairman of the Committee on Education, and was appointed to the delicate position of Chairman of the celebrated investigating committee, raised to investigate the charges of bribery and corruption in the passage of the 100-3 measure, which was the settlement of the debt at one hundred cents on the dollar, bonds running ninety-nine years, with three per cent. interest, and the coupons receivable for taxes. In this position he displayed marked ability in bringing out all the facts, giving general satisfaction.

In 1882 his name was freely discussed as the most suitable conservative gubernatorial candidate, and the delegates from Montgomery county to the State Convention were instructed to cast their votes for him, but at his request his name was not pre-

sented to that body. He was, however, by unanimous nomination, returned to the Senate that year (1882), and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, taking a leading position in the Senate. At this session the State debt was finally settled. In the discussion before the Senate, Mr. Daniel made one of the clearest and strongest speeches that was ever made in defense of the State's position, and it should go into State history. It is due to Mr. Daniel, while recording these facts, to state that he has never sought political preferment, but has rather declined it and discouraged his friends in bringing his name before the public, when mentioned either for Gubernatorial or Congressional honors.

In 1879 Mr. Daniel bought the Cross place, his present charming home, out Madison street, where he has improved two hundred acres of land and stocked the place with a herd of superior Jersey cattle, demonstrating his ability also as a skillful agriculturist. The land was utterly worn out, and in a short time he has reclaimed every foot of it, making a splendid farm. Mr. Daniel was married January 31st, 1867, to Miss Minor DeGraffenried, of Williamson county, Tenn. They have seven very bright children, Fontaine D., Margaret M., Susie Bell, William M., Jr., Thomas M., Robert H., and Bessie Lu. The oldest son has just completed his education, graduating at the Southwestern Presbyterian University with distinction, and has since entered the study of law in his father's office.

ROBERT H. BURNEY.

Robert Harris Burney is a prominent lawyer of the Clarksville bar. He was born in Davidson county, Tenn., October 31st, 1854. His parents were of Scotch-Irish descent. The father, Rev. H. L. Burney, was born in Robertson county in 1816, and uniting with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in his youth, devoted forty or more years of his life to the gospel ministry, with much good effect. His mother's maiden name was Miss Mary L. Vick, a native of Virginia. They moved to Montgomery county in 1855. The son was raised on the farm and attended good schools. In 1875 he entered Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., where he graduated in the law department in 1876. Returning from school, he immediately located in Clarksville to practice law, commencing in July of that year. He very soon exhibited native ability, and his prospects brightened continually. In 1878 he was elected Attorney-General for Montgomery county, in which position he served eight years with great efficiency, earning the reputation of being one of the ablest prosecuting attorneys in the State. In 1886 he was elected by the Democratic party as one of the Representatives of Montgomery county to the Legislature, B. J. Corban being his colleague. He was appointed to a place on several important committees, and was diligent in the discharge of his duties. He was very conservative, yet taking a firm position on all the leading



questions, maintaining his side of the question with a great deal of persuasive power and force, and was therefore a strong member and popular with his colleagues in that body. Retiring from the Attorney-Generalship, he formed a law partnership with John J. West, under the firm name of West & Burney. Mr. Burney is a lawyer of more than ordinary ability. He is conservative in all things; cautious, thoughtful and painstaking in his work. He is especially strong before a jury, arguing his points closely and forcibly, holding the undivided attention of the jury. He is a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias; and himself and family worship with the Presbyterians. Mr. Burney was married February 10th, 1880, to Miss Clara Kennedy, daughter of Hon. D. N. Kennedy, of this city. They have two children living, Sarah B. and Mary L. The eldest, Robert H., Jr., a very lovely and sprightly child, is dead.

A. S. WOOD.

Alexander Somerville Wood was born near Franklin, Williamson county, Tenn., Dec. 24th, 1830. His father, John Wood, was born in Maryland, and came to Tennessee in 1817. He married Miss Mildred Standfield, a native of Tennessee, and resided several years near Franklin. In 1831 Mr. Wood moved his family to Kentucky



and died at Hopkinsville in 1838, leaving his widow with six children. They moved immediately to Montgomery county, Tenn., settling near Woodlawn, where she died in 1839. Alex. was the sixth of the family of orphan children, and was by the early death of his parents left to his own resources, to make his way through the world the best he could. Of course he had to work hard to maintain himself, but by close application and the greatest economy he managed to obtain a fair country school education and save a little surplus, which enabled him to start in business on his own account, and in 1848 he commenced general merchandizing at Woodlawn. This little venture was so

successful that in 1860 he was induced to enlarge the scope of his operations by engaging also in the tobacco trade. With the exception of three years during the war, he continued in prosperous business at Woodlawn until 1875. Tobacco operations of that year proved disastrous to all dealers, and Mr. Woods lost a considerable portion of his profits. In 1876 he came to Clarksville and continued to deal extensively in tobacco two years, and was in the meanwhile engaged in the hotel business with Mr. Northington and the grocery business with Dority, Wood & Co. until the fall of 1883, when he formed a partnership with Florence Abbott, a very energetic, reliable young man, under the firm name of Wood & Abbott, wholesale and retail dealers in groceries. The house did a thriving business from the start, and are now on a firm basis and prosperous.

Mr. Wood is one of the many self-made men of Clarksville. He is a quiet man every way, generous and warm-hearted, and draws around him many friends. His excellent qualities are to be judged by the esteem in which he is held in the community where he lived so long, his old patronage following him to this city. Mr. Wood has been a zealous Free Mason since 1862, and is also a member of the Knights of Honor. He was married in 1857 to Miss Jennie Frederick, daughter of 'Squire Conrad Frederick, who died in 1863. His second wife was Bettie J. Brown, to whom he was married in 1866. She died in 1871, and in 1873 he married his present wife, Miss Edna B. Brown, sister of his second wife and daughter of Mr. Albert G. Brown, a prominent citizen of Montgomery county.

JOHN S. HART.

The name of John S. Hart, who for many years was one of Clarksville's most prominent and useful citizens, deserves a place in this work. Mr. Hart is now a citizen of East Nashville. He was born in Robertson county, Tenn., north of Springfield, in 1818, and came here in March, 1842, from Nashville with Mr. D. N. Kennedy, engaging in the dry goods business. The house established by this firm is still in existence, having been perpetuated forty-five years by succession. John S. Hart succeeded Hart & Kennedy. In December, 1853, B. W. Macrae was admitted to a partnership under the firm name of John S. Hart & Co. in the dry goods business and B. W. Macrae & Co. in the grocery business. In 1858 B. F. Coulter bought out Hart, continuing the business under the firm name of Macrae & Coulter, which continued until forced to close by the war. Mr. Macrae retired and Coulter reopened the house at the close of the war, admitting George W. Hillman as a partner under the firm name of Coulter & Hillman. Later Coulter bought out Hillman, continuing the business in the name of B. F. Coulter until 1870. He sold out to his clerks, William M. and John F. Coulter and Maurice A. Stratton, who continued the business five years under the firm name of Coulter Bros. & Stratton. Coulter Bros. bought out Stratton, and that firm still exists at this writing.

Mr. Hart returned to Robertson county and engaged in farming until 1866 or 1867, when he removed to Springfield and engaged in merchandizing on a large scale with his brother, Rev. Edwin Hart, in which he was not so successful as in his experience in Clarksville, where he accumulated largely. In 1869 or 1870 he was elected to the State Senate as representative of Stewart, Montgomery and Robertson counties, defeating Hon. Jo C. Stark for the position. Mr. Hart served with credit to himself and his constituency, making a very efficient member. About 1879 he returned to this city, engaging in the warehouse business with I. H. Shelby and Ed O'Brien, under the name of Shelby, Hart & O'Brien, Gracey Warehouse. This partnership lasted only one year. Mr. Hart made some money in the experiment and moved to Edgefield to improve his property, and is now in very comfortable circumstances. He is held in the highest esteem here by all, and warmly remembered by those who were intimately associated with him. He was a live, enterprising spirit and a thoroughgoing,

warm-hearted Mason and friend. The John Hart Lodge at Peacher's Mills was named in honor of him.

DAVID KINCANNON.

Mr. David Kincannon was born in McMinn county, Tenn., Dec. 2d, 1827, of Irish descent. His father was Frank Kincannon, born in Sevier county, Tenn., in 1800. His mother was a native of the same county, born in 1802. Her maiden name was Miss Elizabeth McCroskey. The grandfather, George Kincannon, was



born in Virginia in 1865. Mr. Kincannon's parents moved to Bradley county when he was quite young. Frank Kincannon was the first Register of Bradley county, and was successively re-elected up to his death in 1844. The mother died in 1866. David Kincannon was educated in the country schools, and at twenty years of age he commenced learning the tinner trade, serving two year's apprenticeship. In 1849 he commenced business on his own account, opening a shop for the manufacture and sale of tinware, stoves, etc., in Cleveland, Tenn., where he continued the business successfully until the war commenced. About the close of the war, in 1865, he moved to Clarksville, opened a tinshop and settled down to hard work, sticking to his tinner's bench ten years. His first experience in Clarks-

ville was a partnership with Mr. James Hamlett, which lasted until 1871, when Kincannon & Hamlett dissolved relations and Jonathan Wood and son, Frank Wood, who came here about that time from Chattanooga, were admitted as partners under the firm name of Kincannon, Wood & Co. The business was greatly enlarged, doing considerable jobbing trade in tin and queensware, crockery, stoves, etc., and commanding also a heavy business in sheetiron and tin roofing. In the meanwhile Mr. Jonathan Wood died, but the house was continued with Frank Wood as partner without change of firm name. Mr. Kincannon was economical in the management of his business and invested his profits in real estate, and soon acquired four valuable storehouses on Franklin street and other good property. The great fire of April 13th and 14th, 1878, which came so near sweeping the entire city, started in his store, consuming that and the other three buildings, in which his loss was not less than \$10,000 over and above insurance. But nothing daunted, seeming little concerned for the loss, so soon as the smoldering ruins had cooled his plans were matured and the work of rebuilding was commenced. He was the first man to let out a contract, which was for his present large building, 49x135 feet, covering two lots occupied by burnt buildings. This was the first new house completed and opened for business after the fire, and very soon he had the other houses, Franklin Bank and Ligon's storehouse, completed.

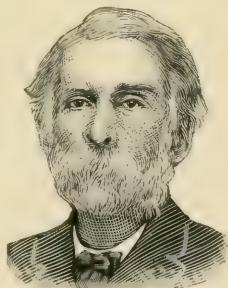
The year following he added in the new building a complete stock of hardware and many agricultural implements. In the meanwhile the partners concluded it was best to divide the stock, and Mr. Wood set up a house of his own. Mr. Kincannon admitted his son Walter, under the firm name of Kincannon, Son & Co.

Mr. Kincannon is one of the best business men in Clarksville. He is always cool and systematic in his methods—never in a flurry about anything—never crowded with more than he can do, because he can do more than most men. He is always earnest and positive in his dealings, and won't dally long to make a bargain. He is generous-hearted in all he does, enterprising in spirit, and unites his aid liberally in every public enterprise, taking stock in everything calculated to benefit the city, and goes in to make everything he puts his hand to a success. In politics he is a Democrat, and can always be relied upon to render any patriotic service his party friends may demand, regardless of time and expense. Mr. Kincannon is in every sense a live, self-made business man of more than ordinary ability and business capacity, and deserves the success he has attained in Clarksville.

In 1852 he was married to Miss Lucretia F. Briton, daughter of William and Mary Briton, born in McMinn county, Tenn., Feb. 18th, 1828, and to their happy union have been born four children, Miss Fannie A., Walter B., Mary E. and James Charlie. Both sons now have places in the store, and like their father are solid young business men. Mr. Kincannon is an enthusiastic Mason, a prominent member of the Knights Templar, and is a member of the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Kincannon has been a Methodist from girlhood up.

CAPTAIN BEN F. EGAN.

Captain Ben F. Egan was born in Franklin, Simpson county, Ky. He graduated at St. Mary's College, in Marion county, Ky., in 1846. The college was then conducted by the Jesuits, and the late A. J. Theland, of New York, was President. The Hon. A. H. Garland, present Attorney General of the United States, was a college mate of his. Immediately after being graduated he served in the war with Mexico as Lieutenant of the Fourth Kentucky Volunteers. After returning from that country he drifted into steamboating on the Cumberland River as clerk of the *Countess*, a regular Nashville & Smithland packet, and as captain and sometimes clerk was an officer on the *Magyar*, *Cuba*, *Minnetonka*, *J. H. Baldwin*, *May Duke*, *Mollie Ragon*, *Mayflower*, *Armada* and many others. The *nom de plume* under which for over thirty-five years he has written "Driftwood" is "Buz." He married Miss Nettie Miller, a daughter of Capt. Joseph Miller, a pioneer boatman of the Cumberland who was killed at Trice's Landing by A. L. Jones in 1851. Captain Egan was long connected with the river interest and associated with our people, as much at home in Clarksville as anywhere.



He possesses a kind heart, and his genial, fun-loving nature always made him popular. Though not a citizen of Clarksville, this book would hardly be complete without a picture of his generous face.

CHARLES WILLIAM BAILEY, M. D.

Dr. C. W. Bailey, who is eminently known in the medical profession, was born in Clarksville, Tenn., March 26th, 1826. He was educated in the city schools. In 1844 he entered the Circuit Court Clerk's office as deputy under his father, where he continued several years, devoting his spare time to the study of medicine under the in-



struction of Dr. Donoho and Dr. W. F. Finley. He graduated at the Louisville Medical University in March, 1848, and the following month commenced practicing medicine in Clarksville, where he continued until March, 1850, when he went to the country, locating at Captain John D. Tyler's, now known as Hickory Wild, near Hampton's. That year, Nov. 26th, 1850, he was married to Miss Virginia L. Carney, daughter of Ed L. Carney, then the belle of Clarksville. Rev. Dr. Hendricks, who still resides in Clarksville, performed the marriage ceremony. Mrs. Bailey died in this city Oct. 12th, 1886. In March, 1854, he left Tyler's and located in Trenton, Ky. He had

already earned quite a reputation in his profession, which followed him to Trenton, and he at once established a wide practice, distinguishing himself both as a physician and citizen. In March, 1876, he returned to Clarksville, and at once found a very lucrative practice, which is still at his command. Dr. Bailey has attained high eminence in his profession, and might have gained equal or higher distinction as a lawyer or politician. His strong intellect, general information and knowledge of human nature, his entertaining social qualities and benevolent nature are qualities that command popular esteem and fits a man for any high station in life.

Dr. Bailey is the oldest citizen now living in Clarksville who was born here except Mrs. Dr. Walter Drane, and he is not yet an old man. He has a keen recollection of his happy schoolboy days, which really go to make up the most interesting events in life. He has witnessed the building of three court houses in Clarksville, and has pleasant memories of the old homestead, the place of his birth, which was located where the old State Bank, now the Clarksville National Bank, stands; and the garden he had to work was the ground now occupied by Elder's opera house. When quite a small boy he attended with his mother the first service held in the first church built in Clarksville, the old Methodist Church on Main and Fourth streets, now the residence of Dr. Hendricks. Dr. John McFerrin then preached the dedication sermon, but Dr. Bailey remembers more distinctly what occurred on their return home than he does anything

said by the preacher. His mother and Mrs. Count Reynolds were walking along together in earnest conversation. Suddenly Mrs. Reynolds stopped, calling his mother's attention: "Look there, Sister Bailey; do you see that dog fennel?" "Yes," responded Mrs. Bailey. "Well," continued Mrs. Reynolds, "I do believe that the dog fennel and the Methodist are going to take this town." Whether Mrs. Reynolds was correct or not, they are both here yet trying, and evidently "come to stay."

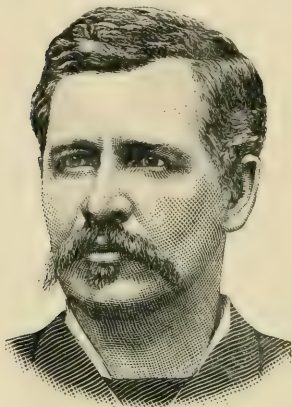
Dr. Bailey remembers some lively schoolboy incidents. Rev. Consider Parish was his first teacher and Rev. Kilpatrick his second. The greater portion of their time was taken up in flogging the boys, and the more they whipped the worse the boys were. Fighting was the principal playtime sport. The boys were all on their muscle, and it was some boy's business to get up a fight every day, and after the mill the teacher would exercise his muscle the balance of the day. The boys had a kind of code they lived by, and there was no trouble in getting up a mill every day. Chivalry required every fellow to stand upon his honor and resent the least imaginary insult or he was disgraced. The boy who had the most fun was the fellow who managed the fights. The manager generally picked the match and then informed one of the boys that the other had turned up his nose, or made some disrespectful remark. The boy insulted would place a chip on his head and walk up to the other, inviting him to knock it off. If the boy refused to knock the chip off he was considered a coward. If knocked off they would draw straws for choice and enter the ring, fighting it out.

When quite small, soon after starting to school, Dr. Bailey promised himself that if he ever grew to manhood he would take revenge on his teacher, Mr. Consider Parish, who gave him a most unmerciful whipping for a very slight and unintentional violation of the rules. Mr. Parish moved away and was lost sight of and forgotten, until ten years ago (1887). Dr. Bailey was called to the country to see an old man named Parish. His astonishment was never so great as on arriving at the house to find his old preceptor, who had returned to the neighborhood blind, feeble in health and broken down in fortune. The tenderest emotions of his heart were awakened in sympathy for the old man, and, remembering all the good things Mr. Parish had done, his sweetest revenge was in administering every way he could in his power toward his comfort.

A singular coincidence is to be observed in Dr. Bailey's life. He was born in March, graduated in March, located at Captain Tyler's in March, moved to Trenton in March and returned to Clarksville in March; and says if he can have his way about it (though he would postpone the event indefinitely) he would prefer to die in March, the harbinger of gentle Spring, which comes with the music of whistling winds to announce the presence of the God of Nature with his beautiful mantle of richest verdure and sweetest flowers, to cover the deformities of the world, and gladden all creation with His glorious peace. And cherishing sweetest memories of childhood days, he would have his funeral preached from the steps of the old State Bank, in the shade of the evening, when the sounds of the winds are hushed and all nature happy in God's love.

G. B. WILSON.

G. B. Wilson, proprietor of the Sewanee Planing and Flooring Mills, was born in Warren county, Ohio, May 25th, 1838. His parents were of English descent. The father, Enoch Wilson, was born in New Jersey in 1819, and died in 1852, leaving his wife and two sons to depend on their own exertions. The mother, who still survives,

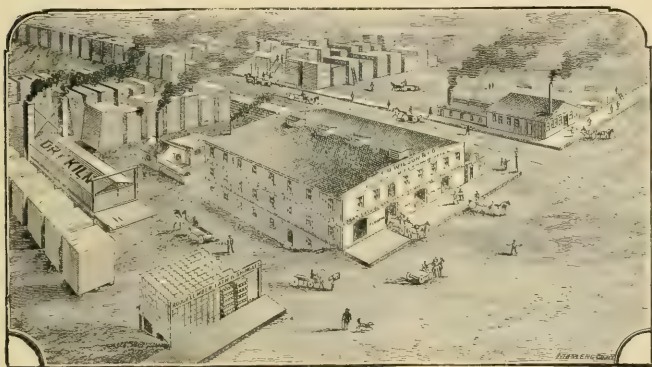


was Miss Margaret Bailey, a sister of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, who was a very distinguished editor in Washington City thirty-five years ago. She was born in Philadelphia in 1822. The parents moved to Cincinnati in 1840. The son was educated in the city schools, and entered Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, in 1850. His father died leaving a widowed mother dependent on her boys, and he stopped school before he was quite ready to graduate. Mr. Wilson is one of the self-made men of the country. His younger life was full of hardships. At fifteen years of age he apprenticed himself to Samuel Mills, of Cincinnati, to learn the carpenter's trade, after finishing which he went to Felicity, Clermont county, Ohio, and entered the high school for eighteen months, making mathematics his main study, and graduating. It was here

he met his estimable wife, Miss Eva C. Larkin, daughter of Moses Larkin, a very prominent gentleman. G. B. Wilson and Eva Larkin were married in Felicity, May 17th, 1859, and have ten children: Charles Henry, Linnie (now Mrs. Frank Hodgson, Addie M., Gilbert Bailey, Alice, Katie, Nellie and Elmer (the twins), George and Lewis; Charles Henry and Elmer, one of the twins, died young. The parents and children constitute a family of musicians, both instrumental and vocal.

Mr. Wilson commenced his business life directly after marriage as foreman for Mills, Spellmire & Co., large manufacturers of doors, blinds, sash, etc., Cincinnati. Mr. Robert H. Williams was perhaps instrumental in his coming to Clarksville, in 1866, at which time he came to superintend a fine building for Mr. Williams on Madison street, which was afterward sold to Mrs. Williams, of Ringgold, and was burned down. The Methodist Church occupies the site. After that residence was completed he built the Cave Johnson house, on Madison street, now the property of Mrs. Mary Boyd Johnson, the postmistress, next to the home of the late Henry Frech; and in 1869 the Glenn house, now owned by Mr. H. C. Merritt. In the Spring of that year he formed a partnership with J. P. V. Whitfield and Dr. C. W. Beaumont for Sewanee planing mills under the firm name of G. B. Wilson & Co. In 1872 Henry Frech bought Dr. Beaumont's interest in the establishment, and in 1882 Mr. Whitfield sold his interest to Wilson and Frech, which partnership continued until the death of Mr. Frech, in February, 1887, when Mr. Wilson, by purchase of the Frech interest,

became sole proprietor of this valuable property, which was built up under Mr. Wilson's management from nothing. With a very small beginning, he has continued to add new machinery, increasing the stock and trade, until now the establishment reaches out over a wide territory of rich country surrounding Clarksville. Mr. Wilson is one of the finest architects in the country, keeping up with all the improvements, and always ready to give a customer calling for building material any design, draft or plan for a house desired. He is the architect and builder of most of the modern fine houses in Clarksville and surrounding towns and country. He gained public confidence from the start and has managed to maintain that good will in his business. Mr. Wilson has served the city faithfully as Alderman several terms. He was for several years Pres-



SEWANEE PLANING AND FLOORING MILLS.

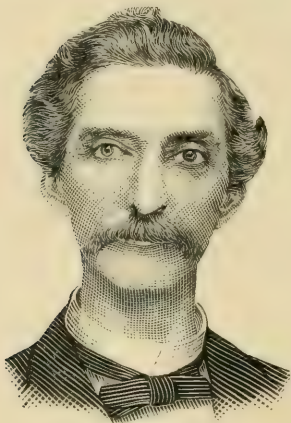
dent of the Public School Board, and was instrumental in establishing the public school system on a solid basis. Dr. L. L. Lurton, G. B. Wilson and H. C. Merritt composed the first School Board for the Twelfth District after the reorganization and adoption of the new constitution changing the public school laws. Then the public school system was very unpopular. Dr. Lurton soon resigned and Mr. Wilson succeeded him as President of the Board. He managed to secure the school appropriation of that year for the purchase of lots and the building of two school houses, one on Main street and the Third Ward school on Union street, supplemented by private subscriptions and other funds. He originated the idea of consolidating the city and Twelfth District schools, and applying the old Princeton railroad fund—the Louisville & Nashville railroad stock and bonds secured by the city in the sale of the Memphis, Clarksville & Louisville railroad, and turned over to the Clarksville & Princeton road. The railroad project having then failed, he advocated the appropriation of \$50,000 to the fund for building a fine school. The Presbyterian University people applied for it also for an

eudowment fund, and the city finally voted \$50,000 to the university and \$27,000 to the public school.

Mr. Wilson is a member in high standing of the Masonic fraternity. He is at present Deputy Grand Commander of Knights Templar of Tennessee, in the line of promotion to Grand Commander of the noble order—a very distinguished position. He is also a member of the Knights of Pythias, President of the Endowment Rank, and a prominent member of the Knights of Honor. Mr. Wilson owns a beautiful home on one of the seven hills of Clarksville (First street) and enjoys a happy family and comfortable surroundings.

JAMES J. CRUSMAN

was born in Clarksville, Tenn., on the 3rd day of July, 1837. He received his education at the old Male Academy and Montgomery Masonic College, which were succeeded by the present literary institution—the pride of our city—now known as the South-western Presbyterian University.



At the beginning of his sophomore year the death of his father forced him to reluctantly give up all hope of a collegiate education for the purpose of devoting his life to the support of his mother's family. In his thirteenth year he determined to forego the surroundings of a highly cultivated and most affectionate home circle to try his fortune in the West. He soon found himself in St. Louis, where he succeeded in securing immediate employment in the office of a large dry goods house. After a few months service, where he was beginning to establish himself in the esteem and confidence of his employers, he was called home to attend at the bedside of a dying brother and sister. The sorrow stricken mother would not listen to his return to his far away home, where his youthful imaginings had pictured forth such a brilliant future, and another obstacle was thus presented

for him to overcome. He soon found employment in the grocery store of Mr. S. N. Hollingsworth. This position he only retained for a few short months, as Mr. Hollingsworth removed to Nashville, after disposing of his Clarksville business to Blackman, Caldwell & Co. Within a few months the latter firm disposed of its stock to B. O. Keese & Co., which firm was succeeded in a short time by Johnson & Alcorn. The latter firm soon sold out to Carr & Boardman. Young Crusman retained his position with each firm, and in a few months he was admitted as a partner and the firm name changed to Carr, Boardman & Co. After a successful three years of business, Carr and Boardman sold out to Crusman & Johnson, but owing to some disappointment, Mr. Johnson soon sold out his interest to Mr. Charles Mitchell, the firm name

changing to Crusman & Mitchell. This young firm of two of the best business men of their age in the place started out under exceedingly favorable auspices, with a prospect of a very bright future before them. But the war between the States came like a whirlwind upon us, and in six months after they had commenced business they both volunteered as privates in Company H of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment of the C. S. Army.

Leaving their business in the hands of another for liquidation, they went forth to fight for the South. Crusman was made Lieutenant, afterwards becoming Captain. Mitchell, who served gallantly throughout the war, gave up his life in one of those last bloody days at Petersburg. Captain Crusman received an almost mortal wound at the battle of West Point, or Eltham's Landing, Va. The wound was of so serious a nature that upon the arrival of the ambulance to carry him into Richmond, a board of surgeons pronounced it mortal, and it was so reported to the War Department and published to the world through the press of Richmond. But Captain Crusman was possessed of that will power and energy seldom found among mortals. He insisted upon being carried to Richmond, and at the Arlington House in that place, by good nursing and kind attention, he recovered after a long time of patient suffering. What was his surprise after his restoration to health to learn, on applying to the War Department for his pay, that the records showed conclusively that he was a dead Captain? Red tape had accomplished in the shape of a report from a board of surgeons what a minnie ball had failed to do. He was dead—there was the record. After some annoyance the papers in the War Department were changed to tell the truth, and the Captain drew his small proportion of Confederate scrip. The wound just mentioned had totally incapacitated him for the infantry service, but that bold determination with which he is so fully blessed, and the business qualifications he has so ably displayed since early boyhood, enabled him to do valuable service on detached duty the remainder of the war. Still on his crutches, we find him in the trenches, bravely fighting to protect Richmond. After one of those gallant defences of Petersburg, he falls into the hands of the enemy, a prisoner of war, and is sent to Point Lookout, Maryland, on the Chesapeake Bay. To recount his escape from the Yankee bastile, in company with one lone comrade, Napoleon L. Leavell, formerly of this city, would require too much space. Suffice it to say, it was one of the most remarkable incidents of those eventful days. After his escape from Point Lookout, Captain Crusman made his way to Canada. At the time of Lee's surrender he was at Quebec on his way to Bermuda, with a view of running the blockade into some Confederate port. Lee's surrender was to him, as it was to a majority of Confederates, a surrender of all the hope of forming a Confederacy, and he returned to Montreal to await events and to look for news from Clarksville. In a few weeks he ascertained from letters from Clarksville that his old comrades of the Virginia army were coming home on parole. He at once reported to the United States Consul at Montreal for a parole, but was informed that he would be allowed to return only on accepting the "iron clad oath." This he promptly declined. Through friends he had his case reported to the proper officer in New York. The reply was that the oath was

the ultimatum. To this he replied: "I will never again accept citizenship in the United States except on the terms granted to General Lee's army, to which I belonged." Seeing no hope of an immediate return home, Captain Crusman accepted a position as assistant book-keeper in a large English publishing house in Montreal, where he was making steady progress in the estimation of his English associates when in the following July letters from Clarksville informed him that he could get his parole in New York city. He resigned his position, and so soon as his successor was installed in office, in August, 1865, he returned to Clarksville.

He commenced business on a small capital the same year in the house he has continuously occupied ever since, with Rev. S. P. Chestnut as partner. The business was successful and the partnership continued until Mr. Chestnut removed to Nashville.



He was the first Clarksville merchant after the war to make an effort to restore the lost wholesale trade. Although his first efforts were received with ridicule by the merchants of the surrounding country, although the general cry came forth that Clarksville was a dead town and could never recover her trade, and in some of the more pretentious towns the samples he would send out would be returned unopened with such remarks as "we can sell Clarksville people goods and don't want samples from there," he pushed his business, making it a point to force such parties to buy their goods

from him. With such a spirit as he has ever shown to conquer all obstacles, in less than five years he saw the jobbing grocery trade of Clarksville as large as it had ever been previously.

Since his new beginning in 1865, there has been no enterprise for the general good of Clarksville or Montgomery county started that he has not actively aided. Ever averse to holding places of public trust, he was compelled by a unanimous vote of the citizens of Clarksville in 1878 to accept the position of Mayor. He found the city finances at the lowest ebb, the bonds of the city quoted at from sixty to sixty-five cents in the dollar, a floating debt amounting to over twenty-five thousand dollars, a city with poor facilities to prevent fires, and by making up his different committees, exhibiting a clear headedness in selecting the proper chairmen, his administration proved to be one of the best, if not the best, in the history of the city. When he retired from the office, the city had no floating debt, the bonds of the city were at par, a first-class fire protection had been secured, and he turned over his wand of office to his successor from hands not stained with the filth of "boodle," and with a consciousness that he had run the affairs of city for the interest alone of the people who had so unanimously

called him to the highest position in their gift. In all the avenues of life, Captain Crusman has proved himself a man of a most generous nature, of the strictest integrity, and one who has an utter contempt for that man who earns his wealth by sly means or tricks of trade. Sincere in his friendship, grateful to his friends, whether as President of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, Mayor of the city, merchant, brother, son, or private citizen, he has been faithful to every trust and, in fact, is now and has ever been one of the most useful citizens Clarksville has ever known.

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS.

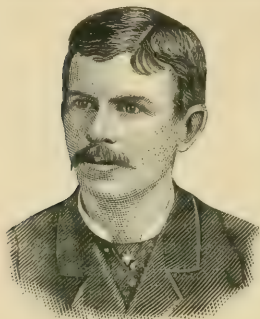
The firm of Lockert & Reynolds, composed of Charles Lacy Lockert and John Bateson Reynolds, in the drug business, was formed March 1st, 1882, buying out J. F. Warfield. These young men started on small capital; not much more than their little savings from moderate salaries as clerks. They occupied a small house and labored under many difficulties that often requires years to overcome, meeting the competition of long established and popular houses. At the end of five years they purchased the house occupied, paying about \$4,500 cash for it, and in addition to this the building was changed, somewhat modernized, and crowded full of goods. Ten days after this, the building and stock was destroyed by the flames of the second big fire, which swept over a large portion of the city April 3rd, 1887. A very small portion of the stock was saved, and about \$8,000 received for insurance, which left a loss of \$800 on the building. After this they bought six feet additional from the Bowling lot adjoining, and at this writing are erecting one of the handsomest business houses in the city. The house is brick, 26 by 139 feet, three stories and basement, a beautiful iron front, and to be finished in elegant style. The building will doubtless be completed and stocked with drugs, books, etc., for both the wholesale and retail market, by Fall.

C. L. Lockert was born December 19th, 1855, at Turnersville, Robertson county, Tenn. His parents moved to Clarksville in 1857, when he was but little over one year of age. His father was Dr. C. H. Lockert, who died early in life. His mother, who still survives, was Miss Emma Hughes before marriage. Both parents were descendants of well known and highly esteemed families, the father being a son of Eli Lockert, who figured in the early history of Clarksville. Lacy was educated in the city schools, spending two years in Stewart College. He commenced quite young clerking for G. N. Byers in the drug business, where he served six years, and then clerked over three years for S. B. Stewart in the same business, up to March, 1882, when the firm of Lockert & Reynolds was formed. Mr. Lockert has sustained a high moral character from his youth up, enjoying public confidence both as a business man and citizen. Mr. Lockert was married September 23rd, 1884, to Miss Nannie Smith, a lady esteemed for her



many accomplishments of mind and heart, descendant of one of the oldest and best known families of Clarksville. Her father was Christian Smith, better known as the dashing, enterprising Kit Smith, a leader in almost every movement in his day. Her mother, Mrs. Lucy Smith, still survives. The family occupy one of the most charming homes in the northern part of the city, fronting on the river side.

John B. Reynolds was born in Clarksville, December 18th, 1853. His parents, William and Isabella Reynolds, were natives of Belfast, Ireland. John was educated in the city schools, and in 1869, at sixteen years of age, commenced clerking in the book store of Conover Bros. In 1871 he changed to the other side of the house, clerking for Lurton Bros. in the drug business, both firms occupying the same house. That year Owen & Moore bought out both firms, Lurton Bros. and Conover Bros., and



Mr. Reynolds continued with the house as clerk until January 1st, 1879, when he bought an interest in the drug store of J. F. Warfield. The firm of Warfield & Reynolds continued only one year, Reynolds selling out to his partner, and taking a clerkship in the wholesale house of Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, for three years, which lasted one year after the partnership of Lockert & Reynolds was formed. John Reynolds is much of a self made young man; he established a high character for himself in the beginning, and has all the while maintained unusual personal popularity and public confidence. Mr. Reynolds was married June 28th, 1882, to Miss Mary Halsell, a highly accomplished

lady, daughter of Rev. J. M. Halsell, a distinguished Cumberland Presbyterian minister of Bowling Green, Ky. They own a neat cottage home on Fifth street, and have two sprightly little children to make home happy, John B., Jr., and Mary. Mr. Reynolds is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, a Knight Templar, and a member of the Methodist church. Mrs. Reynolds worships with the Cumberland Presbyterians.

R. W. ROACH & BRO.

R. W. Roach & Bro. at present writing is one of the leading dry goods houses of Clarksville, of the highest commercial standing, characterized for promptness in all things and generous in dealings. They are systematic, industrious merchants, pains-taking and accurate in selecting their goods, exercising a keen perception in quality and styles to meet demands, and are able to please all classes of customers. The house is kept in perfect order, always presenting an air of neatness, and taste in the display of goods. The firm is also noted for its public spirit, taking an interest in every enterprise calculated to advance the general interests, the senior Mr. Roach being a most active and influential member of society, taking a leading part in public enterprises. The parents of the Roach brothers were Captain John I. Roach, who married Miss Demaris

Tuggle in Virginia. Captain Roach was born in Virginia in 1819. He served as Captain of a company of volunteers in the Mexican war. They moved to Trigg county, Ky., about 1851. The mother died in 1859, and the father in 1880. Captain John I. Roach was a son of Rev. Elijah Roach, a distinguished Baptist preacher of Virginia, who was born in Charlotte county in that State in 1796, and continued active in the ministry until eighty-eight years of age. He died in his native county in 1884. Rev. Elijah Roach's parents came from Edinburg, Scotland, and were of Scotch-Irish descent.

Richard Whitfield Roach, senior member of R. W. Roach & Bro., was born in Prince Edward county, Virginia, March 17th, 1849. He received a practical education and in 1863, at fourteen years of age, commenced clerking in a dry goods store at Roaring Springs, Trigg county, Ky., and with one year's experience he succeeded to a position in a wholesale dry goods house in Louisville, Ky., which place he held six years, and was advanced to a higher salary in a New York house, with whom he remained ten years. In 1881 he opened a dry goods house in Clarksville, under the name of R. W. Roach, meeting with remarkable success. In 1885 his brother, R. C. Roach, was admitted as a partner. Mr. Roach was married August 7th, 1878, to Miss Hettie Dabney, of Cadiz, Ky., a very prepossessing lady, and an active member of the Christian Church. Mr. Roach is a member of the Masonic fraternity and also of the order of Knights of Pythias, filling, at the present time, one of the most important offices in the Lodge.

Robert Cook Roach, junior member of the firm, was born at Roaring Springs, Trigg county, Kentucky, November 14th, 1862, was educated in the country schools, and one term in Ferrell's High School at Hopkinsville, Ky., and in 1880 commenced clerking in a dry goods house in Hopkinsville. In 1884 he came to Clarksville, taking a position in his brother's store, and eight months after was admitted as a partner, and has made himself popular in the community. Mr. Cook Roach was married Feb. 28th, 1887, to Miss Lou Redd, of Hopkinsville, a young lady of an influential family, possessed of many charms. Mr. Roach and wife are both members of the Methodist Church. The leading clerks of this popular house are William H. Major, Richard D. Caldwell, and Miss Kate Gilliam, a lady whose good taste and excellent judgment is trusted in selecting for the lady customers of the house.



KEESSE & NORTINGTON.

The grocery firm of Keesee & Northington, composed of J. W. Keesee and M. C. Northington, was organized in the tobacco business in 1873, and commenced the grocery business in 1875, soon taking a stand in line with the foremost business houses in the city. They are most active and energetic young business men. Their prompt delivery and strict attention to the smallest details in accommodating customers gives the house a strong hold on the community. In fact they have studied the art of pleasing everybody, and deal not only in staple groceries for the retail and wholesale trade, but give strict attention to all the little things which enter into every day living, all kinds of country produce, keeping a general feed store and dealing extensively in coal and fertilizers, keeping four or five teams employed. The policy of the house has been exceedingly prudent and cautious, using every opportunity to turn over goods at small profit, to be at once replaced, turning the capital several times during a year, which brought remarkable prosperity, giving the firm popularity in the country and a high commercial standing. The efficient and reliable clerks who have remained steadily in this house are W. E. Beech, book keeper, John S. Noland, W. H. Daly and A. B. Trawick, salesmen.

John William Keesee was born December 27th, 1833. He is a son of G. S. and Mary (Bourne) Keesee. The father was born in Montgomery county in 1747, a son



of John Keesee, who was born in Virginia in 1783, was a soldier of the war of 1812 and one of the pioneers of Tennessee, who settled in Montgomery county in 1810 and raised a large family of children. The mother was a daughter of William Bourne, a well known cabinet maker and popular citizen of Port Royal. She was born at Port Royal in 1831, and died near Clarksville in 1854. The father, Mr. Sam Keesee, still survives, and is cared for in his advanced age by his worthy son. William Keesee, as he is more familiarly known, was raised on a farm, attended the country schools and also Stewart College. He settled in Clarksville in 1868, and was kept employed by his uncle, Mr. B. O.

Keesee, who was engaged in the tobacco business, banking and general real estate trading, until 1873, when the partnership of Keesee & Northington was formed. He was married October 2nd, 1877, to Miss Eva Simpson, born January, 1850, a most excellent lady, daughter of W. T. Simpson, of Alabama. They have two very bright children, Lula S. and John W., Jr. Mr. Keesee owns a nice cottage home on Franklin street, to which he is about adding a handsome two-story front, making one of the prettiest homes on the street. Mr. Keesee is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and himself and wife both very active members of the Methodist Church.

Michael Carr Northington was born in Montgomery county, April 16th, 1850, a son of Samuel and Mary E. (Carr) Northington, descendants of Welsh-English

blood: both parents were born in Montgomery county, the father in 1814, and the mother in 1825. Mr. Samuel Northington's father came to this county from North Carolina and settled at Port Royal in 1808, and afterwards moved to Kentucky, where he died in 1820. Mr. Samuel Northington was the first cabinet maker who opened business in Clarksville in early days, as noted elsewhere. He afterward moved to the country and engaged in farming many years, and in 1871 returned to Clarksville, where he still resides as proprietor of the popular Northington House. M. C. Northington was raised on the farm and educated in the country schools. He came to Clarksville in 1870 and commenced clerking in the dry goods house of Mr. B. F. Coulter, where he continued four years, one of the most popular salesmen in the city, until the Fall of 1873, when he formed the partnership which still exists with J. W. Keesee. Mr. Northington was married October 21st, 1873, to Miss Nannie V. Neblett, the daughter of Mack and Ann Neblett, born March 5th, 1847, who in girlhood was most attractive for her beauty and sweet amiable disposition, and after married life developed the most lovely character, self-sacrifice and devotion being the chief attributes of their happy home. Mr. Northington and his wife are both active members of the Baptist Church, and are raising up an interesting family of children in that faith. They have six, whose names are Corinne, Ora Bell, Samuel H., Sterling N., Mary E. and Nannie. Mr. Northington is a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias. He was elected a member of the Board of Directors in the Clarksville National Bank in 1884, which position he has since continued to fill. He has been a very successful financier, accumulating considerable real estate in the city. During the year 1886 he built his present elegant residence on Madison street, and enjoys a happy and comfortable home.



SMITH & ANDERSON.

The Gracey Warehouse is a large handsome brick building, corner of Second and Commerce streets, opposite the Court House, fronting 120 feet on Second street and 200 feet deep, one story in front and three in the rear, having capacity for storing 2,500 hogsheads of tobacco, and is worth twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. The house was built by Captain Frank P. Gracey, who is still the owner, in 1878, and was occupied by different firms up to 1881, when the present occupants, Smith & Anderson, came in, selling the first year 2,800 hogsheads of tobacco and increasing every year after, selling in 1886 about 6,500 hogsheads. The firm is composed of James H. Smith and W. B. Anderson, both young men, well trained in the business. They started out on a sound financial basis, maintaining the highest business integrity with the people and financial standing in the commercial world. The following named popular



GRACY HOUSE.

gentlemen are associated with the firm in different capacities in the conduct of the business of the house: M. E. Whitefield, Louis G. Wood, George A. Smith, Jr., and Lee Anderson.

James Henry Smith, senior member of the house, was born in Logan county, Ky., January 28th, 1851, son of Abraham L. and Mary (Long) Smith. His father is a native of Kentucky, born in 1820, and still resides near Adairville. His mother was born in Tennessee in 1825, and died in 1879. Mr. Smith attended the country schools, and completed his education in Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., entering that institution at fourteen years of age. He came to Clarksville in 1870, when nineteen years of age, and served two years in the employ of Turnley, Ely & Co., Elephant Warehouse, one year with Harrison & Shelby, the old Clarksville Warehouse, and two years with Grinter, Young & Co., of the Cumberland Warehouse, after which he purchased an interest in the latter house, continuing a member till the firm dissolved. The Grange Warehouse Association was then organized and purchased the Cumberland Warehouse for its business. Mr. Smith remained in the employ of the Grange Warehouse Association until the firm of Smith, Anderson & Bell, of the Gracy House, was organized in 1881. Mr. Bell soon withdrew from the house and



the firm has since remained Smith & Anderson, commanding a large share of the trade and a prosperous business. Mr. Smith devoted himself to the interest of his employers from the beginning, exhibiting energy and capacity, soon gaining a knowledge of the business, and general business matters, that commanded attention. When the Farmers & Merchants National Bank was established, he was elected Vice-President, and at the annual election of officers for the year 1887 he was elected President of the bank.

He occupies prominence as a member of the Tobacco Board of Trade, serving on important committees. In 1886 he was elected Mayor of Clarksville, which office he now fills to the satisfaction of the entire community. Mr. Smith was married November 5th, 1874, to Miss Lizzie Polk, daughter of Thomas Polk, of Robertson county, born September 15th, 1853, a prepossessing lady of splendid accomplishments. They purchased the house built by Mr. A. B. Harrison, a handsome place and one of the most comfortable homes on Madison street. They have three interesting children, Thomas Polk, George Charlton, and James H., Jr. James H. won, by unanimous vote of both the judges and audience, the premium offered for the finest baby at the grand reunion of farmers at Dunbar's Cave in August, 1886. Mr. Smith and wife are both members of the Methodist Church.

William B. Anderson was born in Robertson county, May 1st, 1854, son of Benjamin H. and Sarah (Porter) Anderson. Mr. Anderson is truly a self-made man. His mother was left a widow with a helpless family of children when he was quite a small boy. He received a limited education at Liberty Academy, Springfield, before his father's death, and at the age of fifteen years was thrown upon his own resources. He spent six years as book-keeper in the employ of the New York Life Insurance Company at Memphis and Cleveland, Ohio. In 1875 he returned to Springfield, and came within a few votes of being elected Circuit Court Clerk against a very popular gentleman. He came to Clarksville in 1878 and engaged as book-keeper for Shelby, Hart & O'Brien, of the Gracey House. His splendid qualifications, as well as his acquaintance and influence in the best tobacco growing county in the Clarksville District, enabled him to command the position at a good salary, and he continued in the employ of the house until he became one of the proprietors by the partnership of Smith, Anderson & Bell in 1881, which was shortly changed to Smith & Anderson. On the 26th of June, 1881, Mr. Anderson wedded Miss Lula Poindexter, the accomplished daughter of Mr. W. S. Poindexter, whose womanly character and grace makes his home most attractive. They have two bright little daughters, Kate and Sarah. Mr. Anderson lately purchased the Hendricks place, one of the handsomest brick residences on Franklin street, just above the Catholic Church. Besides this he owns other valuable property. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson worship with the Methodist congregation.



HERNDON, HALLUMS & CO.

The Grange Warehouse, which covers near three acres of ground, is at present writing occupied by the firm of Herndon, Hallums & Co., composed of Thomas Herndon, Charles Hallums, J. T. Edwards and Thomas P. Major. This house was originally built for a planing mill by Wm. M. McReynolds and James M. Swift about 1858 or 1859, which enterprise was unsuccessful. McClure & Courts then converted the building to good use for the storage and inspection of tobacco, naming it the Cumberland Warehouse, and operating it up to the breaking out of the war. In the Fall of 1865 it was reopened as a tobacco commission house by W. S. McClure, and was succeeded in the Fall of 1867 by Captain A. F. Smith and W. H. Turnley. Turnley sold out to D. B. Hutchings, and the house was operated under the firm name of Smith & Hutchings. This firm was succeeded by M. L. Killebrew and J. Logan Williamson, Killebrew & Williamson being the style of the firm. Killebrew soon retired,



GRANGE WAREHOUSE.

and the firm of Grinter, Young & Co. was formed in 1873, Mr. Williamson remaining in the firm, and the following year James H. Smith took Mr. Williamson's place in the house. During the year 1875 the house was operated by Smith & Kennedy, James H. Smith and James T. Kennedy, with A. B. Harrison as a silent partner, and in 1876 it was purchased by a chartered organization or company, made up of five hundred or more farmers, under the name of the Grange Warehouse Association, with Captain Thomas Herndon as Superintendent to manage the business of the house, who was elected annually during the continuance of the organization. The funds to purchase, increase the capacity of the house and conduct the business was raised by the issuance of stock in shares of \$5.00. The grangers operated the house nine years, and it was exceedingly prosperous under Captain Herndon's management. The house sold from ten to twelve thousand hogsheads of tobacco good crop years, and after setting apart a large reserve fund, paid its stockholders ten per cent. dividend and a rebate of \$1.50

on each hogshead of tobacco shipped to the house. The grangers organized in 1875, doing business one year in New Providence, with Captain Herndon as Superintendent. In 1884 the Association determined to retire from the trade, and it consequently went into liquidation, selling its property for division. The warehouse was sold at public auction, Captain Frank P. Gracey becoming the purchaser at \$19,000. The firm of Herndon, Young & Co. was organized and operated the house two years, when Mr. Charles Hallums bought the interest of Mr. C. T. Young, taking his place in the firm. The main building has capacity for storing three thousand hogsheads of tobacco, and the company have shed room for storing three thousand more. This house has at all times been the recipient of large favors, leading always in receipts, which have ranged from eight to twelve thousand hogsheads in good crop years, and five to seven thousand hogsheads in short years. The building fronts on Cumberland River near the freight depot, a most advantageous location.

Captain Thomas Herndon, head of the firm of Herndon, Hallums & Co., was born in Orange county, North Carolina, August 8th, 1839. He is a son of Chesley Herndon, his mother before marriage being Miss Tempie Rigsbee, both natives of the old North State, where they died. Thomas Herndon is the architect of his own fortune, and has won success and prominence by hard licks, energy, and the development and proper use of native talent. He was thrown upon his own resources when a small boy, without the advantages of an education, his mother having died when he was nine years of age. At the age of sixteen years he moved to Mississippi, where he remained a short while, coming to Montgomery county about 1857. Soon after arriving here he apprenticed himself to John Long, a carpenter of more than ordinary note, and remained with him, working at the trade, up to the commencement of the war, in the mean time obtaining a good practical education. As soon as the tocsin of war was sounded, he was one of the first to volunteer his services in defence of Southern homes. His was the first name enrolled for Company L, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, made up in the vicinity of Ringgold, and was one of the most active and indefatigable workers in raising the company, of which for some time he discharged the duties of both First Sergeant and Orderly. In the reorganization he was elected Second-Lieutenant, and was in all the sanguinary contests of Archer's famous brigade, except during the time he was in the hospital and prison of the enemy. His gallantry and devotion to the cause won for him the confidence of his higher officers, and he was frequently assigned to special and responsible duties, and consequently the greatest hardships. He was wounded in the second



battle of Manassas, and was by special assignment commanding Company K of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, leading the skirmish line opening the fight at Gettysburg, on July 1st, 1863, when he was captured with General Archer at the time the command was surrounded. During the time in prison, he pursued his studies, further qualifying himself for the duties of life. At the close of the war, in May, 1865, he returned home, and in June following opened a small store at Jordan Springs, and soon commenced dealing in tobacco, buying small crops and prizing, and was quite successful. In 1868 he bought an interest in Trice's Landing Warehouse, the firm being Whitlock, McKinney & Co. This firm was dissolved, and he entered for one year with M. P. Riggins & Co., at the same house, after which he became connected with Red River Landing, with A. P. Collins, in 1871, under the style of Herndon & Collins, and later returned to Trice's Landing Warehouse, with Louis T. Gold as partner. This firm was succeeded by Herndon & Smith, (Len H. Smith). At the dissolution of that firm he became Superintendent of the Grange Warehouse Association, managing the affairs of that company until its liquidation in 1884, covering a period of nine years. Captain Herndon's career has been anything but one of smooth sailing; he has had his disappointments, losses, and overwhelming misfortune to overcome, and ordinary men would have yielded to what seemed the inevitable, but his indomitable energy and aggressive spirit knew no bounds and yielded to no depression. He has earned the reputation of the best warehouse manager in the Western markets, and has at all times lead the trade in receipts and sales. Not only this, but he is recognized for his superior business tact, good practical sense, and his great zeal, energy and aggressiveness in whatever he undertakes. He has been for the past two years President of the Clarksville Tobacco Board of Trade, and was one of the principal projectors, co-operating with Mr. M. H. Clark, in the erection of the present handsome Tobacco Exchange. He was one of the principal actors in what was called the "scoop" of the Indiana, Alabama & Texas Railroad, by which the citizens, who had subscribed for the construction of the road, were paid back every dollar of their money and road completed and improved to destination, the first and only instance on record in which citizens subscribing to a railroad every got their money back and at the same time the railroad they were struggling to build. Captain Herndon was for eight years identified with the wholesale grocers trade of Clarksville, and was one of the first Directors and projectors of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank. He is also extensively engaged in farming, operating large farms in Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. Captain Herndon was married January 14th, 1866, to Miss Sallie Dinwiddie, daughter of Rev. William Dinwiddie. By this union they had seven children, only three of whom survive: Jefferson Davis, a very intelligent and popular young gentleman, and two very interesting daughters, Miss Minnie and Kate. Miss Minnie, just entering the life of young womanhood, is recognized for her bright intellect, modesty, grace, and sweet musical voice. Mrs. Sallie B. Herndon died December 9th, 1880. Mrs. Herndon was a good woman, a Christian. Modest and meek in appearance, gentle in manners, true in principle, warm-hearted and kind, of cheerful disposi-

tion and patient in suffering, she was indeed a lovely character—a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a devoted wife, a tender and thoughtful mother, a faithful friend. A lady who knew her well, on being asked to describe her character, answered, “She was guileless.” On November 16th, 1881, Captain Herndon was married a second time to Miss Laura Coleman, born May 17th, 1854, daughter of A. K. Coleman, of this county, a lady of strong intellect, pure heart, and an amiable, loving disposition. Their union has been blessed with three bright children, Laura Thomas, Fannie Tempest, and Chesley Coleman. Laura Thomas, the oldest, died about one year ago. Captain Herndon is a member of the Masonic fraternity and is a Knight of Pythias. Himself and wife are both members of the Methodist Church.

Charles Robert Hallums, the youngest member of the firm, was born in Robertson county, Tenn., April 7th, 1854, son of B. and Lucy (Ventress) Hallums. He was raised on his father's farm at Pleasant View, tilling the soil in common with his father and two brothers until twenty years of age, when the farm was turned over to his management, when Charlie commenced developing into a young Napoleon of finances and was entrusted with the general management of every interest. There are three brothers, Charles R., John S., and James J. They have a farm, drug store, tobacco factories and other property in common. They never have had a division of any property or earnings, but keep their handsome fortune, so rapidly attained, in one common fund, under one common management, just as their father provided for the family when they were children, each one using whatever his necessities required and no more; an example of unselfishness and brotherly care rarely found. Mr. Hallums commenced dealing in tobacco at Pleasant View in 1883, and the next year his operations were enlarged, running five handling or prizing houses, buying at Pleasant View, Adam's Station, Cedar Hill and Saddlersville, still carrying on the farm and drug store with the help of his brothers. In 1884 he bought the old Southern Hotel, at the west end of the Public Square, building an extensive warehouse on the ground, now known as the People's Warehouse, and which he leased to Hancock, Fraser & Ragsdale. In 1886 he became a partner in the firm of Herndon, Hallums & Co. Hallums Brothers are among the largest stockholders in the Farmers & Merchants National Bank. Mr. Hallums has obtained his wealth by close attention to business from his boyhood up. He is modest and unobtrusive in all his intercourse, a man of generous impulse and kindly nature that impresses itself upon every one who comes in contact with him in business affairs, and it is wonderful that a man of such tender and sympathetic nature has prospered as he has. Mr. Hallums was married October 26th, 1886, to Miss Lizzie Williams, daughter of Hamilton and Nancy Williams, of Cheatham county, born in 1860, who is a lady of many amiable qualities. They have one child, an infant daughter, whom they have named Mary Elizabeth.



Jessee Thomas Edwards was born December 21st, 1846, in the southwestern part of Robertson county, which fraction was afterwards cut off in the formation of Cheatham county. His parents were Oliver and Elizabeth (Sharon) Edwards, natives of Cheatham county. He was raised on the farm and educated in the common schools. In 1870 he commenced clerking for the firm of Sanders & Co., Ashland City, Tenn., of which firm his father was a member, and in 1872 was admitted as a member of the firm, when he engaged in the tobacco business with the house, continuing till 1883, when he sold out and moved to Clarksville, and engaged in handling tobacco as agent for the Grange Warehouse until the change occurred, when he was included in the firm of Herndon, Young & Co. Mr. Edwards is highly esteemed for his pleasant social qualities, generous nature, and splendid business capacity; good judgment, great energy and nerve characterize him in the conduct of business affairs, in which he has been very successful. Mr. Edwards was married November 13th, 1866, to Miss Mary L. Lenox, daughter of James and Judith Lenox, of Cheatham county, born 1848, a lady of most amiable character. Their wedded life has been blessed with three interesting children. Thomas, the eldest, is an interesting young man, just entering upon a most promising business career as member of the drug firm of Askew & Edwards, and two lovely daughters, Mary and Lela, bring sunshine and happiness to their elegant home. Mr. Edwards is a member of the Masonic fraternity. Himself, wife and children worship with the Methodist congregation.



Thomas Pendleton Major, who is the efficient book-keeper and treasurer of the house, was born in Trigg county, Ky., July 4th, 1853—a heart full of patriotism, always swelling with devotion and enthusiasm for every worthy object and every good friend—son of C. H. and M. J. Major. His father, a native of Virginia, and his mother born and reared in Christian county, Ky. Mr. Major was brought up on the farm, and educated in the common schools at Canton, Ky. At the age of sixteen years he entered the dry goods store of J. W. Chapel, Cadiz, Ky., serving in the capacity of clerk four years, when he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Trigg county, serving one year, and in December, 1875, he came to Clarksville, engaging his services to Smith & Kennedy, of the Cumberland Warehouse, and has since continued his connection with the house in all the various changes which have taken place, including nine years with the grangers. His systematic habits, thorough knowledge and correct methods in book keeping, make his services indispensable, and with it all, he is a gentleman of a genial, generous nature, and universally popular. Mr. Major



was married November 8th, 1877, to Miss Clara Redd, daughter of Stapleton and Mary Redd, of Trigg county, Ky., born November 4th, 1857. Mrs. Major is a lady of high order of intelligence, and possesses those rare accomplishments which qualify a woman for the responsible and delicate duties to both society and happy domestic life. She is an enthusiastic Christian lady, always ready to discharge any duty assigned her. Mr. Major is a member of the Knights of Honor and Masonic fraternity. Three children have been born to this marriage. The first, born October 13th, 1878, died in infancy. James Thompson, born December 16th, 1879, a remarkably sprightly child, died November 1st, 1881. Their only living child, Hettie, a sweet little girl of five years, is the pet and idol of the household. Mr. Majors and wife have a very handsome cottage home on Munford avenue, and both are members of the Methodist Church.

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE.

The People's Warehouse, operated by Hancock, Fraser & Ragsdale, is located at the west end of the Public Square, fronting on Main street, occupying the old Southern Hotel site, the front of the old hotel being utilized for offices, etc. Their warehouse



PEOPLE'S WAREHOUSE.

is 96 by 300 feet, having capacity for the storage of 2,200 hogsheads of tobacco. The house was built in 1884 for the use of its present occupants, by Charles R. Hallums, and is still owned by him. The firm was organized November 1st, 1884, composed of Thomas R. Hancock, William I. Fraser, and William E. Ragsdale, of Hopkinsville. William J. Ely entered the house as book-keeper for the first season, and in 1885 became a partner. No house in Clarksville has ever enjoyed a higher reputation for straight-forward, honorable dealings with its customers. Content with a living business

and taking no extraordinary risk, the business of the house has been worked up to about 5,000 hogsheads.

Thomas R. Hancock, the head of the firm, was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, July 17th, 1842, son of N. H. and Paulina (Rudd) Hancock. Both parents were born in 1807. Mr. Hancock was deprived of the advantage of a thorough education, attending only the common schools up to the war, gaining a more general knowledge since by practical business life.



At the beginning of the war in 1861, he enlisted on the Confederate side, joining the Brook Neal Rifles of Campbell county, Virginia, called out by the State, and was elected Second-Lieutenant of the company. This company finally disbanded, and he enlisted in Company A, Twenty-First Virginia Regiment, Second Brigade of Jackson's Division, and served till the close of the war, receiving a wound at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va. In 1866 Mr. Hancock moved to Trigg county, Ky., and engaged in the dry goods business two years. Two years later he stopped merchandizing and engaged as book-keeper for Captain Herndon and associates in the warehouse business in New Providence for two years. In 1871 he went to Hopkinsville, engaging in the tobacco business until 1879. He then went

to New York city, serving four years there as tobacco inspector. After that he returned to Hopkinsville, opening a tobacco commission house with William I. Fraser and William E. Ragsdale as partners, which house is still in operation, being managed by Mr. Ragsdale, who is also a partner in the People's Warehouse in Clarksville. Mr. Hancock moved to Clarksville in 1884, at the time the People's Warehouse was organized. He was married January 26th, 1875, to Miss Rebecca E. Ragsdale, a lady of splendid accomplishments, born in Lafayette, Ky., in 1853. They have four very sprightly children, all of whom are boys: William M., James W., Douglass B., and Thomas R., Jr. Mrs. Hancock is a member of the Methodist Church, and is much esteemed for her goodness of heart and amiable disposition. Mr. Hancock is a substantial business man and a good citizen.

William E. Ragsdale, third member of the firm, is a citizen of Hopkinsville, and manager of the firm's house in that place. He is about forty years of age, a son of William Ragsdale, of Lafayette, Ky., and was brought up in the tobacco business.

William Irvin Fraser was born in Christian county, Ky., March 10th, 1843, son of Dr. J. W. Fraser, native of Virginia; his mother before marriage was Miss Mary Brigham, native of Stewart county, Tenn. Both parents died in 1877. Mr. Fraser was raised in Lafayette, Ky., brought up on the farm, and received a common school education. November 1st, 1883, he engaged in the warehouse business in Hopkins-

ville, in the firm of Hancock & Fraser one year, and the next year Hancock, Fraser & Ragsdale, establishing the second, or People's Warehouse, in Clarksville. Mr. Fraser is a good business man, of high moral character, and the worst that can be said of him is that he is an old bachelor.

William J. Ely was born in Clarksville, October 5th, 1835, of English descent. His father was Jesse Ely, born in Logan county, Ky., February 12th, 1803, and died in Clarksville, January 19th, 1847. He was a hatter by trade, came to Clarksville when a young man, and married Miss Charlotte Jamison, born in Clarksville, March 28th, 1809, and was educated in the first school house ever built in Clarksville, an old log cabin that stood near the location of the present market house. She died August 17th, 1875. Jesse Ely and wife were distinguished for their firm Christian integrity, which characterized their walk through life. They raised a family of eight children, all still living, and brought them up to be useful citizens and members of the Baptist Church; one perhaps afterwards left to join with her husband another denomination. William was the third of this interesting family of children. He was educated at the old Clarksville



Male Academy. At the age of fourteen years he entered the CHRONICLE office as an apprentice to learn the art preservative, serving four years. He was then appointed Deputy Postmaster, serving several years. In 1854 he engaged in merchandising at Peacher's Mills, remaining there until 1861, when he returned to Clarksville with a view to entering business here, but soon the war put an end to such operations. During the four years of hostility he was in the Ordinance Department. In 1865 he engaged as clerk for B. O. Keesee in the hardware business, and September 1st, 1869, commenced his career in the tobacco business, which has continued up to this date, nineteen years, first as a member of the firm of Turnley, Ely & Co., Elephant Warehouse, up to 1876; then Turnley, Ely & Kennedy, up to November 1st, 1884, and one year as Ely & Kennedy; when the latter partnership expired he sold his interest in the Elephant Warehouse and engaged as book-keeper one year in the People's Warehouse, when he became a partner in the business. Mr. Ely was married in 1858 to Miss Fannie Galbraith, of Kentucky, who died in 1860, and nine years after, he was wedded to Miss Johnnie Brown, born in Kentucky in 1845, daughter of the present Mrs. Dr. Wm. Flinn, a most estimable lady. They have one child, Edith, a lovely daughter, born September 28th, 1874. Mr. William J. Ely ranks as one of the most valued citizens of Clarksville, esteemed for his good business sense, upright character, progressive spirit, and great usefulness to society. He has long been Treasurer of the Baptist Church, holding that position of Christian integrity and influence in that body which made his father conspicuous. He is an eminent Mason, and makes an excellent officer in all the bodies from Blue Lodge up to Knights Templar. He makes a most useful member of the Knights of Honor, has long been the efficient Secretary and

Treasurer of the Mechanics' & Laborers' and Clarksville Building and Loan Associations, and has served most efficiently as Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Board of Mayor and Aldermen. He possesses a generous nature, and is exceedingly liberal in the support of his church, the missionary work, charity, etc., and public spirited in all things. Some ten years ago he built an elegant cottage residence on Madison street, which himself and family still occupy.

T. D. LUCKETT & Co.

One of the largest tobacco stemmeries and re-handling houses in the Southwest is that of T. D. Lockett & Co. at Clarksville. The structure is eighty by one hundred and sixty feet in the clear, five stories high, is built of brick, and has a capacity for working from three to four million pounds of the juicy luxury annually. The firm is composed of Thomas D. Lockett, M. H. and L. R. Clark, and has been in active business for many years. It owns auxiliary houses in Benton county, Tennessee, and at Hanson, Kentucky, in which neighborhoods tobacco is purchased, and after being hand-packed, is shipped to the main factory at Clarksville, where it undergoes such ordeals as are best adapted to the various grades, and then it is shipped to the market for which it is best suited. The Clarksville establishment employs one hundred and and sixty hands, besides a large force of department superintendents, receivers, buyers and clerks. This massive building is furnished with complete heating apparatus, which besides warming up the premises in Winter, is used in several drying rooms in order to expedite the drying out of tobacco in case of "hot bulks" or any other damp misfortune that should occur to the precious plant during its most valuable period; and for bringing in order tobacco that may be too dry to handle. Thus the factory is enabled to keep its employes at work irrespective of the condition of the weather at any season. The ordinary hanging department is in the third, fourth and fifth stories, where there is ample tier room for handling one thousand hogsheads. The bulk rooms are very large and airy, being located in the basement and cellar, and the stemming room is on the south end of the first floor, where tables are arranged for fifty hands. The spacious prizing room has eleven "Old Virginia" presses, which in busy times keeps two crews of pressmen at work all the time. Everything about the factory is of modern design, elevators, tobacco cars and other appliances that tend to make it possible to handle the weed much faster than the old time process could possibly accomplish. The average amount of tobacco handled in this factory since the addition of the improved portions of the gigantic building, is two and one-half millions of pounds annually. It is hardly necessary to remark here that it is by great odds the largest factory in Clarksville, yet this is true, and the work annually accomplished in it is nearly as much as in all the others put together. Tobacco is shipped from its warehouses to all parts of the Old World, particularly the various states of the German Empire, and large quantities go to England, Austria and Italy. The money disbursed to the people of Clarksville and the surrounding country by T. D. Lockett & Co., through their purchases of tobacco and for the necessary expenses of running their mammoth factory, amounts to a vast

sum yearly, to say nothing of paying for the labor and other help they employ. The item they pay the woodsmen for staves and hoops, which are utilized in their cooperage, is enormous of itself.

On the 4th of November, 1843, Thomas Dade Luckett was born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, and was the tenth of a family of thirteen children. His father, A. P. Luckett, was a native of old Virginia, but located in Kentucky when that State was quite young. He died in Missouri, and his widow died in Texas. Our Thomas D. Luckett spent his youngest days in Missouri, but returned to Kentucky at the age of fifteen. He engaged as a drug clerk at Owensboro in 1860, but two years later he enlisted in Company C, Third Kentucky Cavalry, and was attached to General John H. Morgan's command. He was made a prisoner of war in 1863, and boarded at Camp Douglas, Illinois, for eighteen months, at the end of which time he was exchanged and again resumed his place with his command. Mr. Luckett had also at one time seven brothers in the late war. His brother Robert was killed at Stone River, and William was wounded at Vicksburg, and afterwards died in the hospital, and L. D. Luckett was killed at Perryville in 1862. After the war he took charge of the tobacco factory of Kerr, Clark & Co., at Eddyville, Kentucky, and remained with that firm eight years. In 1875 he located at Clarksville and formed a partnership with M. H. and L. R. Clark in the general tobacco business, since which time he has been very successful. In 1869 Mr. Luckett was married to Miss Maria Gracey, a sister of Messrs. Frank P. and Matt Gracey, and Mary S., Gracey H. and Robbie Luckett are their children. Mr. Luckett and wife are both members of the Episcopal Church, and he at one time was a member of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of this city. He is a man of unlimited energy, and is of a disposition to make friends of all strangers with whom he comes in contact. Mr. Luckett has the management of the Clarksville factory, and after a long career at the helm of its affairs, has proved himself to be one of the best managers of the kind in this surrounding country. His mistakes in business have been few and far between, and when the question of "how to handle the weed" is considered, he has acknowledged to be a man that knows all about it from the plantation to the consumers across the big waters.



M. H. CLARK & BRO.

This enterprising and popular firm of tobacco brokers was established in Clarksville in 1855, and is still occupying its original office, but has gone through two changes of firm style. It was first M. H. Clark, and was known that way until 1858, when

the name Clark & Barker adorned the office sign. This style existed until 1866, when by limitation it was dissolved, and Mr. E. Walton Barker engaged in tobacco planting, which made room for Mr. Lewis R. Clark to become the partner of his brother, Micajah H. Clark. The year 1855 was a lucky starting time for the then new tobaccoist, for the crop in the Clarksville district was one of the finest ever known, and the profits derived from trading in the weed were enormous, besides the product gave this section of country a prestige that it has held and improved upon ever since. Prospering as it did, the firm had reason to push and work with more earnestness than ever the next succeeding years, until finally it reached an enviable standing financially and otherwise, since which time it has been progressive and amply able to take care of itself. As tobacco brokers, M. H. Clark & Bro. buy and handle an average of eight thousand hogsheads of tobacco yearly for parties beyond the Atlantic. They have on several occasions bought as many as ten thousand hogsheads a year, and again as low as five thousand. It was the first firm of tobacco brokers established at Clarksville, but since these brothers began that business many more leading lights in the tobacco trade have become brokers, until to-day a majority of the buyers on the Clarksville Tobacco Board of Trade are active brokers in tobacco. The senior member of this firm was the first person to suggest the erection of the new Tobacco Exchange building, and it was through his energy and determined desire to erect a business monument to the city that made the enterprise the grand success it is to-day. The firm is credited with being the instigators of the present exchange system of selling tobacco, and, in fact, the Clark brothers are acknowledged to be men of rare merit who have done unlimited good in establishing the great trade in tobacco that Clarksville now enjoys. The firm owns a large factory and warehouse territory, including the Elephant Warehouse, which it bought two years ago, for further particulars of which the reader is referred to the sketch of the firm of T. D. Luckett & Co., elsewhere in this book.

Micajah H. Clark, the subject of this sketch, and his brother, Lewis R. Clark, were born at Richmond, Va., and are sons of Dr. Micajah Clark, who was one of the most famous physicians the old Dominion ever claimed. The disciples of Esculapius in Virginia have the name of Dr. Micajah Clark inscribed upon their perpetual banner of fame, and it will never be erased or placed in obscurity. Of this grand old gentleman a biographer who existed some years ago says: Micajah Clark, M. D., of Richmond, Va., was born on his father's plantation in Albemarle county, near Keswick, January 28th, 1788, and died in Richmond, August 19th, 1849. His father was Wm. Clark, and his mother was a daughter of Colonel Tarleton Cheadle, an officer of the English army, who settled in Virginia before the war of the Revolution. Dr. Clark was named for his paternal grandfather, Micajah Clark, who was a pioneer of Albemarle county, as he purchased forty thousand acres of land there which is still known on the map of that county as "Clark's tract." From this old pioneer a family of twelve children, who lived to be men and women, emanated. Dr. Micajah Clark's family produced soldiers, governors, legislators, and men of many professions, who gained fame during the periods in which they lived. Among them were General George

Roger Clark, the conqueror of the Northwest Territory; Governor William Clark, of Missouri, and Merriweather Lewis, who under President Jefferson's administration made a successful expedition to the Rocky Mountains and return. During the Revolutionary war several members of this family of Clarks distinguished themselves as soldiers and statesmen in Kentucky, Missouri, Texas and other States of the South. In the late civil war on the Confederate side, Generals John B. and M. L. Clark, of Missouri, and General James Clark Dearing, of Virginia, were conspicuous. Dr. Micajah Clark, of Virginia, began the study of medicine at Richmond under Dr. Adams, a very learned physician, and after the customary preliminaries entered the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, where he became an office student of the renowned Dr. Physick, then at the apex of his fame. Dr. Physick soon discovered the talents and ardent love of young Clark for the profession, and before the latter graduated spoke of him as one destined to make a mark of distinction, should he live to become a practitioner. Dr. Clark graduated April 11th, 1811. After this he took a horseback trip through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts. On his return to Richmond he again mounted his horse for New Orleans, where he expected to make his future home. He left his native heath August 25th, 1811, and rode into Kentucky and Tennessee, making a zig-zag route in order to see the country. He then passed into what is now the States of Alabama and Mississippi; but this scope of country was then known as the Indian Nation. He then turned his course and came west, striking the Mississippi River at Natchez, at which place he sold his horse and left there by steamer, arriving at New Orleans January 12th, 1812. He kept a daily record of events that occurred during this romantic journey, and this afterwards was found to be of great interest by his family and friends. Dr. Clark failed to become enthused with New Orleans for various reasons, particularly the climate, so he returned to Virginia by way of New York, reaching Albemarle June 25th, 1812. He finally settled permanently at Richmond, and there he scored the great success of his life, as he earned from thirteen to sixteen thousand dollars per year at the rate of one dollar per visit as a physician, and a name that was known the world over. During the war of 1812 he was appointed surgeon in the army, and served two enlistments at Craney Island. December 29th, 1819, he married Miss Caroline Virginia Harris, his second cousin, who was the eldest daughter of Benjamin J. Harris, a prominent tobacco merchant of Richmond. His children were William J., Sarah Ellyson, Mary E., Micajah Henry, Caroline Virginia, Ellen D., Henry A., Lewis R., David B., Emily A., and six others who died in infancy unnamed. His widow sur-



vived him until February 17th, 1871. The great-grandfather of M. H. and L. R. Clark was Micajah Clark, born September 16th, 1718, and who was a great friend of President Jefferson. Micajah Henry Clark, of Clarksville, arrived here in January, 1855, and soon afterwards entered the business arena of the city as a tobacco buyer and handler. Mr. Clark was chief and confidential clerk of Jefferson Davis during the reign of the Confederate Government, and the last acting Treasurer of the Confederacy. He was in the trenches around Richmond and helped to repel the celebrated Dahlgreen raid into that city. He was afterwards made a staff officer with the rank of Captain, and performed his last duties to the Confederacy in November, 1865. In 1861 Mr. Clark married Miss Elizabeth W. Kerr, daughter of M. M. Kerr, of Clarksville, and two children are the fruits of the union, a son and daughter. The former, Mr. Morris K. Clark, is now associated with his father in business. Morris K. Clark on the 26th of April, 1887, was united in marriage to Miss Fannie Barker, one of the twin daughters of Mr. Chiles T. Barker, of Christian county, Ky.

Lewis Rogers Clark, the eighth child of Dr. Micajah Clark, of Richmond, Va., came to Clarksville in November, 1857, and entered the tobacco business, which he



succeeded in until the war broke out, when he joined Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, being of the rank of a high private. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and went to Camp Douglass; was exchanged and elected junior Captain in the Tenth Tennessee Regiment. At Chickamauga this regiment took in three hundred and twenty-five guns and lost two hundred and twenty-four men. Out of the eight of the ten Captains that went into this engagement only two came out unhurt, and Captain Clark was one of the lucky ones. His clothing was pierced in many places, and he was afterwards wounded at the engagement at Jonesboro, Ga. At the consolidation of the remnants of several Tennessee commands, Captain Clark was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment thus formed, but did not accept the honor conferred.

He surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., and returned to this city, rejoining his brother in the tobacco business, and now represents the firm at Hopkinsville, but resides at Clarksville. He is a great success as a business man, which fact of itself speaks well of his worth as a citizen.

B. K. GOLD.

Benjamin K. Gold, a prominent tobacco broker of Clarksville, was born December 21st, 1837, son of John and Sarah (Collins) Gold. His parents were natives of Virginia, but many years ago came to Montgomery county and settled for life. Mr. Gold

spent his early boyhood days in the common country schools, but eventually received a practical business education at Stewart College. After leaving college he accepted a clerkship in a wholesale grocery house in New Providence. This he purchased and conducted for himself later on. He added the purchase of tobacco to his business, and got along admirably until the breaking out of the war, when he was compelled to quit groceries, but he went ahead with his tobacco business until 1862, when he removed to Louisville. He remained in that city for four years, running a re-handling house, buying and shipping tobacco. In 1867 he returned to New Providence and erected a large tobacco factory, which he operated successfully for a number of years, but he finally sold out and commenced business as a tobacco broker. This has proved to be his greatest success, as he is now rated as one of the most extensive buyers on the Clarksville board. In 1860 he married Mary J. Oldham, who was born in this county in 1841, and five children are the fruits of the union, Clarence O., Ora L., Mamie, James K., and Benjamin H. Mr. Gold is of a liberal, kind-hearted disposition, with deep inclinations to alleviate the sufferings of the human family whenever opportunity affords. Clarksville and the surrounding country is exceedingly proud of him as a citizen.



LEWIS T. GOLD.

Lewis T. Gold is another of Clarksville's successful business men, who is at present engaged as a leaf broker. He is a son of John and Sarah (Collins) Gold, born December 15th, 1841, in Montgomery county. He received his primary education in a log school-house, and at the age of sixteen commenced clerking for Gold & Co., grocers, at New Providence, where he remained two years. When the tocsin of war revibrated over the land in 1861, he donned a suit of grey clothes and enlisted in Company L, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment. Early in 1862 he was attacked with disease and sent to the hospital, but becoming worse and unfit for active duty, came home on furlough. During the latter part of 1862 he was transferred to Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, and with this command he remained in the Confederate service until the close of the war. The big struggle over, Mr. Gold returned to Clarksville, remaining a short time, when he went to Louisville and engaged in the tobacco business. Here he remained a year



or two, when he returned and began business at New Providence as a tobacco buyer and re-handler. Later he conducted the tobacco warehouse business, which lasted until 1874, when he again began dealing in leaf tobacco as a broker, and now he is one of the most extensive buyers on the Clarksville board. He is a thorough and practical business man, and as popular among the citizens of Clarksville as a man could well be. He married Miss Sallie G. Pettus, of New Providence, in 1873, the result of the union being two children, Mattie P. and Stephen.

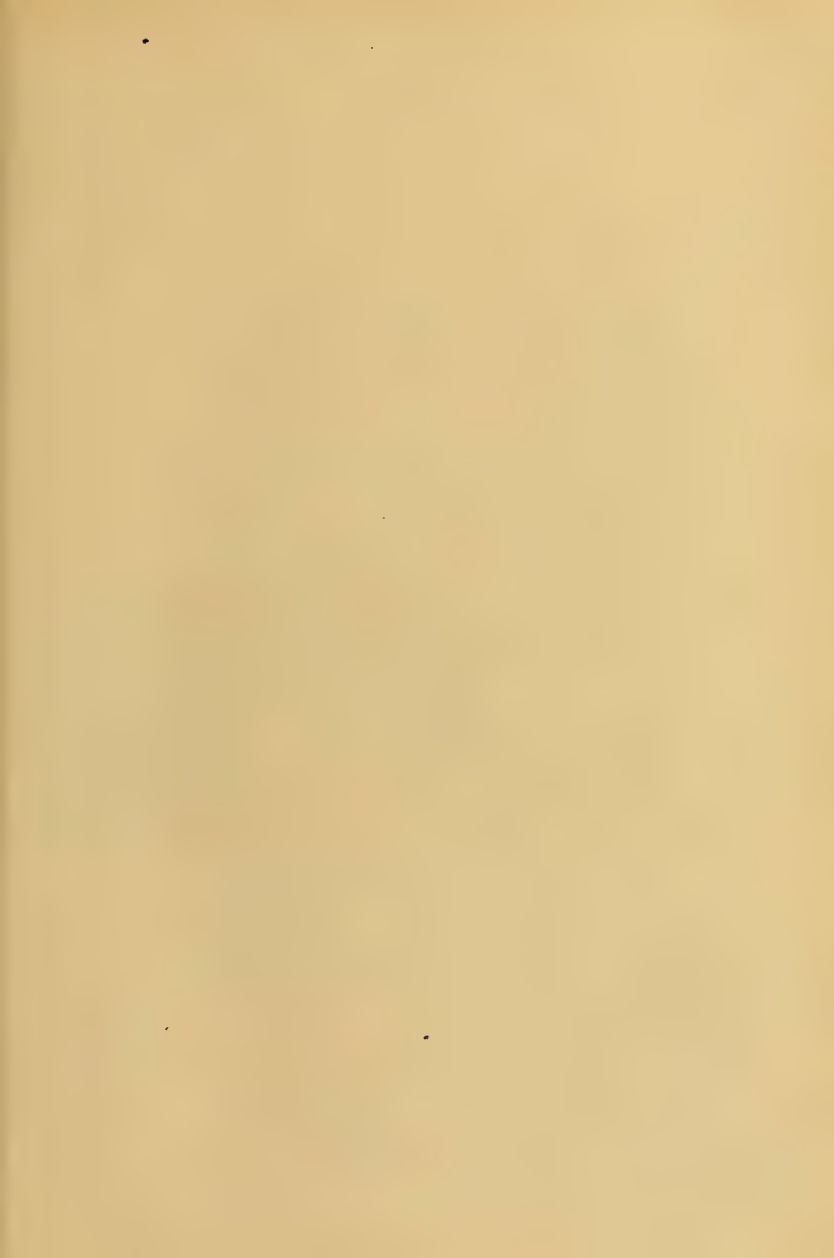
ELEPHANT WAREHOUSE.

The Elephant Tobacco Warehouse, located on the corner of Front and Commerce streets, has a most remarkable history as a tobacco mart, and in anti-bellum days was the scene of many stirring commercial events. The original building, erected in 1855 by Forbes & Pritchett, to be utilized as a stemmery, is the four story portion that is now the front part of the warehouse. It was used as a stemmery until 1859, when Howell, Blackman & Co. rented it, and after making additions to the rear of the original building, this firm conducted the tobacco commission business successfully in it for



ELEPHANT WAREHOUSE.

several years (probably up to 1862, when the prospects for prolonging the war produced a depression in all kinds of business), after which, by consent of all parties interested, the firm dissolved. Later on, and soon after the fall of Fort Donelson, the United States soldiers took possession of the building and occupied it for some months. During the year 1866, Harrison & Shelby ran the house as tobacco commission merchants, and this firm was succeeded in 1867 by Turnley & Weathers in the same line of business. This firm was succeeded in 1868 by Turnley & Wooldridge in the tobacco commission business, and it was during that year that Robert Wooldridge gave the house the name "Elephant Warehouse." In 1869 the house was sold by its original owners, and W. H. Turnley, W. J. Ely and T. H. Puryear became the purchasers,





THE NEW CENTRAL WAREHOUSE.

and after forming a copartnership under the firm name of Turnley, Ely & Co., conducted a very successful business for the two succeeding years, when Mr. Puryear sold his interest to W. D. Merriweather, but the firm style remained the same. This new firm continued the business until the Fall of 1876, when Mr. Meriwether sold his interest to James T. Kennedy, and then the style of the firm became Turnley, Ely & Kennedy, who continued until the Fall of 1881, when Mr. Turnley sold his interest to Ely & Kennedy, who conducted the Elephant Warehouse for three years, when the partnership closed and the property was purchased by M. H. Clark & Bro., who rented it for one year to Parish, Buckner & Co., since which time M. H. Clark & Bro. have been utilizing it for a tobacco storage warehouse. During all these many years and firm changes this old landmark has been a popular resort for tobacco growers from every part of the tobacco region. If the old walls could talk, they would reveal many exciting transactions in tobacco that have long since been forgotten, for the money that has changed hands inside their confines would aggregate many millions of dollars. Previous to the erection of what is now known as the Elephant Warehouse, the site upon which it is located was occupied by a pork house, which was destroyed by fire in the early fifties.

KENDRICK, PETTUS & CO.

This is one of the most extensive and substantial firms in this city. It owns and operates the Central Warehouse, for the storage and sale of tobacco, and the Central Roller Mills, the total area covered by this firm's buildings being between four and five acres. J. C. Kendrick, John H. Pettus, George S. Irwin and J. W. Shaw, compose the firm's make up in the tobacco trade, and as each gentleman is full of energy, the combination drives a very lively business. The two warehouses operated by this firm has storage capacity for six thousand hogsheads of tobacco, and as the firm is so well established in the public confidence, it enjoys its full share of business annually. The new warehouse of Kendrick, Pettus & Co. is eighty by four hundred feet in the clear, and extends from Main to College streets. The old warehouse covers just an acre of ground, is two stories in front, and faces the river. The firm owns and includes the old Prouty place, near and upon which are located the mill, office, stables, sheds, etc., necessary to the extensive industries conducted by it. The "Prouty place" is an historic site in Clarksville. The ancient house once upon it is supposed to have been erected by Andrew Vance and John Dick about 1830, and the portion on Main street was of brick and stone, while the rear was built of wood. Vance & Dick for many years were the leading tobacco shippers of Clarksville, as they began business in 1820, when there were but two steamboats navigating Cumberland River. It was through this firm that steamboats were induced to take the place of the old time flat-boat, with its sweeping oars and slow floating movement. In the days of Vance & Dick, all tobacco shipped from Clarksville and vicinity went to New Orleans, where it was either sold or re-shipped to foreign markets by ocean vessels. All steamboats then navigating the Cumberland were under control of Vance & Dick, who shipped the majority of the

crops raised in this locality as indicated above. This continued for some twenty or more years, but upon the death of Mr. Dick at New Orleans the business changed somewhat. The Prouty house was erected to be used as a grocery store, and for the storage of tobacco, grain and other produce to be shipped by steamers to other parts of the country. Mr. Vance conducted the business here, while Mr. Dick lived at New Orleans and managed an extensive commission business, handling everything that went to that city from the Cumberland Valley. The first inspection of tobacco that ever took place in Clarksville occurred in the rear shed of this old house in the Spring of 1842, under the enterprising management of Vance & Dick. The inspectors were William B. Collins, John Roberts, William R. Lee and John Keese. There were but very few hogsheads sold under inspection that year, and for the two years following. Speculators were shy of it. Stemmers and flat-boaters were enemies to the system, fearing it would damage their interests. In the meanwhile commercial misfortune



OLD CENTRAL WAREHOUSE.

overtook the house, crippling the business. Those were days of long credit and wild-cat banks; business houses were sustained by a credit system, endorsing for each other. The failure of a bank, or of one of the firms in the combination, would involve all in trouble if not in utter ruin. The firm was dissolved about 1843 by the death of Mr. Dick, and perhaps Mr. Vance. The house was operated one year by S. S. Williams and Richard Barker, under the firm style of S. S. Williams & Co. Mr. Williams was extensively known, he having been the chief clerk for Vance & Dick. Very little tobacco was sold by inspection during the years 1842, '43 and '44. Witherspoon & Co. succeeded to the house in 1845, and that year the inspection increased to nine hundred hogsheads. The inspectors elected that year were A. D. Witherspoon, W. R. Lee, H. H. Smith and Benj. Orgain. Mr. Orgain failed to qualify, and John Roberts took his place. In 1846 the firm of Beaumont, Payne & Co. succeeded Witherspoon & Co. Henry F. Beaumont, J. R. Payne and R. Browder made up the new firm, which

operated the house until 1848, when S. Albert Sawyer succeeded and ran it until 1850, when he was succeeded by Trice & Barker. After this came Barker & Dieffendorfer, who in 1854 sold out to Smith & Seat, but before the latter took possession, the house and surroundings were destroyed by fire. The stout brick walls were, however, left standing, and Smith & Seat rebuilt the house in its present form and size, covering an acre of ground. This was a very popular firm, and it operated the house until 1860, when its interests were purchased by Joseph P. Williams, who died soon after, and the house stood idle until after the war, and the splendid business of the old locality was broken down and destroyed by the circumstances that followed, and at last the property was sold at a sacrifice, James E. Bailey and Matt Anderson becoming the purchasers, and who soon after sold it to Samuel B. Seat and R. P. Bowling. Seat & Bowling ran it one year, and were succeeded by Bowling & Kirby, afterwards Bowling & Thomas, who operated it one year, and then J. J. McWherter became the owner. He sold it to J. C. Kendrick, J. H. Pettus and W. P. Hambaugh in 1876. It was then named "Central Warehouse," and operated under the firm style of Kendrick, Hambaugh & Co. In 1878 Mr. Hambaugh sold his interest to John H. Pettus, and George S. Irwin became the third partner in the house, since which time no change has been made in the firm's affairs except the admission of John W. Shaw as a partner in the warehouse business alone. The warehouse has grown in business from four thousand hogsheads the first year to ten thousand in 1887. The firm possesses large capital of its own for operating in tobacco, and enjoys the universal confidence of everybody for just and honorable dealings with its customers. It has an unlimited credit for all the capital wanted in its business for handling the country products. It requires a large force of experienced men to conduct the extensive business, besides the laborers on the warehouse force. They have engaged regularly, in the management of the tobacco houses, Captain Tom Mallory, auctioneer; clerks and floor managers, Messrs. William Dority, Lawrence Gold, Ambrose Gold, James C. Trice, Robert Rudolph, Clive Wilcox, and Putnam Wilcox. The annual business of the house is from one and one-half to two millions of dollars.

Connected with this property is included the Central Roller Mills and grain business. When Smith & Seat bought the property in 1854, the purchase included all the land between Main and College streets, fronting the river, and there were three companies organized; C. H. Smith and S. B. Seat operated the tobacco house, corner of Main and Front streets; John K. Smith & Co. built and operated the pork house, corner of College and Front streets, and Seat, Kropp & Co. built the City Mills, now Central Roller Mills. This firm was composed of Samuel B. Seat, Christopher Kropp, C. H. Smith and Robert Graham. It was at that time a very fine mill, one of the best in the country, and was skillfully managed, thereby making a great deal of money up to the death of Mr. Kropp in 1876. After this the mill remained idle for some time and depreciated in value, but eventually Merriweather & Gilmer bought it, put in new machinery, and operated it one year very successfully, making about thirty thousand dollars in milling and wheat speculations. The second year proved

very disastrous for them, and they lost everything they had. In 1885 the mill fell into the hands of Kendrick, Pettus & Co., who fitted it up with improved machinery, the capacity of which is one hundred and fifty barrels of flour every twenty four hours. It also has a corn mill attachment. Up to this time the mill has had one very prosperous season, its brands taking the first place in the market, one firm handling over ten thousand barrels with out a single complaint. Mr. E. B. Whitfield is engaged to superintend the milling business and the purchase of grain, and he is assisted in the mill by Mr. H. E. Andrews. John K. Smith & Co. continued the pork



packing business until 1859, when they sold out to fellows & Co., of New Orleans, and they in time sold out to O. W. Thomas & Co., of Louisville, Ky. This firm ran the pork house one season, and after the war broke out the Confederate Government took charge of and operated it until after the fall of Fort Donelson. The property now belongs to Mr. Bryce Stewart, but is lying idle awaiting a tenant to utilize it in the future.

Montgomery county was blessed on the morning of January 17th, 1845, with the birth of a new citizen, who has since been known as James C. Kendrick, and the event occurred near Lafayette, Ky. His parents were James and Sarah (Smith) Kendrick. The father, a native of Virginia, and the maternal parent a North Carolinian. This



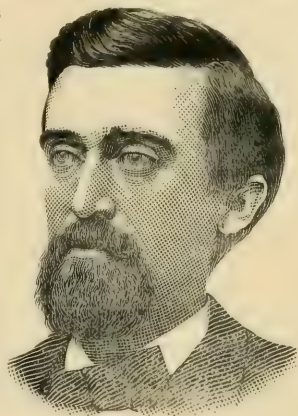
couple arrived in Montgomery county about 1820, and proved themselves thrifty, intelligent, enterprising people. They exercised a good influence over society in the early days, and made the name of Kendrick one of the best in the land. James C. Kendrick received his primary education in a country school, but finally went through the course and graduated at Center College, at Danville, Ky. College life over, Mr. Kendrick began life as a farmer, which he followed closely until 1872, when he engaged in the tobacco warehouse business at New Providence. Three years later a copartnership was arranged between Mr. Kendrick and John H. Pettus, and the firm thus made opened the Central

Warehouse at New Providence, which they managed successfully until 1876. Eventually Mr. Kendrick, J. H. Pettus and W. P. Hambaugh bought the Central Warehouse

in Clarksville. Mr. Kendrick is a modest, unassuming gentleman, generous and public-spirited, yet positive in his business relations. He is graded as one of Clarksville's most influential citizens, and is very popular in commercial and social circles. He is an excellent warehouse manager, as is attested to by the extensive business his house does annually. Mr. Kendrick was married October 25th, 1869, to Miss Hattie Donoho, an accomplished daughter of Dr. J. T. Donoho, who was an eminent physician of Clarksville. A very interesting family was the result of this marriage, as six children were born. The eldest was Charles B., then Harriett B., Maude B., James, Sarah and Terry. In 1886 Charles was accidentally shot in the foot, and this terminated in blood poisoning, from the effects of which he died in October of that year. This little hero was a great favorite in Clarksville, and during his long and terrible ordeal of suffering, was cheerful, bright and fully resigned to his fate, finally passing away like the Christian boy he was in life. Mr. Kendrick's home on Greenwood avenue is one of the prettiest in the county, being possessed of every comfort to make it pleasant and convenient. Himself and wife worship with the Presbyterians, and are close attendants upon their religious duties.

John H. Pettus was born at "Old Kentucky Landing," on Cumberland River, December 3rd, 1843, and his parents were Thomas F. and Martha (Cowherd) Pettus, a sketch of whose lives appears on page 155 of this work. John H. Pettus received a limited education in a common country school, and began business at the early age of fifteen years as a clerk for Oldham, Homer & Co., at Trice's Landing Warehouse. He served that firm until the war broke out, when he joined Company A, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, and here he served the Confederacy until the close of the war. In 1866 he engaged in the grocery business at New Providence and this he conducted successfully. In 1874 he began dealing in tobacco, and later on became a member of the firm of Kendrick, Pettus & Co. Mr. Pettus is a man of large business capacity, strong intellect and high, honorable principles. He is unobtrusive and generous in his nature, while he possesses a public spirit for the good of Clarksville and her various institutions. On the 17th of May, 1867, he was married to Miss Mattie Campbell, of Florence, Ala., and since then three children, Thomas F., Anna C. and Mildred S., have been born to the union. Mr. Pettus has disposed of all his New Providence property, and now lives in his elegant residence at the corner of Second and College streets, which was completed and occupied September 26th, 1887.

John W. Shaw, who has recently become connected with the Central Warehouse, is a man of fine business capacity and high moral standing, with a successful business



experience. He was born in Cheatham county, Tennessee, January 23rd, 1828, the son of Thomas and Sarah (Binkley) Shaw, natives of Robertson county. He was brought up on the farm and educated in the country schools. He followed farming strictly up to 1857, when he engaged also in merchandizing at Thomasville, Cheatham county.



In 1863, continuing his store and farm, he joined his brothers, B. F. and W. A. Shaw, in the tobacco business, and soon earned a high character for neat handling and faithful prizing, and their tobaccos have always commanded the highest figures on the market. They adopted a trade mark, the "Diamond S," which was always warranted to the buyer. The brand is simply a diamond mark with the S in the centre, and is still used by the house operated by B. F. Shaw. Mr. Shaw accumulated a handsome fortune in the business, and concluding that himself and wife would enjoy life, society and church advantages more in the city than country, he bought a

one-fourth interest in the Central Warehouse in November, 1886, and moved to the city, still retaining his farm in Cheatham county. Mr. Shaw was married October 25th, 1877, to Mrs. Josephine Watkins, born June, 1834, daughter of J. B. Fizer, a native of Robertson county. They have no children. They are members of the Methodist Church and devoted Christian people.

George S. Irwin, third partner of Kendrick, Pettus & Co., was born in Todd county, Ky., August 23rd, 1854, son of F. G. and Mary L. (Snadon) Irwin. His parents moved to Clarksville when he was quite a small boy, and they still occupy an elegant home on Madison street. He was raised in this city, and received a good collegiate education, a graduate of Eastman's Commercial College, Poughkeepsie, New York. In 1873 he began business as clerk in the grocery house of Walter McComb & Co., serving two years. In 1875 he was induced to take a position in the large wholesale grocery house of Wheat & Chesney, Louisville, Ky. After one year he returned to Clarksville, taking the place of book-keeper and cashier for Kendrick, Pettus & Co., and soon after was admitted as a partner in the Central Warehouse. His grandfather, George Snadon, observed his financial talent and correct methods, and about 1880 placed his large estate in George's hands, which was skillfully managed up to Mr. Snadon's death. George's uniform devotion and kind attention to his grandfather from his boyhood up won the old gentleman's affection, and his implicit confidence, which was not misplaced. When quite a small boy, George Irwin made a profession of religion, uniting with the Methodist Church, and from that on has sustained his religious resolution with scrupulous integrity. He is a cultivated gentleman, with pleasing man-



ners and sociable nature in all things, and the highest type of a good and pure young man is illustrated in his attention and devotion to his mother and sisters. The most remarkable success has attended his business operations. Besides his interest in the warehouse business and Central Roller Mills, he owns property in Kansas City, Nashville and Birmingham, which is daily increasing in value. Mr. Irwin has gained his wealth this early in life by judicious investments and sales at the proper time.

E. B. Whitfield is not a member of the firm, but has an important connection with the Central Roller Mills and the large shipping interest of the house. He is entrusted,

as Superintendent, with the entire milling operations and grain department. He is a fine judge of wheat, familiar with the markets, understands the shipping business, rates, etc., and is a remarkably active, thoroughly trained business man, always turning up where his competitor least expects to see him. He is also Superintendent of the Clarksville and Paducah Packet Company, with a line of steamers operating in the Cumberland. Edwin Bates Whitfield was born in Clarksville, January 24th, 1856, the son of J. P. Y. and Martha (Bates) Whitfield. He was educated in the city schools, and began business in April, 1871, as clerk in the office of G. C. Breed, General Freight Agent of the Memphis, Clarksville & Louisville Railroad Company, in which position he gained a general knowledge of railroading and the freight business,



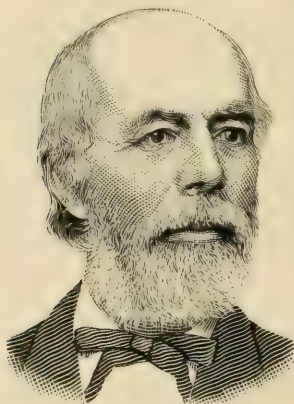
and afterwards served a time in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. In 1878 he became the agent of the Evensville & Terre Haute Railroad at Clarksville, leading a war on the Louisville & Nashville for reduced rates on tobacco. This was accomplished by steamboat connection with Evansville, and the rates on tobacco to New York was reduced from about seventy-two cents per hundred, to an average of thirty cents during the season. The low rates attracted large tobacco orders and greatly increased the receipts, which reached to about twenty-six thousand hogsheads that year, being one of the most prosperous seasons the market has ever experienced. Tobacco came from every source, and a great deal was hauled by wagons from Hopkinsville by the agents of the Louisville & Nashville. The St. Louis & South eastern Railroad, then in existence on its own hook, was also in the fight against the Louisville & Nashville, and this company put local rates up to keep the L. & N. out of Hopkinsville. The estimated saving to the tobacco interests by this war between the railroads that year, was one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Whitfield after this spent several years at Danville, Tenn., managing an extensive saw mill and lumber business. He is a man of general and varied information, and wonderful capacity. He is a valued citizen in society and a most useful man to the commercial interests of

Clarksville, heading the opposition to monopoly in every quarter. Mr. Whitfield was married in January, 1877, to Miss Alice Emma Roth, daughter of G. A. Roth, a lady of many personal charms and the most amiable character. They occupy a handsome cottage home on Madison street, full of sunshine and happiness, made joyous by four bright little girls born to their union. Their names are Daisy, Rosa, Louise and Lillian. Mr. Whitfield and wife are members of the Episcopal Church.

SHELBY & RUDOLPH.

Although comparatively young in the tobacco commission and storage business, the Bailey Warehouse, at the corner of Hiter and Commerce streets, has been doing a full share of the trade. It is owned and controlled by Shelby & Rudolph, two old time handlers of the ancient Indian plant, and its name is derived from Dr. C. W. Bailey, who owns the ground upon which it is located. This house was built in 1881 by Isaac H. Shelby, who ran it until the Fall of 1882 on his own hook, at which time Mr. Rudolph went in as a partner, and the firm has since been Shelby & Rudolph. The Bailey Warehouse is eighty by one hundred and fifty feet in the clear, and furnishes shelter for about four hundred hogsheads of tobacco.

Isaac H. Shelby was born July 14th, 1823, and was raised in Montgomery county. His parents, Harvey and Rachel Shelby, were born in North Carolina, of Swiss-Irish descent, and they came to Tennessee at an early period of the State's history. The father died in 1831, and the mother in 1885. When fifteen years old Isaac Shelby went to Charlotte, Tenn., where he lived for twelve years, and then he returned to Palmyra, Montgomery county. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army, enlisting in Company B, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, and here he served two years. Since the war he has been a resident of Clarksville. In November, 1866, he engaged in the tobacco warehouse business with A. B. Harrison, in the Clarksville Warehouse, which was then an old landmark, at the corner of Front and Commerce streets. This warehouse was erected about 1855 by the late Hugh Dunlop, and used by him as a drying house for his stemmery until Harrison & Shelby took charge of the premises, added extensive sheds, and converted it into the "Clarksville Warehouse," where they handled tobacco until the end of the year 1869. Harrison & Shelby then went to the Gracey House, and the old Clarksville laid idle for one year, after which it was utilized as a storage house by Keesee & Northington, but later M. B. Coleman used it as a rehandling house until 1886, when it was torn away and another old landmark passed into oblivion. Mr. Shelby also furnishes part of the history of what was once the "Rat Proof Warehouse," where he in times before the war transacted business



frequently. This house was erected by W. S. McClure, and was located at the head of the wharf. It was built of brick, was comparatively small, but Mr. McClure utilized it as a tobacco and produce warehouse and for transacting a general business in merchandise. The "Rat Proof" was a very popular place of resort for the tobacco buyers of its day, while in good water times on the Cumberland steamboatmen made it their headquarters when on shore at Clarksville. It was the scene of much bustle every week day, and large amounts of money changed hands beneath its roof. Although a small house, it is known that many thousand hogsheads of tobacco were inspected and sold during its long career as a business mart. On one occasion in the fifties, while an inspection of tobacco was being made in the second floor of this building, and at a time when quite a number of farmers were looking on, part of the floor gave way and precipitated humanity and tobacco hogsheads in a confused mass to the floor below. Several prominent persons had close calls for their lives, but the only person seriously hurt was Inspector S. F. Allen, who afterwards recovered; but the only wonder at the time was that many persons were not killed outright. Shortly after this accident the old "Rat Proof" was torn away, and now its memories are all that is left to mark its career in the history of the tobacco warehouse business. Mr. Shelby remained at the Gracey House until he built the Bailey Warehouse in 1881. There is no better judge of tobacco than Mr. Shelby, and with his experience, energy and qualifications, he has been a great success financially, notwithstanding the fact that he has met with some heavy losses during his business career. He is a member of the Masonic order; but politically he is an "Independent."

William H. Rudolph was born in District No. 11 of Montgomery county, October 3rd, 1824, and is the eldest of six children born to his parents, Jacob and Martha Rudolph. His parents arrived in this county February 15th, 1803. William H. Rudolph was raised on a farm and only received a country school education. When twenty-two years old he purchased a farm and began hustling for himself, and upon a tract of one hundred and six acres he made quite a success, and finally owned two hundred and eighty acres of splendid tobacco land. In 1877 he sold his farm and came to Clarksville, where he engaged in the grocery business, which he also conducted successfully for three years. when on account of bad health he was forced to retire from that line of business. In November, 1882 he became the partner of Isaac H. Shelby in the Bailey Warehouse, where he has since remained. In 1846 he was married to Miss E. A. Lockert, and eight children have been born to the union: Mapheus M., Alice, Jacob W., David L., James T., Bettie, Mattie, and Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph are members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and are very fond of their worship.

R. H. WALKER & CO.

In November, 1886, R. H. Walker & Co. occupied their new and commodious tobacco warehouse at the corner of Spring and Washington streets, and named it the "Planter's," in honor of the men who till the soil to make the waxy and luxurious

plant that the "savage American brave" discovered in the days of Pocahontas and other Big Indians. This house is seventy-two by one hundred and ninety-two feet in the clear, and has a capacity for storing seven hundred hogsheads. The firm is made up of R. H. Walker and John C. Hambaugh, and their short career at Clarksville has been very successful and is still increasing. Both gentlemen are thorough judges of tobacco, and know all about handling the article from the field to the grinding process in the mouth. They came to Clarksville well fixed for business, and have succeeded in gaining the public confidence on every side. They are active, energetic, enterprising and strictly honorable in their relations with everybody, and with the assistance of a competent clever corps of assistants in the warehouse, are richly deserving the business they control. Mr. Walker and Mr. H. O. Hambaugh were partners in the warehouse business at New Providence from 1879 to 1886, and in the Fall of the latter year they dissolved the firm, when a new one was formed which embraced R. H. Walker and J. C. Hambaugh, who as before stated began business at Clarksville in 1886. The warehouse they had at New Providence belongs to P. C. Hambaugh, and was built in 1874. It was occupied by Kendrick & Pettus prior to R. H. Walker & Co.'s occupancy.

John C. Hambaugh is the youngest son of P. C. Hambaugh, of New Providence, and was born at Ringgold on August 9th, 1863. He was educated partly in the ordinary country schools, but wound up by taking a thorough course under Prof. Shields, of Cottage Home College, Logan county, Ky. At the age of twenty years, John C. Hambaugh started life in the grocery and general merchandise business at New Providence, and although his father was amply able to have helped him financially, he, in



order to cause the son to grasp the business idea in its reality, would not give or loan him money, so the subject of this sketch made his way by borrowing money from bank and paying interest at the rate of ten per cent., but with all this he got along finely and climbed the ladder of success, until to-day he is holding down the most extensive grocery in the county outside of Clarksville, and it is all his own. This business he began in 1884, and his success was noticed with great delight by his near relatives and intimate acquaintances; and as he had been reared among the plant known as tobacco, and knew all about it, he was induced in 1886 to become a partner in the leaf

tobacco and warehouse firm of R. H. Walker & Co., which exists both at Clarksville and New Providence. and Mr. Hambaugh attends to the New Providence end of the line. The warehouse there is sixty by two hundred feet in the clear, with a capacity for handling six hundred hogsheads yearly with ease. Mr. Hambaugh is a man with splendid business qualifications, and as he is yet a young man there can be no doubt about his future, provided he marries some lovely and accomplished lady before he becomes an old bachelor.

R. H. Walker, senior member of the firm of R. H. Walker & Co., was born in Robertson county, Tennessee, March 9th, 1840, and is a son of John A. and Elizabeth (Bellamy) Walker, who came to this State years ago and settled in Robertson county, where the son was educated in a country school, and at the age of fifteen learned the coopers trade, and this he followed for many years. When the war broke out he dropped the adze, donned a suit of grey, and joined Captain Bidwell's Company, which afterwards was annexed to the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry, where he served a year, but at the fall of Fort Donelson he was captured by the Federals and sent to Camp Butler, where he remained forty days, when he was exchanged and came home. In 1863 he came to Montgomery county and located at New Providence, following the cooper's trade until 1874, when he began dealing in tobacco. In 1868 he led to the hymenial altar Caroline Watts, and to this union were born Herschel, Alfonso, Tracy, Prince and Hettie Walker, five fine, intelligent children. Mr. and Mrs. Walker affiliate with the Methodist Church, being devout members thereof, and Mr. Walker is a substantial member of the Masonic order.



M. B. COLEMAN.

Located on Commerce street, between Front and First, is the large fire-proof leaf tobacco establishment of M. B. Coleman. The building, forty-two by one hundred and twenty feet in the clear, two stories high, is covered entirely with iron, and has a capacity for handling between three and five hundred hogsheads of the singular weed with ease. It is the most extensive exclusively leaf re-handling house in this part of the country, and in busy season keeps four presses constantly in motion. This house is entirely new, having been erected in 1886, and is considered a certainty against ordinary possibilities of fire. Melville B. Coleman was born in Montgomery county, November 10th, 1845, and is a son of Mr. A. K. Coleman, a prosperous and well to do farmer. His primary education was received in a country school, but he completed a thorough course at Locust Grove College, Christian county, Ky., after which he engaged in merchandising at New Providence and Clarksville for seventeen years, and after this followed the vocation of a traveling salesman in dry goods and groceries; but bad health drove him off the road, and he finally settled down to the tobacco business, which he began in the Spring of 1884, and has since continued.



THOMAS L. HARVIE.

Thomas L. Harvie, one of the most energetic tobacco men doing business in Clarksville, is a son of the late Thomas and Janet L. Harvie, and was born in Scot

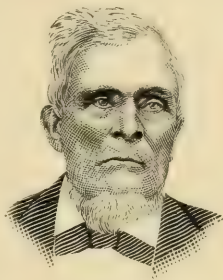
land, December 31st, 1842. Both parents were pure Scots; were born in 1822 and died in 1852. Thomas L. Harvie arrived in the United States in 1867, and began a business career in dry goods, but later on worked over into groceries, and for one so young he met with encouraging success; but later on engaged in the tobacco business in Marshall county, Kentucky. After a residence of seven years in that county he moved to Paducah, at which place he remained until 1877, when he located at Clarksville and engaged in the tobacco business with T. D. Luckett & Co., where he remained four years. In 1881 Mr. Harvie engaged in business on his own account, and has prospered finely in his tobacco enterprises as well as otherwise since that time. What is now known as the stemmery of Mr. Thomas L. Harvie, stands upon the site of Proudfit's stemmery, which was erected about 1832 by J. H. Proudfit, one of the pioneer tobacco buyers of Clarksville. Compared with the stemmeries of the present day, this old timer was a small one; but owing to the continued increase of acreage put in by planters after the year 1832, Mr. Proudfit found it necessary to increase its capacity, which was done, but still the old and original building would not at this day be called an extensive one, yet then it was the largest at Clarksville. After many years of successful business at the old stand, Mr. Proudfit sold the property to Alexander B. Barrett, of Henderson, Ky., who by the way was an immensely wealthy man, and this gentleman placed Mr. William Jones in charge, and the latter bought tobacco, made strips and put up English leaf, which he shipped to Europe for Mr. Barrett's account. During Mr. Jones' career, and after several successful years, the old factory caught fire one night and was destroyed. This wound Mr. Jones' combination up with Mr. Barrett, and the latter formed a coalition with the late Hugh Dunlop, and a new factory was erected on the old one's site. Mr. Dunlop made a great success of the Clarksville house, while Mr. Barrett was engaged in the tobacco business on a very large scale at Henderson, and it was during Mr. Dunlop's early life with Mr. Barrett that the latter made his millions of dollars. The arrangement between Messrs. Barrett and Dunlop existed for many years, when at last Mr. Dunlop became the sole owner of the Clarksville stemmery, and during his career on his own account, made and lost several fortunes; but when he died, in 1879, he left a comfortable share of this world's goods for the good of his family. The stemmery was bought from the Dunlop estate by the late B. O. Keesee, and for a year or two was operated by him alone. Afterwards it was owned and operated by Keesee & Neblett, and still later Gholson & Moseley owned and run it for a few years, and in 1885 Mr. T. L. Harvie, who now owns and controls it, took charge. Taking this old factory up one side and down the other, and considering the various fluctuations in tobacco since it was first built, it has been a great success for each and every individual that was ever associated with it. The original building which burned did not cause much of a loss, from the simple fact that it was quite an old affair and was not worth much. Mr. Harvie, its present owner, has made and is now making money under its old roof; and if every dollar that has been handed over to the planter, the laborer, and in slavery days to the negro owner, was computed, it would run up into the millions. In 1880 Mr. Harvie married Miss Marie Harvey,

and one son, Roy L. Harvie, is the fruit of the union. Mr. Harvie is a Presbyterian, while his wife is a member of the Christian Church.

W. H. CROUCH & SON.

This active and driving firm of leaf tobacco brokers is composed of Mr. W. H. Crouch, of Montgomery county, and his son Jack. Clarksville is their principal place of business, but they have a leaf handling house about eight miles out of the city, where they handle much of the tobacco they purchase direct from the planter. They are extensive tobacco raisers, and both give much attention to this branch of industry. The firm are members of the Tobacco Board of Trade at Clarksville, and carries the fullest confidence and esteem of all other members, while the public at large realize in them men of the most honorable principles.

William H. Crouch, the senior member of the firm of W. H. Crouch & Son, was born in Tennessee, December 12th, 1813, the youngest of three children of Hardin and Dorothea Crouch, who were natives of Virginia, of English descent, and who died in 1845 and 1859 respectively. Hardin Crouch was a thrifty farmer in his day, and with his wife, came to Tennessee in the State's early period. William H. Crouch began farming early in life, making tobacco raising a specialty, while corn and other produce were considered side issues. Since 1837 he has been a dealer in tobacco as well as a raiser of it, and in all his pursuits has been successful. In 1846 he married Miss Margaret Rudolph, and to their union Dorothea A., Jack and Charles R. Crouch were born, and all are still living and well to do in life. Mr. Crouch owns and occupies a beautiful home on his farm near Clarksville, and both himself and wife are devout members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.



Jack Crouch is the eldest son of William H. Crouch, and a partner in the tobacco firm of W. H. Crouch & Son, and C. F. Jarrett & Co., Hopkinsville, having connected himself with the latter firm in 1886, and occupying the position of Clarksville buyer for that house. Jack was born in Montgomery county, at the old homestead, in August, 1852, and engaged in the tobacco business with his father in 1880. He is also largely engaged in farming, making a specialty of cultivating tobacco, while corn, wheat and other produce receives a good share of his attention. He is an active, industrious, honorable gentleman, and is meeting with the most creditable success in his walks of life. He is very happily married; is blessed with one child, and worships with the Cumberland Presbyterians, while Mrs. Crouch is a devoted disciple of the Wesleys. The given name, "Jack," by which Mr. Crouch is designated, is not an



abbreviated one, as he was christened that way, and that cognomen with him is genuine and not a nick-name. The owner of the name is proud of it, and his hundreds of friends, both in social and business circles, are equally proud of him.

ADAMS, GILL & Co.

This spacious and commodious tobacco warehouse is located near the east end of Commerce street, not far from the passenger depot of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and is a pride of the city of Clarksville. It is owned and controlled by Adams, Gill & Co., which firm is composed of John Adams, B. F. Gill and R. D. Moseley, organized in September, 1886, and now doing a large and flourishing business. The firm began its active life November 1st, 1886, and during the first year thereafter its receipts were five thousand two hundred hogsheads of tobacco, which is conceded to be a most remarkable success for new beginners, but the popularity, integrity and honesty of its members is what attracted the farmers and their business. There are engaged at the Clarksville Warehouse, Wm. H. Turnley, salesman; Edwin P. Turnley, book-keeper, and Major Robert Hicks, Matt Dunlop and Louis Diffendorffer, who look over the general inside workings of its affairs. This warehouse has a capacity for storing four thousand hogsheads, with plenty of ground adjacent to make additional room for ten thousand hogsheads of the juicy produce.

John Adams was born December 4th, 1838, in the north of Ireland, the son of George F. and Matilda (Moore) Adams, who emigrated to this country, landing in Clarksville June 20th, 1844. They settled in Logan county, Ky., and followed farming three years and merchandising at Keysburg for ten years, and in 1857 moved to near Port Royal, Tenn., where they engaged in farming until 1884. John Adams was educated in country schools, and in June, 1854, entered his father's store as clerk, continuing until 1857. He then went to Nashville in a wholesale house, and later one year in Clarksville with R. D. Dunning & Co. April 15th, 1861, he joined Colonel Tom Taylor's First Kentucky Confederate Infantry, serving one year in General Joseph E. Johnson's Division, when the regiment was disbanded, and he joined Morgan's Cavalry as Brevet Second-Lieutenant, and was in all the battles of that gallant band, and was with General Morgan in all the raids and sanguinary struggles of that brigade within the enemy's lines, including the Ohio raid and the last raid into Kentucky, when he was captured at Cynthiana and imprisoned at Johnson's Island up to June, 1865, and most fortunately escaped a single wound. In 1866 he engaged in merchandising at Port Royal, under the firm name of Geo. F. Adams & Son, until Spring, 1870, when he sold out to his father and moved to Allensville, Kentucky, where he engaged in the same business, building up a lucrative trade. In 1879 his establishment was burned out, but being covered by insurance for one-half, he at once built a magnificent storehouse of large capacity, but soon sold out, and after closing up his business there, moved to Clarksville in September, 1886, when the tobacco firm of Adams, Gill & Co., of the Clarksville Warehouse, was organized. Mr. Adams is a gentleman of high moral character and business integrity, and is possessed of splendid

social qualities, is full of energy and enthusiasm, and has always been very successful in his business ventures. Mr. Adams was married November 27th, 1872, to Miss Mattie B. Hughes, daughter of W. B. and Mary E. (Browder) Hughes. They have one child, a lovely daughter, Edith, the joy of the household. Mr. Adams and wife are members of the Methodist Church, taking a prominent and leading part in church work.

Benjamin Franklin Gill was born June 28th, 1839, in Logan county, Ky., the son of Felton D. and Cynthia (Watkins) Gill. He was raised on his father's farm, and partly educated in country schools, which was completed at Kentucky University, Harrodsburg. In 1861 he engaged with John W. Jones in merchandising at Port Royal, Tenn., for a short while, and since has been engaged in the tobacco business and farming. In 1870 he moved to Montgomery county, living near Dunbar's Cave until 1881, when he moved to Clarksville. Mr. Gill is one of the most energetic men in the county, a man of splendid intellect, clear head, and large business capacity. He is never idle, and has by his energetic, persevering efforts accumulated a handsome fortune. Mr. Gill was married April 28th, 1870, to Miss Mary Yancey, daughter of Colonel Thomas L. Yancey, of Clarksville, a lady of culture, domestic habits and many personal charms. Six children have been born to them, but only four survive, Bennie, Sallie, Felton D., and B. F. Mr. Gill's house is an elegant brick residence on Franklin street. Mrs. Gill is a member of the Christian Church, and an ardent worker in the cause of Christianity.

Robert Darvin Moseley was born November 18th, 1835, in Montgomery county, and is a son of John S. and Elizabeth (Frasier) Moseley. He was raised on a farm and educated in country schools. During the years 1861 to 1866, he engaged in merchandising at Henrietta, Cheatham county, and then engaged in farming and the tobacco business, and has since been more or less engaged in both. In 1874 he was elected County Trustee and Revenue Collector, two successive terms, serving five years. In 1878 he was elected County Court Clerk, and re-elected two successive terms, and holds that important office of honor and trust at this time. Mr. Moseley is a clear headed business man, very cautious in all he does, adopts and pursues only correct methods, and has by his promptness and plain, straightforward course in all of his dealings with the people, gained a powerful hold on the public, and no man exercises a greater influence in the county. Mr. Moseley has accumulated a large estate and occupies a lovely home, corner of Madison and Eighth streets, a plat of six acres. He is a member of the orders of Odd Fellows and Knights



of Pythias. He has four children, Mrs. Lizzie Gerhart, Mrs. Lena Ragsdale, James Edwin, and Corinne.

BLOCH BROS.

This enterprising firm, which was established in Clarksville in 1863, has recently occupied its new and commodious building on Franklin street, and is doing the leading traffic of the city in dry goods. The firm is composed of Leopold and Simon Bloch, whose pluck and energy was characterized just after the fire of 1887, that burned out a great space on Franklin street, part of which is the site of their new building. When the ruins of their old store were still hot, they purchased the building that had been occupied by the late Henry Frech as a grocery, and this they fitted up and utilized for their business while their present building was being erected. The new structure, which was built after plans and specifications made by G. B. Wilson, the well known architect and builder of Clarksville, is forty by one hundred and seventy feet in the clear, and three stories high. It is an imposing structure, built of brick, stone and iron, with all the modern improvements known to the present day. It is heated by steam, and the extensive floor spaces are divided into departments for dry goods, notions, hats and caps, boots and shoes, etc., while the carpet display space is a novelty worthy of the inspection of all who visit the house. It is on a sub-floor at the rear, where a perfect light is obtained, and the various articles offered for sale there can be inspected from the floor



above to the greatest and best advantage. Salesmen especially adapted to each department are properly located throughout the house, and the conveniences for public accommodation are thus made perfect and complete. The corps of salesmen employed by Bloch Brothers consist of Robert Mainhardt, B. M. Barksdale, T. W. Averitt, James Tait, J. L. Lockert, Jerome Duncan, T. A. McDaniel, G. A. Leigh, N. Gallizier O. S. Oppenheimer, and David S. Bloch, whose popularity and ability to please customers is a sure guarantee that all who deal with the firm will receive the most polite and honorable attention. The firms arrangements with many of the leading houses in the East are so perfected as to enable it to constantly be supplied with the freshest novelties and fashions equal to any store in the largest cities. This puts Clarksville away ahead of her rival cities in Tennessee, as her people are enabled to be up with the times at all seasons of the year, and consequently not sluggish as to current events and styles.

Leopold and Simon Bloch were born in Hohenzollern Hechingen, South Prussia, and arrived in America in 1852. They first went into business at Eddyville, Ky., carrying a small stock, but this during their brief career at that place increased. They moved to Dover, Tenn., and remained there until 1863, when they came to Clarksville. Since their residence here, they have gained an enviable reputation for honorable dealings, and have been consequently successful in business. The senior of the firm, Leopold Bloch, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Education, and Treasurer of Clarksville Lodge, No. 89, of the Masonic order; and has creditably served two terms in the Board of Mayor and Aldermen. Simon Bloch has never deviated from his mercantile pursuits to any extent, but both gentlemen are regarded as leading, public spirited citizens, who are ever ready to loan their helping hands to relieve the poor and distressed of whatever color and creed the object may be possessed. Both are happily married, and their families live as one in their domestic relations.

JAMES P. GILL.

James P. Gill, one of the most enterprising citizens of Clarksville, is the owner of the finest, best arranged and most comfortable livery stable in the city, and possibly in the State of Tennessee. This magnificent home for horses, located at the corner of Second and Main streets, is built of brick and stone, has a metallic roof, and covers a territory one hundred by two hundred feet in the clear. It is ventilated thoroughly on all sides and overhead, has electric lights and plenty of hydrants throughout, and is kept scrupulously clean all the time. There are all told sixty-nine roomy stalls, including six box-stalls, a large and comfortable mule pen, and elegant commodties for feed of all kinds. There are six large double door places of egress, through which, in case of fire, all animals and vehicles could easily be saved, no matter how much start it might have. The attractive front of this elegant stable has a ladies' sitting room, and a large office where gentlemen transact business, and these are finished in fat pine and furnished elaborately. Mr. Gill constantly has a large collection of saddle and harness horses, hacks, buggies, "drummer" wagons, and other conveniences for pleasure and business purposes, which are subject to the order of the public at all times. He deals largely in horse flesh, and owns some of the fleetest feet in this region of the country. He has a very fine half-mile track on his farm near Clarksville, where his corps of trainers are almost constantly engaged practicing and educating horses for various uses. The stable cost over seven thousand dollars, and was erected in 1886. Mr. Gill is well educated in his line of business, as he first engaged in it at Cadiz, Ky., in 1876, where he remained until 1881, when he came to this city and took charge of the old Eclipse Stable. Mr. Gill was born in Logan county, Ky., August 21st, 1850, being a son of J. F. and Mary E. (Gunn) Gill. He completed his education at Wesleyan University, Millersburg, Ky., in 1871. He then taught school for awhile at Bell's Chapel, Ky., and in 1874 removed to Cadiz, Ky., where he engaged in the tobacco business for a year prior to going into the livery business, and in 1878 he was married to Miss Lizzie Chappel, daughter of J. W. Chappel, a prominent citizen of that town.

Joseph C. and Mary E. Gill are their children. Mrs. Gill is a member of the Methodist congregation here.

SAMUEL HODGSON.

Mr. Samuel Hodgson, the widely known marble worker of Clarksville, was born in England, October 26th, 1830, and was brought to America by his mother in 1842, his father having died in England. Ten years of his early life was spent in Illinois and Indiana. In the meantime he obtained a good English education, and served an apprenticeship in marble sculpture, becoming an expert in his trade. About 1852 he came to Clarksville, and with limited capital commenced business in a small way for himself. He soon bought the lot now occupied by the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, and his marble works extended from Franklin to Strawberry streets, fronting on Second street. Here he has pursued his chosen business with wonderful success up to the present day. Unless called away to some important work, he can always be found in his shop with chisel in hand, making himself one of the most useful men in the community. He is perhaps one of the largest monument and statuary dealers in the South, importing largely from Carrara, Italy, and fine Scotch granite from Glasgow and Aberdeen, Scotland, and handles all of the native marbles and granites. Most of the magnificent shafts and monuments that ornament Greenwood Cemetery are exhibitions of his taste and skill. The splendid monument to Governor Blount, of East Tennessee marble, is his design. In truth, four-fifths of the monumental work which ornaments this lovely city of the dead is from Hodgson's marble works, and at this writing he has under contract for this charmed spot three grand monuments worth \$5,700. It keeps one or two men busy with nothing but lettering to meet his demand.



his trade extending to all the towns of the surrounding counties and country cemeteries. Besides this, most of the fine stone and ornamental work in the handsome buildings about Clarksville testify to his skill and taste. One advantage the community has found in Mr. Hodgson, in addition to elegant and substantial character of his work, is his successful competition in all rivalry, never allowing any one to undersell him in price. This has saved thousands of dollars to people ignorant of the relative value and durability of different varieties of stone, who would first consult him, and this fair and honest way of dealing with people whose tender sympathies are easily operated upon, has gained for him

implicit public confidence and the almost undivided patronage of the country surrounding. Mr. Hodgson has been economical in the management of his business, and by judicious investments has come to be one of the wealthy men of the city. He is the builder and owner of the European Hotel on Franklin street, the Farmers & Merchants National Bank building, Mrs. Hodgson & Maquires magnificent millinery establish-

ment, which is connected with the extensive family residence, the handsome book store occupied by Owen, Moore & Atkinson, the large grocery house occupied by C. M. Barker, an attractive cottage house on Second street and other property. All of these houses, with the exception of the cottage house, have been erected on the ruins of the 1878 fire, in which he lost not less than \$20,000. Mr. Hodgson was married in 1854 to Miss Julia Kearney, and owes much to her splendid talent, energy and sound business judgment for his wonderful prosperity. She is an extraordinary lady, managing her domestic affairs with the greatest simplicity, and the systematic control of her extensive and popular millinery establishment. Their union has been blessed with seven children, two daughters, who died in infancy, and five sons. The surviving ones are: Charles W., Samuel J., Frank T., Jesse F. and Lee M. Charles married Alice, daughter of J. P. Y. Whitfield, and is prosperously engaged with the Clarksville Lumber Company. Frank married Linnie, daughter of G. B. Wilson, and holds a trustworthy position in the Farmers & Merchants National Bank. Sam works in the shop with his father and is master of the trade. The other two boys are young and have not yet completed their education, but are equally promising. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson have cause for feeling proud of their boys. The family is divided in religious sentiment, worshipping with both the Methodists and Presbyterians.

J. G. JOSEPH.

During the year 1869, Clarksville's population was added to by the coming here to locate of the gentleman, merchant, and most worthy citizen whose name appears above. He is engaged in the clothing business, and is known in mercantile circles as the "Star Clothier." Mr. Joseph is a native of Cincinnati, at which city he spent his boyhood days, and it was there he received his primary education. His parents were Joseph and Rachel (Wolf) Joseph, who were natives of England. Joseph Joseph was a jeweler at Cincinnati from 1837 to 1873, and he died in that city during the latter year, but his widow still lives, and is a resident of Hamilton, O. At the age of ten years, J. G. Joseph concluded to go to Indianapolis to live with an uncle, and while at that city he received an education at the Northwestern Christian University, after which he took a thorough business course at a Commercial College in Indianapolis. After this he engaged in the clothing business with his uncle, and in 1860 he opened a store on his own account at Indiana's capitol. From 1864 to 1869 he was a traveling salesman in the clothing line, but during the latter year located in the same business at Clarksville, where he has since remained and met with the most encouraging success. He is recognized as a pusher of many of Clarksville's enterprises, and was an organizer of the Franklin Bank, of which he is now a stockholder. Mr. Joseph is an active member of several societies, and a hard worker in each. He climbed the Masonic pole in Center Lodge, No. 23, of Indianapolis, in 1868, and is now a member of Royal Arch Chapter, of Clarksville, of which he was elected Secretary in 1882. In October, 1887, at Cincinnati, the various degrees were conferred upon, to entitle him to the rank of the Scottish Rites, or Thirtieth-Degree in Masonry, thus making him the highest

ranked member of that order in Montgomery county. He was the first charter member of Cumberland Lodge, No. 17, Knights of Pythias, and in 1874 Chancellor Commander thereof. He is a charter member of Clarksville Division of the Uniform Rank of the order, and is now Com. Sergt. First Regiment, Tennessee U. R., and takes great interest in the success thereof. He is also the first charter member of Abraham Lodge, No. 58, Independent Order B'nai Berith, at Indianapolis, and in 1866 was elected President of same. At the end of his first six months in Clarksville, he was elected as representative of Abraham Lodge to District Grand Lodge, No. 2, I. O. B. B., which met at Memphis. He is still an active member of all endowments of the order, and is an energetic mover for everything to enhance its cause. He is also a member of the order of "Wise Men," wearing the letters S. V. G. In 1872 Mr. Joseph married Miss Carrie Rexinger, a sister to ex Postmaster Samuel Rexinger, and three children have been born to them, Joseph, Ruby and Edith. Mr. Joseph has been honored with a commission as delegate to every Democratic State Convention held in Tennessee since 1870, and this proves the fact that he is a successful political hustler when needed by his party. Following the family line, he is by inheritance a member of the Hebrew Church, yet by associations of late years is more liberal in his religious views than is common among people of his faith in larger cities. He is the only exclusive clothier in Clarksville, and his business is very large, while his dealings with his fellow men are of the most honorable and liberal character.

REV. JOHN B. SHEARER.

The eldest son of John A. and Ruth A. Shearer, citizens of Virginia, is Rev. John Bunyan Shearer, D. D., of Clarksville. This illustrious divine was born in the grand



old commonwealth of Virginia, July 19th, 1832. He received his earliest education at Union Academy, Appomattox county, Va., under the instructions of distinguished educators, and at the age of sixteen was made assistant instructor of Latin in the Academy. He entered the junior class at Hampden Sidney College at the age of seventeen, and when nineteen years old graduated with honor under the Presidency of the late L. W. Green, D. D. In 1854, at the age of twenty-two, he received the Master's Degree at the University of Virginia; after which he was married to Miss Lizzie Gessner, of Prince Edward county, Va. During the years 1854-55, he was Principal of Kemper's High School, at Gordonsville, and in 1855 entered Union Theological Seminary, where in 1858 he completed the required course. 1851 to 1858, every leisure hour was spent in private teaching, colportage, and later on in professional work. He was ordained a minister of God's word, and installed as pastor at Chapel Hill, where the University of North Carolina is located, in 1858, by the Presbytery of Orange, North Carolina, and

he remained there until 1862, when the civil war broke the University up. Afterwards he took charge of Spring Hill and Mount Carmel churches, and taught a private school in Halifax county, Va. In 1870, upon invitation of the Trustees of Stewart College, Dr. Shearer came here and accepted the Presidency thereof. The college was reopened under the most auspicious circumstances, and the result was as recorded on pages 49 to 52 of this work. Dr. Shearer's greatest success is his Bible teachings. He has studied the book of God all his life, and published outlines of results gained, in book form, entitled "Bible Course Syllabus," which is intended for his classes and others who may desire such a course. As a preacher, teacher, citizen and business man, he stands pre-eminent. He is ever ready and willing to assist the poor, defend the helpless, and to take the lead in any and all charities that come to his notice from time to time. Richard B. Shearer, a brother, was killed in battle in Maryland in 1863, and Rev. James W. Shearer, another brother, has charge of a Presbyterian church in Florida. There were four sons and two daughters born to the parents of Dr. Shearer. His mother died at the age of thirty-seven, but his father still lives at this writing. In summing up the life of Dr. Shearer, it is safe to say that no man existing on the American Continent has led a more useful life to society and mankind generally than he; and wherever he is known he is held in the highest esteem and confidence of his fellow man.

N. V. GERHART.

Nathaniel V. Gerhart, the enterprising dry goods merchant, is the senior member of the firm of N. V. Gerhart & Sons, who do a thriving business on Franklin street, between First and Second. He is a live, wide awake citizen, and enjoys the fullest confidence of the Clarksville public. Associated with him are Isaac P., Charles C., and Harry C. Gerhart, and the commodious store they conduct is twenty-five by one hundred and ninety feet in the clear, and this is continually well stocked with the very freshest goods in the firm's line. Mr. N. V. Gerhart was born in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, February 7th, 1827, and is a son of Rev. Isaac and Sarah V. Gerhart, being the youngest of five children. Rev. Isaac Gerhart was a native of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and for fifty years was a member of the German Reformed Church. N. V. Gerhart was educated at Gettysburg, Penn., and in 1853 located at Louisville, Ky., where he remained until 1873, when he came to Clarksville, where he has since lived and prospered in every way. While at Louisville he wedded Miss Ann Eliza Piemont, and to them were born Isaac P., Charles C., Joseph H., Ludia (now Mrs. Thomas Cross), Harry C., and Bayless W. Gerhart. The family is an exceedingly happy one, and all are recognized as believers in the Episcopal doctrine of the Holy Writ except Mr. N. V. Gerhart, who is a Presbyterian.

PHILIP LIEBER.

Philip Lieber is one of the self-made men of the present time, who by vigorous enterprise and energy has worked himself into a most lucrative business and comfortable fortune. He is a native of Bechtolshein, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, where he was

born February 9th, 1839, and with his parents he arrived in America in 1856, locating at Louisville, at which city his father, Moses Lieber, now resides, being eighty-three years old. When Philip Lieber arrived at the city of the Ohio Falls he had only fifty cents in his pocket, but he at once procured employment, and managed to live there

for fifteen years, during which time he branched out into the State of Kentucky and established stores at Hopkinsville, Franklin and Lebanon. These he ran very successfully until 1877, when he concentrated his business and located permanently at Clarksville, where he opened out on a large scale, handling a general mixed stock of dry goods, notions, hats and caps, boots and shoes, etc., naming his handsome store the "Trade Palace." During the big fire of 1878 Mr. Lieber was burned out and sustained considerable loss, but Phoenix like he soon rose from the ashes and was quickly in the business arena again, with an improved stock and his present new store, which is located at No. 49 Franklin street, and wears the old name "Trade Palace." This store is twenty-one by one hundred and thirteen feet in the clear, stocked with a well assorted line of goods from end to end, and is operated by Albert Lieber, son of Philip, W. L. Fowlkes, George F. Fentress and Fred. Peck, a corps of competent and accommodating clerks. Mr. Lieber by his straightforward and honorable course in business here has gained the fullest confidence of the people of Clarksville and the surrounding country, consequently he is a success as a merchant and therefore content



with life. Mrs. Lieber before her marriage was Miss Lottie Wiel, of Louisville, and her relatives there are people of the highest business and social standing. Mr. and Mrs. Lieber are blessed with the following children: Bella, Albert, Blanche, Mattie, Alexander and Joseph. Mr. Lieber is a member of Cumberland Lodge, Knights of Pythias, also of the Masonic and B'nai B'rith orders, and takes much pride and pleasure in the workings of these societies. He is ever wide awake to assist in public enterprises where the good of Clarksville is interested, and is ever ready to help the cause of meritorious charity.

WILLIAM J. MACCORMAC.

William J. MacCormac, one of the best known artists in the South, is now and has since 1855 been an energetic and enterprising citizen of Clarksville, where he owns and controls a large and prosperous photographic studio. From 1855 until the surrender of Fort Donelson, Mr. MacCormac was in the infancy of his chosen art; but after the Federal victory in the Cumberland Valley he secured a location in the topographical engineer corps of Sherman's army, and while there made and saved considerable money. Mr. MacCormac was born at Edinburg, Scotland, July 5th, 1838, and is the eldest of two children born to John and Lydia MacCormac. Mr. MacCormac left his boyhood home before completing his education, and after a long siege of promiscuous wandering concluded to locate in Clarksville. In 1866 he visited his old home in Scotland for the third time since he first left it, but he returned to America again before the close of that year and located at Louisville, where he engaged in the wholesale grocery firm of MacCormac & Cullen. This business lasted only a short time, when the firm went into the manufacture of boots and shoes on a large scale, but in 1870 Mr. MacCormac withdrew from business at the Falls City and returned to Clarksville, where he again engaged as a photograph artist, since which time he has been very successful. Mr. MacCormac studies of the art and science of his chosen profession, which extends over large portions of Europe and America, enables him to be justly rated a master of the photographic art. He is a member of the American Photographer's Association, which body has honored him with its Vice-Presidency, which he served one year with much credit to his brotherhood and himself. Specimens of the excellency and perfection of his work will be found in a great majority of the illustrations in this book, as he made the pictures from which the cuts were made. Mr. MacCormac is a member of the Masonic order and an active Knight Templar, belonging to Clarksville Commandery, No. 8, of which he is exceedingly proud. Mr. MacCormac in 1871 was united in marriage to Miss Mary Leonard, daughter of Colonel T. D. Leonard, of this county. Both himself and wife are members of the Methodist Church, and take much interest in its welfare and good. They have no children.



M. L. JOSLIN.

This go ahead, driving and clever citizen is the leading manufacturer of and dealer in harness and saddles in Clarksville. His work and wares are well spoken of in various parts of Tennessee and Kentucky, where they are best known and most used. Mr. Joslin employs a good sized force of experts in his business, and as he is a perfect judge of material, with great energy, nobody wonders at the business success he has achieved, and so tenaciously holds to. His commodious shop and salesroom is located

on Franklin street near Second, and during week days these are busy marts. Mr. Joslin was born December 29th, 1836, in Dickson county. His parents, Henderson and Martha Joslin, were of English descent, but both were born in Tennessee. Mr. Joslin began learning his trade in 1854, and when the war broke out had just completed it, but the sound of the drum and fife were so enchanting that he joined the Confederate forces and skirmished with the blue coats for four years. In 1868 he became a citizen of Clarksville, opened his shop, and flung the breeze his banner on which was inscribed "Come to Stay," and since then has met with merited success. Mr. Joslin married Miss M. V. Walter, of Stewart county, in 1861, and to them have been born Mattie V., William W., Fannie, Minnie, John, Edward and Charles Joslin. Mr. Joslin is an active member of the Masonic order, and also of the Christian Church.

WILLIAM KLEEMAN.

The vicissitudes of the knight of the cleaver are generally hard to overcome, simply from the fact that they are so numerous and not unfrequently complicated; but the principal of this sketh, William Kleeman, has proved himself a master of the butcher's science, and to-day stands eminent as a citizen of Clarksville. At the age of fifteen Mr. Kleeman began working as a journeyman butcher, having served as an apprentice since his tenth year, in Bavaria, Germany, where he was born May 6th, 1835. In 1852 Mr. Kleeman landed at New York, where he followed his profession ten years, after which he moved to Shelbyville, Illinois, and there he remained until 1865, when he came to Clarksville. He at first engaged in mercantile business in this city, which he continued until 1878, when he resumed the butcher business and opened the first daily market in the city. Business rapidly increased with him, and to-day he is the leader of his line in this section of country. Mr. Kleeman is Chief of the Clarksville Fire Department, and has repeatedly served in the Board of Mayor and Aldermen. He belongs to the Masonic order, is an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias, and also prominent in the Uniform Rank of the latter order. In 1858 William Kleeman and Miss Amelia Rothschild were married, and to them were born Seward, Isaac, Daisy, Arthur, Violet and Edward C. Kleeman.

MAURICE A. STRATTON.

The boot and shoe trade of Clarksville is well represented in Maurice A. Stratton, who is a leader in that line, being well located in a spacious store on Franklin street. His store is the best arranged for the business of any in this part of Tennessee; and as Mr. Stratton is known to the public as a straight-forward, honest dealing man, with energy and pluck, he is meeting with the most encouraging success. He is a native of Virginia, having been born in Rockbridge county, November 23rd, 1852, and his parents were Richard H. and Eliza Stratton. Mr. Stratton received his early education in Albemarle county, Virginia, but in 1863 he began farming in Nelson county, Va., which he continued two years. In March, 1871, he arrived in Clarksville, and engaged as salesman in the dry goods house of B. F. Coulter, where he remained three years.

He then went "out West," but in 1875 returned and again connected himself with Mr. Coulter's business, after which he became a partner with W. F. and J. B. Coulter in the dry goods business, under the firm name of Coulter Bros. & Stratton. In December, 1882, he sold out his interest in this firm, and in January following opened out in the boot and shoe business at the stand formerly occupied by V. L. Williams, whose interest he had purchased. Some time later he moved to the store he now occupies and conducts on his own account. On the 15th of January, 1879, Mr. Stratton led to the hymenial altar Miss Rachel Tucker, of Kentucky, and one daughter, Mary, was born to them, but died in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton belong to the Christian Church, and are industrious workers for its prosperity. He is a member of the Knights of Honor, and is known to be decidedly a self-made man, prosperous, industrious and wide awake to business at all times.

SAMUEL B. SEAT.

This gentleman is a prominent citizen who has been connected with the enterprise and prosperity of Clarksville for nearly fifty years, and now at a ripe age enjoys the fruits of his labor and benefits growing out of the pluck and push of the early builders of the city's trade. Mr. Seat was born in Rutherford county, Tenn., October 21st, 1822, and was raised and educated in Lebanon, Wilson county, Tenn. He came to Clarksville December 31st, 1843, and on the following day commenced business as clerk for Joseph Johnson, in the dry goods business, and continued in this house with Mr. Johnson and his successors, Munford & Anderson, until 1846. He was then absent two years, and returning in 1848, set in as clerk for Peter Peacher in the dry goods business. In September, 1849, C. H. Smith and S. B. Seat formed a partnership with Peter Peacher, under the firm name of Peacher, Smith & Co., dry goods. This relationship continued until January, 1852, when Mr. Peacher retired, the house in the meantime suffering a big loss by fire. The house was then conducted by Smith & Seat up to 1855, when Tilford T. Farmer bought Smith's interest, and the business was conducted by Seat & Farmer up to 1857, when Mr. Seat sold out to Thomas Trigg, and the house was continued in the name of Farmer & Trigg. In January, 1860, S. B. Seat, F. P. McWhirter and Robert Miller engaged in the dry goods business, under the name of Seat, McWhirter & Co., and at the the same time S. B. Seat, William Kirby and Robert Miller engaged in the clothing business under the name of Kirby, Miller & Co. Both houses enjoyed a prosperous business, but were broken up by the war. By reference to a sketch of the Central Warehouse, it will be observed that Mr. Seat just after the war was extensively engaged in the warehouse business with C. H. Smith, and afterwards with R. P. Bowling; in the pork packing business with John K. Smith & Co., and with Seat, Kropp & Co., in the milling business. The last named firm was composed of S. B. Seat, C. H. Smith or Mrs. Lucy Smith, Christopher Kropp and Robert Graham. They built the City Mills, and were remarkably successful in their operations up to Mr. Kropp's death in 1876, whose excellent judgment had controlled operations during the eight or ten years of the firm's existence, and the other

partners were unwilling to risk any other management and discontinued business. During the time the firm existed the profits from the mill was over one hundred thousand dollars. Since that time Mr. Seat has continued his family home in this city, a handsome residence on Main street opposite the Presbyterian Church, and engaged in farming on Cumberland River below Nashville. He now owns and cultivates a most profitable orange grove on Orange Lake, Citra, Marion county, Florida, and is also engaged in the fruit business near this city, having a small farm in the suburbs on which he has recently set out one thousand LeConte pear trees. Mr. Seat was married May 23rd, 1855, to Miss Sue M. Anderson, born April 25th, 1825, a daughter of James Anderson, of Nashville. Mr. Seat is a son of Robert and Nancy Seat; his father died in August, 1825, and his mother afterwards married George McWhirter, of Wilson county, Tenn., who died in 1873. Hon. A. J. McWhirter, Commissioner of Agriculture, Statistics and Mines for Tennessee under the four years administration of Governor William B. Bate, is a son by this marriage. Mrs. McWhirter was born in 1795 and still survives in her ninety-second year, and is active, both physically and mentally, for one of her age. She united with the Methodist Church at sixteen years of age, and has since been an active and enthusiastic Christian worker. Mr. Seat and wife are both zealous members of the Presbyterian Church.

JOHN J. WEST.

Clarksville is particularly fortunate in having a most excellent City Attorney in the person whose name heads this article. Mr. West, independent of his extensive education in law, has had an extensive experience with the workings on the inside of the various courts, having acted as Deputy Circuit Court Clerk of Montgomery county before he was licensed to practice at the bar. In the Fall of 1872, just after completing his English course in Stewart College, Mr. West began the study of law under the Hon. John F. House, one of the most distinguished barristers of the present day, and in 1875 he was licensed to practice, since which time he has continued to successfully climb the ladder of fame. In 1878 Mr. West was elected Public Administrator, and as he gave such complete satisfaction in that capacity, he has since been continued in that office and now has the honor of conducting its affairs. In 1882 he was elected City Attorney, and in this office he has proved a remarkable success, which the Board of Mayor and Aldermen has recognized to such an extent as to re-elect him annually since that time. He is a public spirited citizen, and for one of his age, is as well posted on public affairs of his city, county and State, as any man in Tennessee. Mr. West was born in Todd county, Ky., December 30th, 1853, and his parents, Dr. J. B. and Mary (Jarrad) West, are natives of Alabama and Virginia. Dr. West from 1866 to 1872 had control of the Clarksville Female Academy; but for over thirty-two years has been a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and now resides in Nashville. John J. West is a hard working and faithful member of the Knights of Pythias and Knights of Honor, and both himself and wife are ardent members of the Methodist Church. On the 3rd of October, 1878, Mr. West and Miss Georgia Beau-

mont were happily married, and to them have been born three children, Laura E., Mary, and John West, Jr.



JOHN HURST & Co.

This firm in wholesale groceries, liquors and seed, is one of the liveliest in the Cumberland Valley, and its trade extends throughout Middle and West Tennessee and Southern Kentucky. Handling goods in the original package is a special feature of the magnificent business the firm has built up, consequently the opposition of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville and Memphis is not detrimental to its success, as it can and does compete with either of those cities, and disposes of all the merchandise it attempts to offer for sale. The members of this enterprising firm are John Hurst, Joseph A. Boillin and James L. Glenn, three of Clarksville's most active men. The two former attend to the welfare of the house exclusively, but Mr. Glenn is the Cashier of the Northern Bank, where of course he spends most of his time, although he is not inactive in the store when opportunity affords. The storehouse of John Hurst & Co. is one of the largest on Franklin street, covering an area of twenty-six feet by two hundred, being three stories high and two cellars deep. There is a large salt shed near

the passenger depot, and another at the freight depot, also a large warehouse on the Public Square, where molasses, hay, fertilizers, and other staple merchandise handled by the firm are stored, subject to the demand of the public. The house has always



been prosperous since its establishment in 1870 by Walter McComb & Co., the firm being composed of Walter McComb and James L. Glenn. It has passed through three firm changes all told since it was established: from Walter McComb & Co. to the same style after John Hurst was admitted as a partner in 1875; then in 1878 changed to McComb, Hurst & Co.; then in 1884 to John Hurst & Co., when Walter McComb withdrew and Joseph A. Boillin went in as a partner. The latter gentleman had been book-keeper for the house since 1878, and went through the changes named, successfully holding his position. The house employs two traveling salesmen, Messrs. H. M. Caldwell and J. A. Clements; while G. C. Lynes and C. K. Barnes are the accommodating clerks on the floor of the store. Wiley Johnson, a trusted and faithful colored man, is the polite porter, and Jack Morrow, colored, has charge of the firm's teams. The present elegant building

occupied by John Hurst & Co. was erected by them in 1880, and on the 1st of November in that year was opened in grand style with as fine a line of general groceries as was ever displayed in Tennessee. The old house occupied by the firm is still at the corner of First and Franklin street, and is now used as a dry goods store by Isaac Rosenfeld.

John Hurst, senior member of the firm of John Hurst & Co., is in reality a self-made man, and has grown with the prosperity of this city. He was born in Montgomery county, March 29th, 1841, his parents being Frank and Eliza (Flack) Hurst, who were of Scotch origin, but their parents came from North Carolina in the early days of Tennessee. John Hurst was the oldest of six children, and received only an ordinary education in country schools. He began business life in 1859, as a clerk in S. F. Beaumont's hardware store, and continued there until the war cry of 1861 was raised, and then he joined Company H, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, and served the Southern Confederacy for four long years. In 1863 when the army was retiring from Gettysburg, Mr. Hurst was captured by the Yankees and went to prison, where he lingered for seven months. After the war, in 1865, he returned to Clarksville and took a place as clerk in J. J. Crusman's grocery, where he remained for eleven years. In 1876 he engaged in the grocery business on his own account, and in 1883 began a strictly wholesale business, which is continued at this time. In 1872 Mr. Hurst was married to Miss Amaryllis Smith, of Virginia, and Ethel, Walton and Sallie

Hurst are their children. Mr. and Mrs. Hurst are both prominent members of the Baptist Church.

Joseph A. Boillin, an active and energetic member of the firm of John Hurst & Co., was born and raised in Clarksville and educated in the schools of the city. He is a son of Joseph and Victoria Boillin, and was born September 7th, 1860. The first business Mr. Boillin ever did was as clerk in the Clarksville postoffice, where he remained ever faithful to his trust for four years. After this he began keeping the books for Walter McComb & Co., and there he remained through three firm changes, until finally himself became a partner in the successive firm that followed the old and original one. Mr. Boillin is single yet, young, handsome, honorable in all he does and says, and enjoys the fullest confidence of everybody. He is an ardent member of the Catholic Knights of America, and is fond of his church, which he attends regularly and promptly.

HENRY FRECH.

Any history of Clarksville would be incomplete without containing a sketch of the life and public services of the late Henry Frech, the merchant, manufacturer, and public servant, who departed this life March 23rd, 1887. As a merchant, he was a grocer and dealer in seeds, with a very large and flourishing trade, and the storehouse he built and occupied on Franklin street is twenty-five by one hundred and eighty feet in the clear, three stories high, and this was always well supplied with the very best of everything. As a manufacturer, he was part owner of the Sewanee Planing Mills, and as a public servant he was Mayor of the city in 1870-71. Mr. Frech was born at Cincinnati, January 15th, 1838, was of German ancestry, and came to this city in 1849, but after a year he returned to Cincinnati, where he lived till 1861, when he came back to Clarksville and made it his permanent home; and after that time prospered finely until his death occurred. In 1870 he married Miss Amanda Byrne, of Russellville, Ky., and she died about a month before her husband, leaving one child, Mary Frech. Henry Frech was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was an ardent Democrat in his political opinions. He was a discreet and prudent business man, thorough self-reliant and independent at all times. His leading characteristic was his sterling integrity and devotion to truth. His word was his bond, and truth was the guide of his life. The world is bettered by the lives of such men as



Henry Frech, whose life was a moral lesson, whose memory will long be cherished and who will ever be remembered as truly an honest man by all who knew him in life and had business transactions with him, as well as by those who only knew him by the sterling and unspotted reputation he had made.

ALEXANDER R. GHOLSON.

Alexander R. Gholson, of the extensively known law firm of Smith & Gholson, was born in Montgomery county, February 26th, 1861, and is a son of Dr. John A. Gholson, of this county. Mr. Gholson was reared on a farm and schooled in the country until 1881, when he began studying law, at which he proved to be a very assiduous student, whose persistent will and energy soon brought him through in good shape, so in 1884 he found himself qualified to enter the law office of Smith & Lurton. In September of the latter year he was licensed to practice, and was admitted to the bar of the Montgomery county courts. In August, 1885, he was appointed Deputy Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, under Polk G. Johnson, and later was appointed a Notary Public by the Montgomery County Court. During the year 1886, Judge H. H. Lurton having been elected to the bench of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, the law firm of Smith & Lurton was dissolved, whereupon Mr. Gholson took his place, and the firm style was changed to Smith & Gholson. This proved to be considerable of an advance for one so young as Mr. Gholson, and his accession to the new combination speaks well for his talents as a lawyer, and for his individuality, morally, intellectually, and otherwise. He was heartily congratulated upon his success by the people of Clarksville, all of whom were glad of his advancement in his chosen profession. Mr. Gholson is an ardent member of the Knights of Pythias, and a working member of the Methodist Church. He is progressive in his ideas, and is fast gaining fame as a lawyer.

JOHN RICK.

John Rick, the popular boot and shoe manufacturer of Clarksville, is a native of Germany, and his parents were Andrew and Christine Rick. After learning his trade, Rick, in 1848, borrowed fifty-eight dollars and took passage on a vessel bound for America, and during that year landed at New Orleans. He then came up the river and stopped at Evansville, where he worked as a journeyman shoemaker for three years, after which he came to Clarksville and located permanently. He prospered finely here for a number of years, but has had many ups and downs in his business career. His prospects are excellent now, and his friends think he has passed the stormy period. In 1853 he married Miss Christina Hekel, and the couple have five children: John T., Henry A., Charles B., Frank E., and Julia J. Rick. Mr. Rick has been a member of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen and Board of Education, the former for twelve years and the latter three years. He is a member of the Odd Fellows and both himself and wife are members of the Presbyterian Church. They live in their neat cottage home on Water street.

This enterprising and wide awake firm was organized in 1870, to conduct the drug and book business, and for eight years prospered finely without interruption, but in April, 1878, their store was burned out by the great fire that wrecked a large portion of the business houses on Franklin street. The firm came out of the debris with small loss, and their insurance and about three thousand dollars worth of saved stock, enabled it to stand upon its feet and again come to the business front. As soon as possible, Owen & Moore erected the splendid building, No. 47 Franklin street, where they now conduct the drug business, which is the most extensive in this part of Tennessee, as the firm are jobbers to a large extent, and sell goods within a radius of many miles around Clarksville, in Tennessee and Kentucky. Mr. C. M. Southall is the well known and popular traveling salesman for Owen & Moore, and he finds his way to dealers who are located many miles away. Mr. Owen is the principal buyer for the concern, while Mr. Moore is almost constantly on duty as superintendent and manager of affairs inside the store.



Everything in the drug line, both wholesale and retail, is handled by the firm in vast quantities. The building occupied for drugs is twenty by one hundred and fifteen feet in the clear, has three stories and a basement, and is a model of architectural design and build. The make up of the firm is B. H. Owen and J. D. Moore, and they are ably assisted by Mr. C. L. Sanders, an expert prescription clerk, who also assists in keeping the books; and Mr. Holmes Orgain, who is a clerk at large. Claiborne Owen, colored, is the trusted and tried porter, who is also a valuable appendage to the workings of the house. By many years of straight-forward and the most honorable business transactions, the firm of Owen & Moore, and its faithful employes, have met with the encouragement and substantial support of the people of Clarksville and surrounding country, and it stands to-day an unqualified success, financially and otherwise. The extensive musical department of Owen & Moore's business is located at No. 51 Franklin street, which is separated from the drug store by the building occupied by Philip Lieber. Professor J. F. Parker has control of this branch of the business, and the stock embraces a large line of pianos, organs, band outfits, violins, guitars and other instruments, while the shelving is loaded with sheet music of all classifications. Since its establishment some years ago, this department has been a success in every way. The book department is also located in building No. 51, and the owners of this branch are B. H. Owen, J. D. Moore and W. T. Atkinson, doing business under the firm name of Owen, Moore & Atkinson, the latter having full control of the inside affairs. Here are to be found text books of all kinds, blank books, story books, novels, periodicals, newspapers, wall paper of all shades and colors, pictures and picture frames, and in fact all articles that go to make up the contents of a first-class bookseller's estab-

ishment. Mr. Atkinson, who controls this branch of the business, has succeeded in making a great success of it, and by hard work, decided energy and the most upright dealings with the public, has made a name for himself that places him in the front rank of our commercial men. Besides the valuable services rendered in these departments by Messrs. Atkinson and Parker, Mr. Stanley M. Viser, a popular and efficient gentleman, is employed as a salesman.

C. L. COOKE.

This well and favorably known jewelry house is owned by G. E. and C. L. Cooke, and was established by the former in 1855, who prospered alone until 1859, when C. L. Cooke arrived at Clarksville and became interested with his brother. Like many men in other lines of business, the brothers toiled away first successfully and then adversely until 1865, when by a change in the tide of events the house changed its name to C. L. Cooke, and since then has been prosperous. Both brothers are active in conducting the business, and the house carries a large stock of the rarest stones, watches, fine jewelry, silverware, clocks, etc., and also conducts a watch making and repairing business on an extensive scale. The store is very attractive, being located in the business centre, on Franklin street, and the pretty goods are so arranged as to attract the attention even of the most careless observer. The Cooke brothers by their high and honorable business methods have long enjoyed the confidence of the Clarksville people, and their success in life has been an assured fact for many years. George E. Cooke is a native of New York State, is about fifty years old, active, energetic and strictly reliable in business affairs. He is a mechanical genius, besides being a watch-maker and jeweler, and has invented some valuable improvements on machinery for making shingles. In fact he is a jack of all trades and is not a bad hand at anything. His wife is a native of Virginia, and they have six children. Both are devout members of the Episcopal Church, and he is an active member of the Knights of Honor. Mr. Charles L. Cooke is also a native of New York State, but has been a citizen of Clarksville since 1859. He has control of the inside workings of the jewelry house owned by himself and brother, is a member of the "single blessedness" society, and is always "on time" in business affairs.

GEORGE W. HENDRICK.

One of the most attractive business features of Clarksville is the spacious and elegantly equipped store of George W. Hendrick, located on Franklin street between First and Second. His stock consists of china and glassware, house-furnishing goods, fancy china bric-a-brac, toys, and numerous articles suitable for wedding and birthday presents; and is the most attractive of its kind in this section of Tennessee. There are thousands of articles on the shelvings and in the elegant show cases of the house that are calculated to please people of any and all kinds of tastes. Mr. Hendrick established his business in 1882, and since that time has met with remarkable success. He is young, active and strictly honorable in his walks of life. He was born twenty-five years ago at Paducah, Ky., and is a son of Rev. J. T. Hendrick, one of the original

founders of the once famous Masonic or Stewart College, which is now the Southwestern Presbyterian University, and who for fifteen years was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this city. This young merchant prince has not yet made any steps toward a matrimonial venture, and is heart whole and fancy free.

EDWARD B. ELY.

Edward B. Ely, the most extensive confectioner and baker in Clarksville, is a leading representative citizen. He began his career as a baker with G. A. Ligon & Co. in 1858, but the next year went into business on his own account and prospered finely until he was interrupted by being burned out in April, 1878. His insurance on the old place assisted him in building his present attractive house the same year, and he is now manufacturing and carrying the largest stock in the city. He is a representative of one of the oldest and most upright families in Montgomery county, being the sixth child of the family of Jesse and Charlotte (Jamison) Ely, and was educated in common schools, but completed a course at Stewart College. His high honorable business course and excellent qualifications brought him into prominence, and besides being a Director of the First National Bank of Clarksville, is interested in other public and private enterprises equally as important. Mr. Ely was a leading spirit in organizing the Clarksville Electric Light Company, of which he is a stockholder, and it was he and Mr. M. C. Pitman who built the large new business house on the southwest corner of First and Franklin streets, now occupied by Howerton & Macrae. On the 21st of August, 1861, he married Miss Maria L. Connell, daughter of H. D. and Ann E. Connell, of Memphis, and to them were born Edward L., Heulin D., Jesse L., Wharton C., Warren, and Laura Lee Ely. Mr. and Mrs. Ely were working members of the Baptist Church, but she died in 1886. On the 3rd of October, 1887, Mr. Ely again embraced the bans of matrimony by leading to the altar Miss Lee Connell, of Memphis. Mr. Ely is a member of the Knights of Honor.

ELDER BROTHERS.

The most extensive dealers in hardware and agricultural implements in or near Clarksville is the enterprising firm whose name heads this article. It is composed of John S. Elder, M. W. Elder and J. E. Elder, all of whom are very energetic and full of push. The storehouse occupied by Elder Brothers is eighty by one hundred and thirty-five feet in the clear, is three stories high, and has a cellar under all. The entire premises are stocked with goods from bottom to top, and each day's sale foots up hundreds of dollars. They keep all kinds of farming devices, and there is no end to the various articles in the hardware line handled by them. The foundation of Elder Brothers' business was made by John S. Elder, who in 1874 entered the hardware business with R. S. Moore & Co., after which the firm of Turnley & Elder was established, and they bought out Mr. Moore. Later on John S. Elder bought Mr. Turnley out, and in 1886 M. W. and J. E. Elder became partners of John S. Elder, since which time the present firm has prospered finely. All the brothers are popular with the peo-

ple of the city and surrounding country, and they are known to be gentlemen of the highest sense of honor, hence the secret of their success with the large business they conduct. The Elder Brothers are sons of Joshua and Melissa M. Elder. The father is dead, but the mother is still alive. (For sketch of their ancestry see page 152 of this work.) John Saunders Elder was born December 24th, 1852, near Clarksville, and received part of his education in the common schools of this city, after which he finished his English course at Stewart College. In 1873 he went to Cincinnati, where he took a full mercantile course at Bryant & Stratton's Business College, and in 1874 he went into business here with R. S. Moore & Co. Mr. Elder is a very exemplary man, as yet unmarried, but he has done Clarksville a vast deal of good, as he is one of the most enterprising men in the place. He built Elder's Opera House, which for years has been the only place of amusement in the city, and this alone is an ornament to the Public Square and Franklin street. He also built nine of the best business houses on Franklin street, but has since sold some of them, and he also built numerous houses on



ELDER'S OPERA HOUSE.

other streets of the city, thereby giving employment to many mechanics, scattering money among the people and beautifying this pretty city of hills. Elder's Opera House in the Fall of 1887 was thoroughly overhauled and greatly improved by placing in an elevated floor, and making a parquette, dress circle and gallery, all of which are equal to any place of amusement in the country. Four handsome proscenium or private boxes were put in and handsomely furnished, and the stage paraphernalia, scenes, drop curtains, etc., were all made new and put in perfect working order. It has a seating capacity for eight hundred persons, each of whom can occupy a comfortable chair, as the auditorium is furnished with that number. The Opera House is under the management of Mr. James T. Wood, an energetic, clever gentleman, who makes it his business



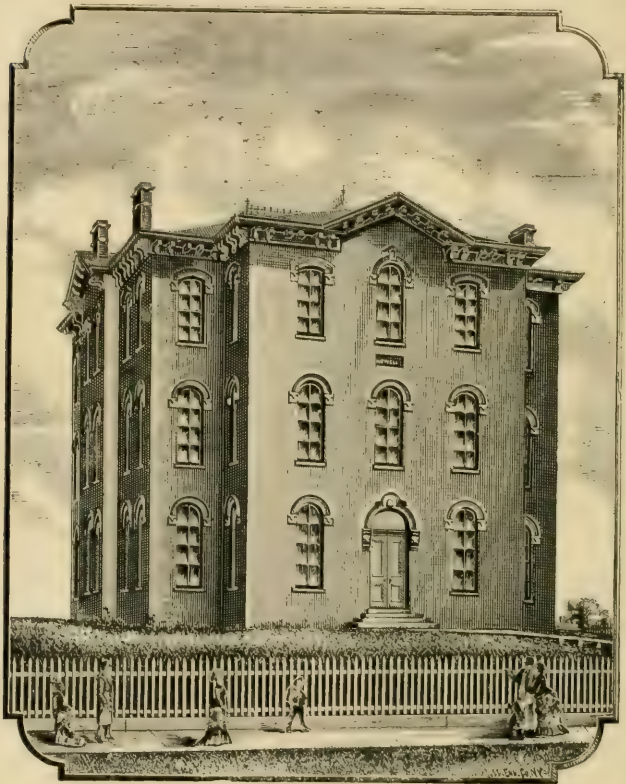
JOHN S. ELDER.

to see that all his guests are made comfortable and that they are well attended to. He contracts with all visiting troupes, organizations and specialty companies who visit the city, and is very particular about the class of artists whom he contracts with. The enterprises named are only part of the many that John S. Elder is now and has been engaged in, but these go to prove the kind of material he is made of. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and the order of Iron Hall. In religion he is a Presbyterian. M. W. Elder is thirty-one years old, and like his brother John, is full of push and business. He spends his entire time in the store, and gives his personal pleasure but little attention. He is of a sociable, genial disposition, and quite popular with his many acquaintances. J. E. Elder, the youngest of the three brothers, is twenty-three years of age, and like his brothers, is very assiduous to his business. He too is well liked by all who know him, and he is on a good road for a prosperous life.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Public Schools offer to the citizens of Clarksville advantages of a thorough English education surpassed by none, public or private, in the State. They were graded eight years ago, and opened with about five hundred pupils, but they have increased in popularity to such an extent that they now enroll about thirteen hundred pupils, which is over fifty per cent. of the scholastic population. The enumeration being between the ages of six and twenty-one years, the enrollment is really about ninety-five per cent. of the school attending population. The schools always run ten months in the year, and the curriculum extends through ten grades. The schools are, Primary, Intermediate, Grammar and High School Departments. In the first three departments are taught reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, composition, drawing and music. In the High School are taught reading, elocution, composition, rhetoric, philosophy, chemistry, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, geology, physical geography, book-keeping, writing, perspective drawing, History of the United States, History of England, and History of the World. The assignment of teachers for this year are: J. W. Graham, Superintendent; Howell School—Miss Lou Lovell, Principal of High School Department; Miss Eva Bailey, Assistant in High School Department; Miss Hula Lovell, Assistant in High School Department; Mrs. S. Shackelford, Principal of Grammar Department; Miss Mamie Bates, Assistant in Grammar Department; Miss Anabel Major, Assistant in Primary Department; Miss Jeannie Foster, Principal of Primary Department; Miss Kate Rogers, Assistant in Primary Department; Miss Mattie Rudolph, Assistant in Primary Department; Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Assistant in Primary Department; Miss Minnie Shackelford, Assistant in Grammar Department; Colored School—Charles M. Watson, Principal of Building and Grammar Department; Jesse Firse, Assistant in Grammar Department; Henry Lockert, Principal of Intermediate Department; Miss Lizzie Ramey, Assistant in Intermediate Department; W. S. Grant, Principal of Primary Department; Mrs. H. S. Merry, Assistant in Primary Department. The schools are controlled by a Board of Education, at present composed of J. D. Moore, President; L. Bloch, Secretary and Treas-

urer: J. W. Graham, Superintendent; John W. Faxon, T. H. Smith, Wm. Kleeman, and C. M. Barker. The cut below represents the Howell building for white pupils. It is centrally located, and has a large yard sloping in all directions from the building. The building is well ventilated, having twenty-four windows to each floor. There are



HOWELL SCHOOL BUILDING.

two broad stairways, one for boys, the other for girls. There are three large study halls, one on each floor, with the recitation rooms opening into each. The seating capacity of the three halls is about six hundred pupils. The interior of the building is well finished with the best modern desks. The colored school building is of the same architecture, and has about the same number of pupils.

BRYCE STEWART.

This gentleman is a native of Scotland, and a son of Bryce and Marian (Kerr) Stewart, but the father died in that country before the subject of this sketch came to America, and the mother afterwards. Mr. Stewart, together with his brothers, John and Daniel K. Stewart, came to the United States in 1825 and located at Richmond, Virginia; but in 1832 Bryce Stewart moved to New Orleans, where he engaged in business which he conducted two years, and in 1834 he came to Clarksville, where he made his permanent home. He engaged in the tobacco business in Clarksville's earliest tobacco period, and ultimately, together with his brother John, owned and conducted an extensive stemmery and re-handling establishment. John Stewart remained in Clarksville only a few months, and upon his return to Richmond, Bryce Stewart, with increased capacity, doubled his energy and continued the Clarksville enterprise, as well as several tobacco stemmeries in Missouri and Kentucky, until the civil war broke out. Mr. Stewart established an enviable reputation with tobacco growers, and during his most active business career was liberal in his dealings with the farmer in particular, and the public in general. The tobacco raisers were ever ready to dispose of their crops to him, because of the fact that they knew fair deals to be his motto. In anti bellum days speculations in tobacco were more profitable to handlers than at the present period, from the fact that the markets were open to the world, and dealers were not in constant danger of being pressed to financial ruin by combinations, as is now the case. Mr. Stewart well understood managing his large purchases of tobacco, and during a long career of active life in the weed, accumulated a very large estate, and is to-day probably the wealthiest individual in this county. At any rate he pays the largest amount of taxes. This success in life was not all derived from speculations in tobacco, for he made considerable money on cotton purchased at Memphis and other points in the South. He is the owner of vast estates in Virginia, Kentucky and other parts of the Union, and is financially interested in numerous public enterprises both at a distance and at home. He is recognized locally as one of the leading spirits of the city of Clarksville, as he subscribes liberally to every meritorious enterprise that is advanced for the public good. He has contributed thousands of dollars to Clarksville's good, when he expected little or nothing in return therefor. Mr. Stewart is possessed of deep religious convictions, the tenderest feelings and sympathies with the poor and afflicted, and is of the most unostentatious benevolent turn. He has contributed largely to Clarksville's educational institutions, churches and charities, for which her citizens feel grateful to a truly good man. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Stewart is now



well onto the shady side of life, he possesses his original strong intellect, and his physique is most excellently preserved, as evinced by his activity in his daily walks in life. In 1839 Mr. Stewart was united in matrimony to Miss Eliza, daughter of Alexander McClure, and by this union four children, three sons and one daughter, were born, all of whom are dead except the youngest son, Bryce Stewart, Jr., now in India. His daughter, Miss Marian, married the late William Hume, a banker of Louisville, and one child, Bryce Stewart Hume, was the fruit of this union. Mr. and Mrs. Hume both died at Louisville. In 1865 Mrs. Eliza Stewart, wife of the subject of this sketch, died, and in 1873 Mr. Stewart wedded Miss Sallie West Cobb, daughter of Dr. Joshua Cobb. To this union one child, Norman Stewart, was born. Mr. Stewart for many years has been a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he is joined heartily by his wife and family.

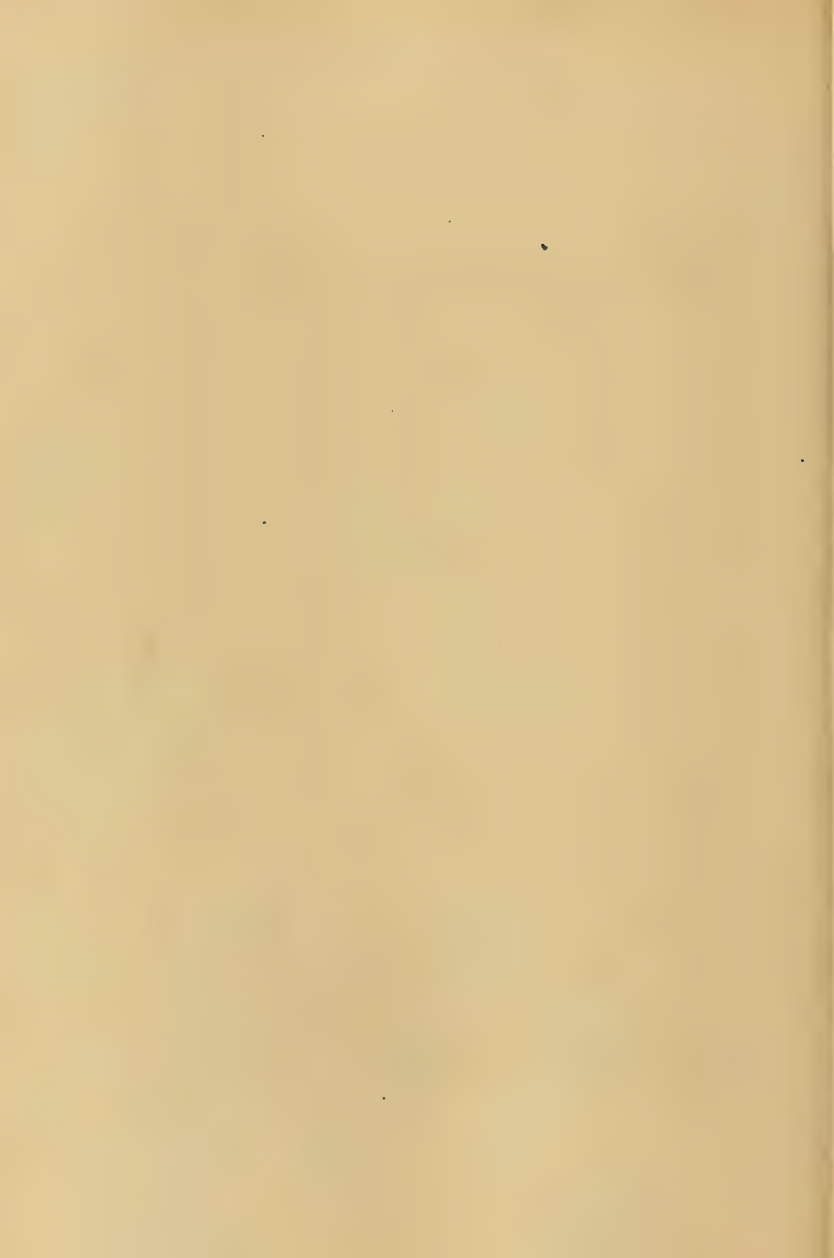
THE TOBACCO CROP AS CONNECTED WITH CLARKSVILLE.

The wealth and prosperity of our lively little city being founded on its tobacco trade, and so far its main hope for the future, a sketch of it may be proper. The cultivation of tobacco commenced with the settlement of this section; the early pioneers being Virginia and North Carolina planters, who bringing their seed corn with them, brought tobacco seed also, and raising, first little patches for household use, enlarged their crops as land was cleared, or timber deadened, as an outlet was found for their surplus. The lands were virgin, rich in vegetable food, and crops were raised with little care and much less labor than now required, and the recompense was in the same proportion, for we find from the annals of this country that two to four cents per pound were frequent prices, and not complained of as not remunerative; it is true that a dollar then, "the dollar of our dads," had a much larger purchasing power than at present. The main channels of trade were then down the water courses, and all heavy produce floated whenever possible, and steam navigation not being invented for more than twenty years after the country was first settled, produce was first carried in the "broad-horns" or flat boats, which were sold and broken up at New Orleans after discharge of cargoes. Later on shipments were made by the more manageable and safer keel-boat, which made the return trip with great labor and toil of the crew, with a return cargo of groceries, etc. Still later came the steamboats, increasing in size, power and beauty up to 1861; but up to 1840 probably the bulk of the tobacco crop was shipped to New Orleans by flat or keel-boats; New Orleans then being the receiving and distributing depot for nearly all the agricultural products of the Valley of the Mississippi and the country drained by its tributaries.

Quite early in the history of this section tobacco became the "money crop" of the planters, and relied upon to produce the "circulating medium" necessary to supply the house and plantation with all the articles of necessity and luxury not produced by the latter, and later on the greatest source of wealth. The tobacco crop gradually increased in size and importance, and in larger and larger quantities found its way to Europe, winning its way to favor in spite of rankness of flavor and strength as com-



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE.



pared with the sweetness of its ancestors, the Virginia and North Carolina leaf. Its appearance in Europe attracted more and more attention, and its nativity traced, and the type of this section being peculiar, resembling more nearly than any other the fat, heavy black tobaccos of the James River low-grounds, it was sought for as a mixer and adulterant with that finer variety of the weed. Clarksville being the shipping port for nearly all that portion of Kentucky and Tennessee producing this peculiar type of tobacco, the growth was soon known as "Clarksville" tobacco in every foreign and domestic market; a title retained to the present day.

A little later the British factors, and their correspondents in Virginia, made investments in the crop, leading to the establishment of stemming houses to convert the soft leaf into dry strips, the early pioneers in the business being Messrs. Buckholder, the Stewart Brothers, (still represented here by one of them, Mr. Bryce Stewart) Mr. Henry Beaumont, Mr. John McKeage, Mr. John W. Barker, Dr. Walter H. Drane, (all of whose names still live with us in their descendants) Mr. Fielding L. Williams, Messrs. Browder & McClure, Mr. William Jones, and others. Their successful operations made the business a permanent one, and one of the regular industries of the section, which is still carried on by various houses, though the output is not so large as formerly; the Ohio River Districts proving to be better stemming points than this, while Clarksville in turn having greater success as a leaf market. The crop steadily increasing in size, between 1835 and 1840, the question of establishing an inspection of tobacco here was mooted, and laws passed by the Legislature to regulate the same. The first tobacco inspectors, as Mr. Bryce Stewart informs us, were elected in 1842, and were William B. Collins, John Roberts, William R. Leigh, and John Keesee. The first sales were by Witherspoon & Co. Sales were small for some years, as planters were accustomed to the old system of shipping to New Orleans, and investing a portion of the proceeds of their crops in plantation supplies, bought more cheaply there than here; the change was also opposed to some extent by the various shipping houses and by the flat-boatmen, that mode of shipping not yet having ceased entirely. Gradually, however, planters realized the convenience and advantage of seeing their crops sold, and of hearing the comments and suggestions of buyers in regard to the best manner of curing and handling, and of seeing the handling of their neighbors' crops, and how the samples appeared after being drawn, and each was ambitious to raise fine tobacco and handle it well; thus the change gradually became popular and a larger percentage of the crop was sold here each year. In 1845 the main warehouses for sale of inspected tobaccos were those of Thomas McClure and S. S. Williams & Co. The inspectors elected for that year were A. D. Witherspoon, W. R. Leigh, H. H. Smith, and Benj. Orgain; the latter failing to qualify, John Roberts was put in his place. These inspectors and all succeeding ones were elected by the County Court until the year 1871, when the law was changed.

In 1846 the inspection warehouses were kept by William S. & Robert McClure, successors of Thomas McClure, and Beaumont, Payne & Co., successors of S. S. Witherspoon & Co., the company being Mr. Henry L. Bailey, son of the honored

citizen, Charles Bailey, Esq., for so many years Clerk of the Circuit Court and Magistrate. Garrott, Bell & Co. commenced selling at Trice's Landing in January, 1847; sales were also probably made near this time at a warehouse at Kentucky Landing, still farther down the river. Still the business of selling tobacco by sample inspected here was moderate until in the fifties, but gradually increased until the noted crop of 1855 came upon the market in 1856; during that year over eighteen thousand hogsheads were shipped from Clarksville, of which fourteen to fifteen thousand hogsheads were sold by inspected sample. Of this noted tobacco year and crop we will have something to say later on. Changes in warehouse concerns were frequent, some houses changing name of firm every year; many of the gentlemen engaged in this business being men of large enterprise, doing other business also, packing pork, milling, and moving other produce of the country, a list of the various firms running warehouses from 1842 to the present time would be a long one indeed. Among the most prominent up to 1861, besides those already mentioned, were Trice & Barker, Trice, Poindexter & Co., Barker & Diefenderfer, S. A. Sawyer, (now the senior of the great houses of Sawyer, Wallace & Co., of New York and Louisville) W. S. McClure, C. H. Smith, John K. Smith & Co., Oldham, Homar & Co., Porter & Smith, Howell, Blackman & Co., Joseph P. Williams, and some others. Probably the most untiring in his energy of any other gentleman connected with our trade at that period was Mr. James A. Trice, the senior of the first house above, also a member at same time of the firms of Trice, Campbell & Co., pork packers, E. Howard & Co., stemmers in Missouri, and of Wingfield, Trice & Co., factors and general commission merchants in New Orleans. Mr. Trice with a sanguine temperament, full of fire and strength of purpose, had the charm of genial manners which won him friends, and made him a charming companion everywhere; he made but few enemies, and to his friends he was as true as steel to the bitter end. With a bright mind, well cultivated by a full course at the University of Virginia, he had the added mercantile education acquired in the house of Addison Anderson & Co., doing then an immense business in Richmond, Va. His family and friends suffered an irreparable loss in his death at the early age of thirty-five, at New Orleans, from a relapse from an attack of yellow fever in 1858, where he was connected with the house of Hewitt, Norton & Co., the disastrous panic of 1857, which spread near universal ruin to banks and merchants, having caused a second wreck of his fortunes, and forced him to start afresh on a new career, which was full of promise when the sad end came to such a noble and gifted spirit.

The stemming houses in existence in this district the few years before the war were Mr. John W. Barker, Dr. Walter H. Drane, Mr. Thomas F. Pettus, Mr. John K. Smith, Messrs. John McKeage & Son, Messrs. Henry Beaumont & Son, Messrs. Clark & Barker, Messrs. W. H. & G. W. Bryarly, Messrs. Forbes & Pritchett, Mr. M. M. Kerr, Mr. Hugh Dunlop, Messrs. Bradley & Co., Mr. W. P. Arnold, and perhaps one or two others, enough to make it very lively in the loose tobacco market. The prominent warehouse firms the few years before the war between the States, were Messrs. J. M. Jones & Co., J. W. Edwards & Co., and George P. Macmurdo, of Linwood

Landing; Messrs. Oldham, Homar & Co., of Trice's Landing; Messrs. John K. Smith, of Red River Landing; Mr. C. H. Smith, Mr. W. S. McClure, and Mr. Joseph P. Williams, of Clarksville.

Owing to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the crops of the decade of 1850 to 1860 presented a remarkable variety in character, quality and quantity. A killing frost between the 20th and 25th of September, 1850, caught perhaps two-thirds of the crop in the field. This caused a wild speculation and hundreds of crops changed hands at ten cents round, frosted included, causing grievous losses to the buyers before it was disposed of. These high prices stimulated the largest planting ever before known in this region, and the whole trade being crippled by the severe losses just then being realized, prices in the Fall of 1851 opened very low, the general range for loose crops being three cents for leaf and one cent for lugs, two and one-half cents round, two cents and one cent, three cents and lugs for nothing, and so on. Prices at the inspection were at relative rates, even declining after full sales, and hundreds of hogsheds of lugs were sold at one-fourth cent per pound. 1852 with moderate plantings gave a fair crop of medium quality, which sold at a full advance upon previous years' prices, say about three to four cents round loose, and prized relatively. 1853 gave fair planting seasons and a full crop was pitched, followed in July by a dry season, which soon became a protracted drought, and the last of August the majority of plants could be covered singly with a man's hat; the drought was broken by copious rains commencing the 25th of August, and the crop grew with great rapidity, making leaf of unusual size, but being cut before full maturity, was generally thin, or with very moderate substance; prices loose were generally from four to five cents round. In 1854 planting seasons were early and the crop pitched the last of April to to the 15th of May; in most parts of the district the last Spring rain fell on May 12th, and in many parts not another drop of rain fell until the middle of October, though neighborhoods here and there were visited from time to time by local thunder storms, often accompanied by hail. The bulk of the crop was driven to the barn prematurely ripened, early in August, some being cut in July. This crop exhibited to a remarkable degree the vitality of the tobacco plant, showing in absence of moisture almost as much vitality as purslave, as the bulk of the crop showed plants upon which never a drop of rain fell, from the time it was set in the field until carried to the barn. The crop was very small in leaf (except in the neighborhoods mentioned as visited by showers), bright yellow in color generally, and very bitter to the taste. Prices opened loose at four to six cents, according to quality, and seven cents for the best crops. Prices at the inspections were on a relative basis. The season of 1855 opened with favorable planting seasons, with a soil enriched by the action of the previous protracted drought, drawing up from the sub-stratum the fertilizing salts leached below root depth by previous years' rains. The largest crop ever planted in this section up to that time was successfully pitched during favorable seasons between the 10th of May and 10th of June, and the weather being propitious in the main, the largest crop ever made before, and the best in quality for many years, was successfully harvested in general good condition. The abundance in sight caused prices to open low gener-

ally at four to five cents round, some prized crops selling at the latter price, but these figures steadily advanced throughout the season, owing to the cordial welcome this crop of the old-fashioned rich "Clarksville" type, met in every market. The old stocks were of the long slazy tobacco of the crop of 1853, and the short stunted lifeless bitter crop of 1854, and there was a large vacuum to be filled with fat spinning sorts, and Germany came to the front in the New Orleans market, and bought eagerly and steadily at advancing prices throughout the season. This 1855 crop firmly established the reputation of "Clarksville" tobacco in Germany, Austria, Italy and France, and increased its use in Great Britain, Africa, the West Indies and South America, and from that time forward the "Regie" governments found no other growth so suitable to the wants of their people. In 1856 a full average crop was pitched, mainly in June, growing seasons were not favorable, August was very dry, rains held off until in September, and finally sudden killing frosts between the 22nd and 25th of September caught perhaps two-thirds of the crop in the field, killing it dead. Many crops were abandoned in the field and ploughed under: others after standing for weeks were finally harvested, and yielded better prices than former sound crops. The crop sold at various prices according to its condition of being sound, frosted or half frosted, say from three to nineteen cents for from bottom to top grades. The frost of September, 1856, made "big money" to all holders of old stock, and the new crop also paid good profits even upon the high prices, until late in the Spring. Planters made large preparation for a crop in 1857, their profits on the two previous crops having been heavy, many realizing on their plantations from tobacco, wheat and hogs in 1856 from four to seven hundred dollars per hand, and the country bloomed with prosperity. The crop of 1857 met a singular check at the start. On the 6th of April a frost and severe freeze killed the plants in every plant bed in Kentucky and Tennessee. There was consternation in the country and our market took a big jump, which, however, was not responded to in New Orleans. It was considered late to make new preparation for a crop, but some burned and sowed new plant beds, some scratched over and resowed the old beds, and some gave it up as too late to worry with. The result was different from each one's expectations. The new beds gave plants in ample time for planting, the resowed beds came up so thick as to be almost worthless, and the old abandoned beds were soon reclothed abundantly with thrifty plants. The crop was pitched in fair season, and had fairly average growing weather, but our planters had "frost" upon the brain, and the majority were not watching for their tobacco to get ripe, but to see if it was ripe enough to cut, "if it would do;" "half ripe is better than frosted," was a common saying, and the crop went into the house in all degrees of ripeness and greenness, so to say. Just as the crop was going into the house, the fearful commercial panic of September, 1857, suddenly burst upon the people of "these United States," the first falling brick in the universal crash being the failure of the "Ohio Life and Trust Company," and bank after bank went down, from Maine to Texas, until there was a general suspension of specie payment. Every bank in Tennessee suspended except "our" Northern Bank of Tennessee, and Buck's Bank. The former still stands with its escutcheon bright and

untarnished, and wherever she is known her credit is as good, though her capital is not as great, as the Bank of England, the "the old lady on Threadneedle street," as the Cockneys call her.

Under the collapse of credit all staples suffered, tobacco more than any, and when sales were resumed at the ports it was at a decline of fifty per cent. from ante-panic prices. The losses were cruel to the tobacco trade, many a fortune melted away, and many a house went down under the black waters of bankruptcy, never to float on the surface again; others struggled on crippled for years by the losses of 1857. Confidence was partially restored in the Spring of 1858, and the 1857 crop sold at fair prices, the loose crops selling at five cents and upwards according to quality, and prices on the board in proportion. In 1858 the first Italian order was placed on the market, in 1856 a small order from the French contractor was filled by Mr. Lewis G. Williams, but from 1858 on, the Italian contractors sought our tobacco in increasing quantities from its home market, and other large European orders followed. The crop of 1858 was of fair size and average quality, and sold loose at five and one-half to six and one-half cents, and relatively on the board. In 1859 the Exchange system of selling was adopted by the Clarksville warehouses, but sales continued at Linwood, Trice's Landing and Red River Warehouse. There was nothing specially notable about the crop of 1859, sold in 1860; prices ranged approximately to those of the previous year. The crop of 1860 was of moderate quantity, but mixed in quality, and was pushed forward to market early, and prices in 1861 were not materially changed until April, when a steady decline set in, lasting until the market closed.

For six months the whole land had been filled with cries of sectional hatred, and the "war between the States" was precipitated by the attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter. "Inter arma leges silunt," and capital seeks security, not investment, during such troublous times. The market closed here in August, and was not re-established until the Spring of 1866. From that time forward its progress has been steady, with increasing crops and receipts, until this year it will probably reach forty thousand hogsheads. The river warehouses below town were gradually abandoned, the prime cause being the transfer of the tobacco trade from New Orleans to New York, and shipments to the latter market being mainly made by rail, it was an expensive haul from the lower warehouse to the depot, and in 1877 all of the warehouses were concentrated in Clarksville except the New Providence Warehouse, which stored in that town but sold her samples at the Tobacco Exchange, but that warehouse has also moved over. It was not the purpose of this article to give an extended history of the Clarksville tobacco trade in detail, with the regular statistics of each year, and the course of trade, but merely to give an outline of the whole, with a special mention of the decade which was important in its history, as during that time its "leaf" business took decided form and shape, and the leading spirits in the trade so shaped its destiny as to lead it forward to increased and increasing prosperity. The ever living present is with us, but it is sometimes well to recall the dead past. The system of inspection was changed by law in 1871, from independent inspectors elected by the County Court, to the system of making each

warehouse proprietor the inspector in his own house. This continued until the Fall of 1855, when by mutual agreement of buyers and sellers, the Tobacco Board of Trade elected a board of independent inspectors to sample at all of the warehouses. This was wise, and has been beneficial to the market. The average receipts of the market from 1850 to 1861 was eleven thousand hogsheads, the smallest being in 1855 of about six thousand hogsheads, and the largest in 1856, when over eighteen thousand hogsheads "went down the river." The average receipts from 1866 to 1884 was fifteen thousand hogsheads, the smallest being in 1875 of four thousand five hundred hogsheads, and the largest in 1878 of twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-four hogsheads. The receipts in 1885 were twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and eleven hogsheads, in 1886 thirty-six thousand and one hogsheads, and forty thousand hogsheads may be reached in 1887, which places Clarksville second in rank as the largest planter's tobacco market in the United States. As the prosperity of the whole city depends upon the tobacco trade, we hope under wise management and liberal policy it will continue to grow and thrive—and so say, all of us.

THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE.

We give a cut of the "Tobacco Exchange," which deserves a passing notice, as it is the only building worthy of notice built by the tobacco trade of the West, and is quite creditable to our city, and the branch of trade which erected it. Although the Exchange system of selling tobacco was adopted in this market by the Clarksville warehouses "before the war," and resumed when tobacco sales were re-established in 1866, the trade had no long settled place of meeting. But the warehouses having to furnish a salesroom in which to exhibit and dispose of their samples, took a room sometimes here, and sometimes there, wherever it might be the most convenient, or cheapest in rent, and it is amusing as well as interesting to recall the various rooms, lofts, sheds and cellars, both here and in New Providence, where warehousemen and buyers congregated, and disposed of a great staple, the sales of which footed up into the millions before the season was over. Foreign buyers attracted to the market by the reputation of "Clarksville tobaccos," were quite astonished at the places they were led into to see it sold.

After the organization of the Board was fully perfected, and a small balance accumulated in the treasury, the Secretary suggested that the trade should "go to house-keeping, in a home of their own," and the way it might be done, by a tax on the purchases and sales to be borne equally by the buyers and warehousemen. The idea took root and grew, and found favor more and more, until steps were taken to reduce it to practice. The records show that March 3rd, 1877, resolutions were passed to obtain a regular charter under the State laws. November 22nd, 1877, it was agreed to form a stock company, and devise plans for raising money, and a tax of ten cents per hogshead, half paid by buyer, half by warehousemen, was levied. January 2nd, 1878, resolutions were passed to build a house costing five thousand dollars. May 16th, 1878, a State charter was obtained. July 31st, 1878, the charter was presented



TOBACCO EXCHANGE.

to the Board by the Secretary, and accepted. August 27th, 1878, the present site was chosen by balloting at the Board. October 14th, 1878, it was resolved to put up a building at a cost of seventeen thousand dollars, and the Exchange tax raised to forty cents on each hogshhead sold. The foundation was commenced in November, 1878, and the corner stone laid with appropriate ceremonies on December 5th of the same year. On January 10th, 1880, the first meeting of the Board was held in the new building, and the trade had at last "a local habitation" as well as a name, and went to house-keeping in its own home. The contractors were Messrs. Andrewartha & Co., of Louisville, Ky., but the work was done mainly by Clarksville mechanics. The architect was Mr. C. G. Rosenplaenter, the Secretary acting as Chairman of the Building Committee, and general financier. Cash was paid for everything, and the Board was at all times in advance to the contractors; to do this, a bonded debt had to be incurred, which in due time was liquidated.

The main building is four stories high, the rear building reduced to two stories to give sky-light to the salesroom. The whole building contains nineteen rooms, included in which are the upper hall, fifty feet square, beautifully finished and lighted, and the sales room, fifty by thirty-five feet. The whole building is warmed by steam, and every room contains water and gas. There is a telephone for use of members and tenants, and speaking tubes connected with the lower rooms. The building is fitted with all the modern conveniences, and has a good cistern in its pretty yard. Two of the rooms have fire and burglar-proof vaults, fitting them for bank rooms. The building is of brick and stone, built in the most substantial manner, and covered with iron and slate. The entire cost of the building and its fittings of water, gas and steam, was in round figures twenty-five thousand dollars. The trade has realized the many advantages as well as comforts of the house, and it has been the best advertisement the market ever had, and receipts and sales have been on a steady increase ever since the Exchange has been occupied. The light is as perfect for exhibiting samples as can well be made, and they are displayed upon a table to the best advantage. The house is equally warmed in Winter, and cooled in Summer, and well ventilated at all times. The tobacco "boys" keep house in liberal style, and their doors fly open hospitably to all comers. They deserve their fine house, the result of their own hard work and economy, and they deserve it the more as they are always foremost in aiding other enterprises of the town.

FOX & SMITH.

Among the many commercial marts of Clarksville, none are ahead of that owned and operated by the well tried and high toned gentlemen whose names appear above. This firm is in the general hardware and implement business, but at the same time carries a large stock of stoves and tinware. It also contracts largely for tin roofing and guttering. Everything that is to be found in the first class houses in their line in large cities is to be found constantly on hand on one or the other of the various floors of the house of Fox & Smith. The firm is made up of F. F. Fox and T. H. Smith, and occupies the magnificent building on Franklin street, opposite the Opera House,

that was constructed and occupied by the late Henry Frech. It was established September 1st, 1865, just after the close of the war, when Fox & Smith bought the stock of hardware that had originally belonged to Frank Beaumont, and afterwards to Roblins & Brother. For the first ten years that Fox & Smith were partners, their store was about where Roach & Bro. are now located, but from 1876 to the latter part of 1887 they occupied a large building on the north side of Franklin street, near First. The house they now have is one of the finest and best built houses in the city, being twenty three by one hundred and eighty feet in the clear, three stories high, with a full length basement and a sub cellar. They have now over three thousand feet more floor space than they had in the last house they occupied. The storeroom of Fox & Smith is one of the most attractive in Tennessee, as the shelving contrasts well and are filled with all kinds of glistening hardware, guns, cutlery, fishing tackle, and other fancy goods. Everything about the premises is faultlessly clean, and the make up upon the whole is exceedingly attractive. The entire house is filled with heavy goods from cellar to roof and the firm is doing a successful and elegant business.

Ferdinand F. Fox, the active and popular senior member of the hardware and implement firm of Fox & Smith, was born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, May 22nd, 1838, and is a son of the late John Y. and Frances Fox. Early in the life of F. F. Fox, his parents became citizens of Todd county, Ky., and he spent his boyhood days there, receiving his education in log school houses. His first business venture was in a grocery at Trenton, Ky., where the postoffice was also located, and he remained there for some time, but on the 4th of March, 1857, he planted his foot for the first time on the streets of Clarksville and went into the hardware store of Fall & Turnley, where he served three years as a clerk and general helper. He then bought out the interest of Mr. Fall, and the firm style changed to Turnley & Fox, which remained and prospered until 1862, when the ravages of war knocked business topsy-turvy in the city. After this Mr. Fox engaged in any and all kinds of honorable work he could get to do until the close of the war in 1865, when the present firm of Fox & Smith was organized, since which time both himself and partner have met with the most satisfactory success. On the 9th of May, 1861, Mr. Fox was married to Miss Amanda F. Ely, a member of one of the oldest and best known families of the county. Nine children, two of whom are dead, were born to this union: but the following are yet alive and well: Mrs. B. F. Hollins, John E., Lottie, Sallie, Edgar W., Alice, and F. F. Fox, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Fox belong to the Baptist Church, and he is a proud and working member of that most benevolent order, the Knights of Honor.



Thomas H. Smith was born in Louisa county, Virginia, August 22nd, 1831. In the Autumn of 1837 his parents moved west and settled on a farm near Trenton, Todd

county, Kentucky, where the subject of this sketch was raised, working on the farm and attending the common schools of the country. In the Autumn of 1851 he went



west, remaining in Missouri during the Winter, and in the Spring of 1852 he made a trip across the plains to California, with Major L. R. Bradley, afterwards Governor of Nevada, returning to Missouri in 1853, across the plains, and again in 1854 crossing to California, these trips at that time requiring six to seven months. He remained in California until September, 1856, when he made a visit to his parents, who being advanced in years begged that he should remain near them during their lives. In February, 1857, he came to Clarksville and entered the employ of Brockman & Porter, and was afterwards of the firm of Waller & Smith, queensware, and later of the firm of Porter & Smith, imple-

ments. In September, 1861, upon the second call for troops for the Confederate army, he enlisted as a private in Captain James E. Bailey's Company, which afterwards became Company A, of the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was surrendered at the fall of Fort Donelson, and was sent to Camp Douglass, Chicago, where it remained until September, 1862, when it was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. At the reorganization of the command at Clinton, Miss., he was elected Captain of Company H, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, doing garrison duty at Port Hudson until May, 1863. He was in the battle of Jackson, Miss., July 6th and 7th, 1863, after which the command was on duty in Mississippi and at Mobile, Alabama. In May, 1864, it joined the army of Tennessee at New Hope Church, Georgia, taking part in the fights there and also on the line to Kennesaw. Captain Smith was then taken sick and sent to the hospital, but rejoined the command July 21st, 1864, at Atlanta, and remained with the command constantly until at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30th, 1864, when he was dangerously wounded and taken to the hospital at Nashville, where he remained until March 20th, 1865; then he went to prison at Louisville, and thence to Camp Chase, but later on he was sent east for exchange, arriving at Richmond April 1st, 1865. Not being able for duty he remained in the rear of the army until after the surrender, arriving home about the middle of June still suffering from his wounds, and was inactive until September 1st, 1865, when he and F. F. Fox began the sale of hardware in Clarksville, in which he is still engaged. Captain Smith was married to Miss Priscilla T. Withers, of Lincoln county, Ky., November 30th, 1858, and two children have been born to them, the only one living being Charles W. Smith, who is engaged in business with Fox & Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are devout members of the Christian Church, he being an elder thereof. He is at present a member of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, and is also a member of the Clarksville Lodge No. 232, Knights of Honor.

LOUIS GAUCHAT.

One of the most handsome and attractive stores in Clarksville is the jewelry establishment of Mr. L. Gauchat, No. 57 Franklin street. The entire premises are filled with wares that belong to an exclusive jewelry house, and these everybody knows include diamonds, watches, clocks, silverware, jewelry of all kinds, and assorted rare bric-a-brac. This store-room is twenty by seventy-five feet in size, having a full glass front and plenty of light at the rear, and is furnished with the most modern show cases, while the wall cases on both sides are enclosed with glass. The stock is being constantly replenished with the very best and finest of goods, while there is no end to the assortment of watches, clocks, spectacles, eye-glasses, and varied jewelry. Louis Gauchat, the founder and proprietor of this beautiful and thrifty establishment, was born in French Switzerland, on the 4th of April, 1835, and emigrated to North America, August 1st, 1866.



He came South in 1868, and arrived at Clarksville in 1876. He opened a watch making and repairing shop here and prospered well so far as his business was concerned until the big fire of 1878, when he was burned out, lock, stock and barrel, losing everything he had, but his clear grit and energy brought him to the front again, and he began life anew, but with renewed determination to make the future a certain success. In this he was victorious, as evidenced by the elegant stock he now carries and the large number of patrons and friends he has the pleasure of enjoying. Mr. Gauchat keeps employed his eldest son, Lee T. Gauchat, as a salesman, and Mr. O. R. King, an expert watchmaker, jeweler, repairer, and engraver, but during holiday times he employs extra help in the store in order to accommodate the run that is made upon him. Mr. Gauchat married Miss E. P. Cowardin, a native of Todd county, Ky., and four children have been born to them. Since his residence in the United States, Mr. Gauchat has never been naturalized, and consequently is still a subject under his native flag.

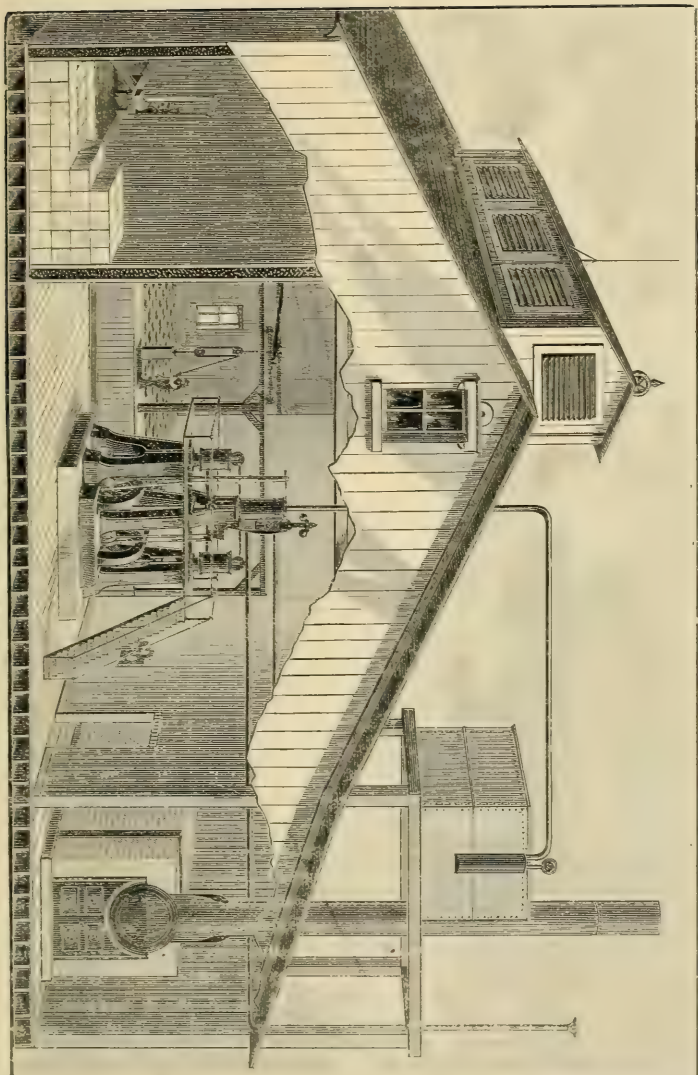
CLARKSVILLE ICE FACTORY AND BOTTLING WORKS.

This new and much appreciated enterprise was established in 1881 by the Bowling brothers, George S. and James M. Bowling. They first leased the privilege of Poston's Spring, then owned by M. V. Ingram, and purchased a three ton plant, which cost about seven thousand dollars. Up to this time the city had been supplied with natural and lake ice at from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents per hundred. The machine ice, made from pure fresh spring water, being clear as crystal and so much superior, at once took the place of all other. The price was also reduced to sixty-five cents per hundred wholesale and one dollar retail. At that time three tons per day overstocked the market, but towards the close of the season the factory could

not half supply the want. The next year Mr. Ed. Turnley was admitted as a partner, and the firm of Bowling Bros. & Turnley purchased the spring and lot of eleven acres of ground for fifteen hundred dollars, sold the three ton machine and put in a five ton plant costing ten thousand dollars. One or two years later Mr. Turnley sold his interest to Bowling Brothers, and in 1884 they connected a bottling works with their ice business, manufacturing carbonate waters with capacity for two hundred cases of twenty-four bottles per day. The business still increased to that extent that they were obliged to put in another five ton machine, making their capacity ten tons per day, which was done in 1885. In 1887 Cunningham Bros. bought a one-third interest in the ice factory, teams, etc., which interest is represented in the concern by John Cunningham; the Bowling Bros. at the same time buying an interest in Cunningham Bros.' coal and feed store business, establishing the firm of Bowling Bros. & Cunningham. During a part of the season of 1887, the ice factory could scarcely supply the demand with both machines running. Bowling Bros. have all the time given their personal attention to the business, managing it with the greatest economy possible, building up by degrees, and gaining valuable experience, which is half the capital in manufacturing ice on a large scale. In the beginning it was a losing business, from the excess of labor required to keep a stock on hand until the public, as well as the managers, were educated to the system. It is something like the lumber business. If the saw mill can be kept going and the lumber sold as fast as cut, the business is very profitable; but if the saw is idle from breakage or bad management, labor calling for its wages all the same, and lumber stacked on the yard unsold, the owner will soon have the Sheriff instead of the saw buzzing about his ear. The Clarksville Ice Factory enjoys one great advantage over nine out of ten such enterprises, and that is cold spring water for condensing the amonia, as well as the advantage of making pure clean ice. The distilled water needs thorough cooling, and the amonia, traveling as a vapor for miles through the extensive worm in the freezing vat, needs a rapid change of cooling water in the condensing tank, and these advantages have greatly lessened expenses and contributed to its well merited success.

Dr. George Snadon Bowling was born February 20th, 1853, in Christian county, Kentucky, raised on the farm and educated at Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., and Warren Military Institute, Bowling Green, Ky. In 1875 he attended the medical department of Vanderbilt University, and then returned to farming in Christian county up to 1880, when he moved to Clarksville and engaged in the ice business. Dr. Bowling is the eldest son of Dr. Henry G. and Sallie (Snadon) Bowling, of English descent. He is a nephew of Dr. William K. Bowling, who was so eminently known in Nashville, and a grandson of that grand old physician, Dr. James B. Bowling, who lived and died near Adairville, Ky., so much beloved and honored by the people of Logan county. Dr. George S. Bowling was married February 12th, 1876, to Miss Lady Smiley Bugg, daughter of Samuel and Catherine Bugg, of Nashville. Dr. Bowling was elected a Director in the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, of Clarksville, last year, and still holds that position. Dr. Bowling and wife are members of the Presbyterian

CLARKSVILLE ICE FACTORY.



Church. They have a lovely and most hospitable home on the corner of Fifth and Madison street, opposite the Baptist Church, and contribute largely to the good of society and general advancement of the city and country.

James Mortimer Bowling was born November 5th, 1854, on a farm in Christian county, Ky., near Hopkinsville, a son of Dr. Henry G. and Sallie (Snadon) Bowling. He was educated at Bethel, College, Russellville, Ky., and Warren Military Institute, Bowling Green, Ky. After completing his education in 1876, he commenced clerking in a shoe house in Hopkinsville, at the same time settling his father's estate, who died soon after he returned from school. In the Fall of 1879 he came to Clarksville, opening a shoe store, with Henry B. Willson as partner. They came here as strangers with little experience, but by judicious advertising and attention to customers, soon built up a very large and lucrative business. Having engaged extensively in the ice business, with large capital invested, in September, 1885, he sold out the shoe business, and after admitting Cunningham Bros. as partners in the ice business in the Spring of 1887, he bought F. G. Williams splendid farm of three hundred and twenty acres in the junction of Red River and the Russellville pike, which he will devote to grass growing and stock raising. Mr. Bowling is jointly interested with his uncle, Dr. James M. Bowling, of Nashville, (who has recently bought a home on Madison street and contemplates moving here) in the erection of a magnificent family vault in Greenwood Cemetery, costing several thousand dollars, built by Hodgson & Son. Mr. James M. Bowling was married January 9th, 1878, to Miss Sallie Sugg, born May 25th, 1858, daughter of Colonel Cyrus F. Sugg, of Montgomery county, who was killed while in command of his regiment on the Confederate side at the battle of Mission Ridge. Three children have been born to this marriage. The first died in infancy. Mattie Bell, the second, a very lovely little girl, is the only one surviving. George Mortimer, the youngest, died at four years of age. Mr. Bowling is a member of the Knights of Pythias. He is a public spirited citizen, taking an interest in everything calculated to advance the general interests of Clarksville. Himself and wife are both active members of the Methodist Church, and hospitable people. They have a beautiful residence on Madison street, a splendid specimen of architecture, of Mrs. Bowling's own planning.

FRANK FIEDERLING.

The only exclusive cigar and tobacco store in Clarksville is that of Frank Fiederling, at No. 55 Franklin street, where everything in the smokers and chewers line is constantly on hand in profusion. The storeroom is twenty by sixty feet in size, and the fixtures are as neat as the average tony cigar stores of much larger cities. Besides a general line of foreign made goods, Mr. Fiederling has in stock various brands of cigars of his own manufacture, together with plug, fine cut and natural leaf chewing tobaccos of nearly all known makes. His show cases are filled with smokers' articles of all kinds, including meerschaum, briar root and earthen pipes and cigar holders, snuff boxes, etc. Mr. Fiederling is another one of Clarksville's self-made men. He was born at Henderson, Ky., December 28th, 1856, the son of Joseph and Mary

Fiederling, and was educated partly at Henderson and partly at Evansville, Ind. He quit school at the age of sixteen and began learning his trade under John Reichart at Henderson, and after becoming an expert cigar maker, worked for his old boss for thirteen years. In the latter part of 1876 he left Henderson and wandered to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and other cities, where he did journeyman's work until 1881, when he arrived at Clarksville and settled down in the house he now occupies. Since his residence here he has made a grand success of his business, and to-day is worth a considerable sum of money and has a splendid credit anywhere, provided he wanted to use that system of business. Soon after starting here Mr. Fiederling began the manufacture of the celebrated "Belle of Clarksville" cigar, which is still the most popular brand in the city. One of his most recent pleasing makes is the "Arlington" cigar, a brand named in honor of Clarksville's new and elegant hotel. Mr. Fiederling is a hard worker, considerate in his modes, honest in his acts, and as clever as a man can be. He married Miss Hannah Schofield, of Henderson, and while she is a devout Episcopalian, he is a member of the Knights of Pythias and belongs to the Uniform Rank, taking great interest in the order.

J. F. BELL.

Cozily fixed in his new and comfortable store-room, at No. 34 Franklin street, Mr. J. F. Bell is unquestionably happy and content. His business includes boots and shoes, gents' furnishing goods, hats and caps, and other specialties that are too numerous to undertake to name. The store is quite an attractive one from the fact that Mr. Bell has only occupied it since R. W. Roach & Brother moved to their magnificent new building on Franklin street, next to Lockert & Reynolds, and upon entering it the premises were improved and greatly beautified, as was also the stock of goods that Mr. Bell now offers the public. The main floor is twenty by one hundred and thirty-five feet in the clear, is well lighted and is first-class in every respect. John Frances Bell is a native of Christian county, Ky., born January 12th, 1858, and is a son of John H. and Mary S. Bell. He was reared on a farm and received a primary course at the common school at Trenton, Ky., but afterward took a full course at Bethany College, West Virginia. His first business venture was with Philip Lieber, in merchandise, and he remained with that gentleman four years, after which he removed to the country and lived two years. He returned to Clarksville and bought out the boot and shoe store of Bowling & Willson, but was burned out in the big fire of April, 1887, after which he took the stand that he occupied up to November, 1887, when he moved to his present location. He is an excellent business man, honest and upright, and has the full confidence of the public. In December, 1884, Mr. Bell was married to Mrs. Warfield, a daughter of Dr. N. L. Northington, and to the union one child, Sallie, has been born. Mr. Bell affiliates with the Christian Church, and belongs to the Knights of Pythias. Mrs. Bell is an enthusiastic and working member of the Presbyterian Church.

ECLIPSE STABLE.

In the year 1866, the firm of Roach & Dick caused to be erected at the corner of second and Strawberry streets, a mammoth livery and sales stable, whose area is one hundred and eighty by two hundred and twenty feet, fronting on both streets and backing to a twenty foot alley. This they named Eclipse Stable, and it is still in existence, notwithstanding the disastrous fires that have nearly devastated Clarksville since its construction. During the big conflagrations of 1878 and 1887, great showers of ignited tinders rained upon the roof of the naturally fire proof Eclipse, but the property was so well guarded that it was saved, together with the many packages of horse flesh it contained. This commodious "horse hotel" has large and comfortable stalls for accommodating one hundred and fifteen head, besides shelter for any number of vehicles. The transient business of this stable has always been large, and upon the whole it has been a great success to its various owners. In 1871 Mr. C. S. Daniel purchased the property and ran the business for some years alone, and then it changed hands a time or two, but later the stable became the property of C. S. Daniel & Brother. It was rented and run by Mr. James P. Gill for a year or two, but in 1886 Mr. C. S. Daniel again took charge, and later the present firm, Daniel & Buckner, was formed. The new firm has continued to meet the old prosperity for which the Eclipse is noted, and there is no lack of business in and about the premises. Every convenience necessary for a first class boarding house for horses is found in the Eclipse: it is clean, well ventilated, equipped with plenty of good fresh water, and has four large outlets for animals in case a fire should by any unknown agency occur there.



W. Frank Buckner, junior member of the firm of Daniel & Buckner, was born at Oak Grove, Christian county, Kentucky, June 15th, 1843, his parents being Frank W. and Sarah E. (Gordon) Buckner. Mr. Buckner was educated at Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., and at Stewart College, Clarksville. He was a student in the latter institution when Sumpter was fired upon, and as soon as possible he became a member of the Second Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, as a private, but in 1862 was promoted to Second Lieutenant, which place he held throughout the bloody contest. From 1865 to 1870 he followed farming, but in the latter year made Hopkinsville his home and engaged in the tobacco business as an inspector, until 1883, when he went back to farming. In 1885 he moved to New Providence and followed the tobacco business,

but later that year came to Clarksville, where he afterwards became a member of the firm of Parish, Buckner & Co., tobacco commission merchants, and this firm lasted one year when it dissolved, and Mr. Buckner was elected one of the inspectors of

tobacco for Clarksville, and also became a member of the firm of Daniel & Buckner in the stable business. In October, 1887, he was again elected tobacco inspector, and still conducts both enterprises. He is a man of the highest typed integrity and honor, full of energy, and enjoys the full confidence of the public. In 1867 he married Miss Hattie E. Elliott, daughter of Colonel W. H. Elliott, and four children are the fruits of the union. Elliott, Gordon W., Annie and Lewis Buckner. Mr. and Mrs. Buckner are members of the Methodist Church, and he belongs to the Knights of Pythias and Knights of Honor.

Cole S. Daniel, the senior member of the firm of Daniel & Buckner, is a native of Montgomery county, and a son of Cole Spencer and Martha A. Daniel. (See page 311.) He was born in 1846, and educated in country schools. Since his early manhood he has been a live, energetic business man, with varied occupation, but his greatest ambition was to own and conduct a first-class stable, and to follow horse tradition on high honorable principal. In this he has been pre-eminently successful, and is now a leading spirit. Mr. Daniel married a daughter of Thomas Jones, of Montgomery county, and to them four children have been born. Both are members of the Methodist Church.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.

Cave Holmes, one of the best known Ohio and Mississippi River pilots, between the cities of Louisville and New Orleans, first turned a wheel in the Cumberland, and for many years managed the helm of steamers from Nashville out. Upon being questioned regarding his memory of Clarksville, Captain Holmes said: "Do I know Clarksville? Well yes. I remember the corners of the old National Hotel as landmarks for my jackstaff when either going up or coming down the Cumberland." So this old hosteleric that now bears the name Franklin House, is known to thousands of people who are scattered all over the world. It has been utilized for a stopping place for strangers and visitors for sixty years, and if its old walls could talk, they could tell of many pleasant and unpleasant incidents that have long since been forgotten. Who the original owner of this building was the oldest inhabitant sayeth not. It is known, however, that in old-time steamboat days it was called the Cumberland House for a long time, and prior to 1855 it bore the name Tennessee House, and once it was called the Planter's Hotel. About 1855 Mr. Spurrier became proprietor of the house and named it the National Hotel, and under this title it flourished finely until about 1865, when F. D. Scott took control of its destinies, and then its name changed to Scott's National Hotel. During the time Spurrier had the house a strong syndicate of capitalists formed a pool and erected a very fine hotel on the north side of Public Square, and this was called the Southern Hotel. Everybody thought when this was opened to the public that the National would surely go into oblivion, but in this the public was mistaken, for the old castle brushed up and came to the front in a new suit, and for a few years there was strong opposition in the hotel line, but the old landmark held her own and at last succeeded in breaking down at least half a dozen companies that attempted to bolster up the new rival. Finally the Southern closed its doors, and for years the

house and etc. and eventually was made part of the People's Warehouse, for which it is now utilized. In 1877 Mr. Scott gave up the famous old hotel and leased it to Mr.



W. R. Bringham, who then changed its name to the Franklin House. He is still the proprietor and is flourishing finely with it. There are first-class accommodations for about sixty guests in the house, who are well attended to. The hotel has a long list of regular boarders, and is now a paying institution. It is said that during the war Mr. Spurrier made considerable money with the hotel, from the fact that it was constantly packed with army officers and guests from the North and East. W. R. Bringham, the present energetic and clever proprietor of the Franklin House, was born in Clarksville, November 4th, 1844, the day James K. Polk was elected President of these United

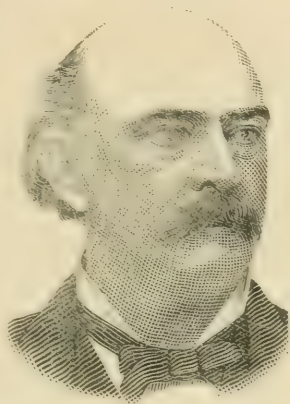
States. His parents were W. R. and Julia M. Bringham, two of Montgomery county's oldest citizens. He was educated here, attending the common school and Stewart College. His first business venture was in the grocery business, as middle man in the firm of Hutchison, Bringham & Bell, and this lasted three years, when he sold out and went to Sbrece City, Ky., and put in five years in the tobacco and merchandise business, but in 1875 he returned to Clarksville and took charge of the Franklin House. In 1866 he married Miss Sillie Scott, daughter of William Scott, of Hopkinsville, and to this union eight children have been born. Mr. and Mrs. Bringham are members of the Methodist Church, and he belongs to the Knights of Honor.

F. P. GRACEY & BRO.

Among the progressive and wide awake men of the Cumberland Valley, none are more conspicuous than Captain Frank P. Gracey and his brother Mathew, who compose the firm whose name adorns the caption of this article. They are beacon lights for the commerce of the Cumberland, and signals of success for the welfare of Clarksville and her people at large. They are of German Irish origin, being sons of Mathew and Maria (Edford) Gracey, citizens of Eddyville, Ky., and this lineage accounts for the pluck and energy they possess, which is without limit. These brothers (together with seven other children of their parents were educated at the schools in Eddyville) are self-made men in the strictest sense of the meaning of that stereotyped expression. They possess rare business qualities and the highest sense of honor and integrity.

Captain Frank Patton Gracey was born June 30th, 1834. After receiving his education he commenced business as a clerk in Hickman, Ky., in 1850, and in 1852 took the position of clerk on the steamer *America*, a fine boat operating between Nashville and New Orleans, and from that on was connected with steamboating in various capacities up to November 10th, 1857, on which date he married Miss Irene Cobb, daughter of Dr. Joshua Cobb, a distinguished physician and citizen of Clarksville.

born November 15th, 1838, a lady of splendid accomplishments. They had one child, Julien, a young man of estimable character and business qualifications, now connected with the law department of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Montgomery, Ala. Captain Gracey settled down at Eddyville in the mercantile and tobacco business, which he continued until 1861, when he entered the confederate service as Lieutenant in Company F, Third Kentucky Infantry, mustered into service at Camp Boone, in Montgomery county, Tenn., near the State line (the neutrality of Kentucky forbade the formation of military organizations in that State) and the command was soon ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., where Company F was detailed to take charge of a battery of light artillery. After the promotion of General Lyon and Major Robert Cobb, Captain Gracey became commander of the artillery, and distinguished himself in many sanguinary contests, engaging in all the battles of the Western army up to May 15th, 1865, when the Western department surrendered at Paris. Captain Gracey was seriously wounded at Kennesaw Mountain, and was slightly wounded in several other engagements. The Confederacy never had a braver, more gallant soldier. The Cobb Battery was known and trusted for its efficiency, and was sent to the front in all engagements where genius, gallantry, cool discretion and good tactics were essential. Captain Gracey turned the tide of battle in favor of Southern arms on more than one occasion, and was one of the most useful men in the construction of pontoons and business details in campaign life. He was as generous in bearing as gallant, and was therefore popular with his men, who were always ready to follow where he would lead. The parole on surrender forbade his going north of the Tennessee line without special permit from the Secretary of War. This little prohibition clause decided his fortune; he could not return to his home and former business, and therefore settled in Clarksville, where Mrs. Gracey's father and relatives still lived. In February, 1866, his brother Matt came to Clarksville and they established a wharf-boat, the first and for many years the only convenience of the kind at the Clarksville wharf. Matt took charge of the office work and Captain Frank the outdoor business, dealing also in coal, hay, corn, salt, etc. There was not a more active, energetic firm in Clarksville, and no firm has ever commanded a higher regard and confidence of the public. The Gracey brothers employed many wagons and drays in their business, and about 1866 organized under charter, the Clarksville Transportation Company, which enabled them to contract with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company for the delivery of all freight shipped over that line to Clarksville. This revolutionized the dray business and established the most economical, convenient and prompt delivery system known. The contract of this



company was to deliver goods in the storehouses for three cents per hundred, which is paid by the railroad. Before this system was established in Clarksville every merchant had to look out for his own goods; go to the depot, pay charges, and employ a dray at fifty cents per load. This has grown with the business of the city, until it numbers fifty or sixty drays and wagons, employing as many drivers at liberal wages, and at busy seasons employing all the wagons to be had in the trade. In addition to this immense business, they handle large quantities of coal, grain, hay, etc., having a house for that purpose which covers an acre of ground. The system is so perfect that it is managed with the assistance of four clerks, who are permanently with the house. Mr. Gracey Childers, principal clerk in Mr. Matt Gracey's office; Mr. Wesley Perkins, clerk and manager on the wharf-boat; Mr. Walter F. Glasscock, manager of wagons in the delivery of freight, and Dr. George C. Dorch in charge of the coal and grain department. Captain Gracey has been very fortunate in his operations, having accumulated a handsome fortune, directing his investments mostly in the interest, general growth and prosperity of the city. He is owner of the Gracey Warehouse and the



Grange Warehouse, the large grain depot, and several sheds for tobacco storage. About 1880 he bought the old Stacker farm up the river, one hundred acres utterly worn out, when he commenced experimenting in reclaiming exhausted land and grass growing, succeeding wonderfully in bringing the place up to a high degree of fertility and production. This farm he carefully stocked with choice bred Holstein and Jersey cattle, Cheshire hogs, and various breeds of fowls, giving some attention to the culture of grapes, berries and vegetables, all of which is under the control and management of Mr. Ellis. In the reorganization of the Indiana, Alabama & Texas Railroad, after the sale by Major

E. C. Gordon to the Louisville & Nashville Company, Captain Gracey was elected President of the Company, taking charge of the construction completing the line to Princeton, Ky. Captain Gracey is owner of a large body of iron lands; is interested in coal mining, in the Clarksville Water Company, Gas Company, Street Railway, and in fact is connected with every progressive enterprise of the city. He is a man of extraordinary business capacity and energy, possessing a strong intellect, and no man has ever exercised a greater influence over the people of Clarksville. He is of a benevolent nature, generous and kind in his dealings with all people, and charitable in the broadest sense.

Mathew Gracey, junior member of the firm, is a gentleman of great business capacity, of high moral character, quiet and amiable in his intercourse, generous and sociable, and strictly reliable in every particular. He was born March 4th, 1847, and came here and entered business with his brother, Captain Frank, in 1866, since which time he has managed the office business. He was married November 30th, 1876, to

Miss Marion C. Castner, daughter of Dr. W. J. and Mary (Beaumont) Castner, born October 21st, 1851, a lady of charming graces, possessing all of those amiable qualities which make up lovely womanhood. They have four interesting children, Lucy C., Frank P., Mary B., and Matt, Jr. Mr. Gracey is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and himself and wife both zealous members of the Episcopal Church.

THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS.

The continuous clatter of innumerable hammers that are engaged beating tin and sheet iron into every and all shapes, is the confusing sound that greets one's ears when passing the establishment of C. Mehigan & Co., No. 5 Franklin street. This enterprising firm is engaged in the stove and tinware business, and contracts for tin roofing, guttering, spouting, and household supplies of every kind that can be made of tin and galvanized or sheet iron. The members of the firm are Cornelius Mehigan, Sr., and P. F. Kirby, who have been partners since 1875, and occupied since then the "House of Cornelius," which name they gave their business place some years ago. The store is twenty-two by ninety-four feet in size, and is filled with stoves of all kinds and patterns, manufactured tin goods and other such wares as are generally to be found in a first-class store of this kind. There is a repair shop annexed, where all kinds of work is executed in the best style and on very short notice. The members of the firm are progressive and always awake to business, and enjoy the fullest confidence of the Clarksville public. They are prosperous and have been very successful in all they have undertaken.

Cornelius Mehigan, Sr., is a native of Erin's green soil, and was born in May, 1843. He came to America with his parents when an infant, but at the age of twelve years he returned to Ireland and remained two years, when he again crossed the wide ocean for this, his adopted country. He first stopped at Waverley, Mass., and then went to Toledo, O., where he remained awhile and learned his trade. Afterwards he drifted South and located at New Providence, Tenn., in 1859, where he opened a shop and conducted the tin business until July, 1885, when he came to Clarksville, and the firm of C. Mehigan & Co. was formed. In 1871 he married Miss Irene Ogburn, daughter of John Ogburn, of Montgomery county, and to the union seven children were born, five of whom, Julian, Richard, Virginia, Cornelius Jr., and William, are living. Mrs. Mehigan is a member of the Methodist Church, and her husband is a good citizen and honest man.

Patrick F. Kirby, the junior member of the firm of C. Mehigan & Co., is of Irish origin, but was born in Clarksville about twenty-seven years ago. He was educated in the schools here, and while Mr. Mehigan had a shop at New Providence, Pat was taken in to learn his trade. He made an apt scholar, was very industrious, and in course of time proved himself to be of the most honorable principals. When Mehigan came to Clarksville, Pat came with him, and his name went into the compact that has since flourished so finely in the tin business. Mr. Kirby married Miss Belle Brandon, daughter of Major Stephen Brandon, of Montgomery county, and three fine sons,

Stephen, Joseph and Richard, are the result of the union. Mr. Kirby belongs to the Catholic Knights of America, and both he and Mrs. Kirby are devout members of the Roman Catholic Church.

PICKERING & WILKERSON.

One of the neatest and coziest confectionaries in this part of Tennessee is that of Pickering & Wilkerson on Franklin street, near Second. The room is twenty-two by seventy-five feet in the clear, and the furniture in it contrasts well in every particular, while the stock is always fresh and of the rarest quality. Tropical and domestic fruits are features of their trade, and in these they handle only the most choice. The firm has a bakery of its own, and constantly has a supply of cakes in variety and bread of their own make. This firm was established in 1885, and since then has done a flourishing business.

J. G. Pickering was born in this city twenty-seven years ago, and is a son of County Trustee R. H. Pickering. He was educated in the schools here, and for eight years afterwards was employed at Ely's confectionery, where he learned his business. He married Miss Pearl Frost, of Murfreesboro, and they have one son, R. H. Pickering, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Pickering are members of the Methodist Church, and he belongs to the Knights of Pythias.

J. L. Wilkerson is a native of Montgomery county, born July, 1849, the son of J. W. Wilkerson, of near Hermitage, Wilson county, Tenn., and was educated in the common schools in the vicinity of his birth place. He arrived in Clarksville in 1870 and clerked eleven years for Rice, Broadus & Co., in dry goods, after which he served Coulter Bros. four years in like capacity. In 1885 he became a partner of J. G. Pickering, and has succeeded well. He is well adapted to business, and is highly esteemed by this community. He is single, and belongs to the Methodist Church.

MRS. WILLIAM ROSENFELD.

One of the neatest and most cheerful business places in Clarksville is that of Mrs. Rosenfield, at No. 53 Franklin street, where the ladies find everything in the millinery and dress-making line, and goods of the finest fabrics. This store is very tastefully arranged, the fixtures all contrasting well, while the display windows, show cases, and wall cases, are constantly filled with silks, ribbons, trimmings, novelties, and ready-made salable articles. The cloak and dress making departments are large and well stocked, and upon the whole, the place is a first-class establishment. In 1860, at Louisville, William Rosenfield and Miss Bertha Abraham were married, and two days after that event, both arrived at Clarksville, and the business which has been so successful was established, but in the fire of 1878 their old stand was burned out, and they then selected the present location, where prosperity has still showered its blessing on the enterprise. Mr. Rosenfield is a native of Europe, and Mrs. Rosenfield was born and raised in New York city. They have nine children—Joseph, Lee, Louis, Blanche, Eddie, Robby, Arthur, Clarence and Myrtle, all of whom are living and doing



J. G. PICKERING.



J. L. WILKERSON.

well. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfield are enterprising, meritorious and clever people, who justly deserve the good will of the public, which they are receiving on all sides.

CUNNINGHAM BROS.

The firm of Cunningham Bros. is composed of John T., Gilford T., and Elijah W., sons of Dr. Elijah Washington and Harriet N. (Talley) Cunningham. The parents were natives of North Carolina, of Scotch-Irish descent. The father was born Sept. 24, 1819, the mother May 20, 1831. Dr. Cunningham was a self-made man. He was a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College, and about 1835 moved to Tennessee, locating in Dickson county, near Cumberland Furnace, where he entered upon the practice of medicine, soon rising to eminence in his chosen profession, establishing himself in the confidence of the public and attaining to prominence as a leader in the community, and was successful in accumulating a handsome fortune. Dr. Cunningham and wife raised a family of nine intelligent children. Their names are, John T., Sallie, Gilford T., Elijah W., Hugh D., Marshall, James N., Robert Lee, and Thomas. He owned a farm of two thousand acres of land, and it was here that his children were all born and brought up in agricultural pursuits; and all were educated in Prof. G. T. Abernathy's High School, a popular institution near by, except Robert and Thomas, who are being educated at the S. W. P. University. Dr. Cunningham died July 18th, 1869. The mother moved to Clarksville four years ago, and has since resided with her eldest son, John T. Cunningham. The farm is operated under the management of Hugh Cunningham. The three Cunningham brothers obtained their first experience in merchandising in a country store, established on the home place in 1880, for the purpose of furnishing supplies to their farm operatives. With that limited experience they came to Clarksville in January, 1881, opening a first-class retail grocery house on Franklin street. They started out with that determined pluck and energy which characterized their father in earlier days. In spite of the strong competition on every side they grew in public favor, and two years later bought the house they now occupy, extending their operations to both retail and wholesale business. These young men have stuck close to business, cultivated the acquaintance of every stranger who entered their store, using every legitimate method of advertising their business and gaining public confidence, and with all they have exhibited a live enterprising spirit, thus enjoying a richly deserved prosperity as merchants. In January, 1887, the Cunningham Bros. bought a one-third interest in the firm of Bowling Bros. in the manufacture of ice and carbonated waters, combining the coal and feed store and ice depot in one establishment on Franklin street, under the management of John T. Cunningham, as noticed in a sketch of the ice factory, which is under the management of the Bowling Bros.

John Talley Cunningham was born October 23rd, 1850, the eldest son. He was married September 7th, 1871, to Miss Minnie Weems, an estimable lady of Columbia, Tenn., born December 14th, 1849. To this marriage was born four children, Elijah C., Sallie N., John T., and Lady G. Mrs. Cunningham died April 14th, 1884. On Tuesday, January 23rd, 1887, Mr. Cunningham wedded Miss Lucy Holmes, daughter

of Dr. William I. Holmes, born November 22nd, 1856, a highly accomplished lady, who is a devout member of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Cunningham is a member of the Masonic fraternity of the Royal Arch Degree, and a Knight of Honor. His residence is located on Madison street, second door from the Christian Church.

GEORGE A. LIGON.

One of the oldest confectioners in Clarksville is the gentleman whose name appears above. He established himself in that business in 1850, and has since followed the vocation of pleasing the little ones. He has tickled the palates of many little mouths since he first swung open his doors in this city of hills, and to-day he conducts a nice store and ice cream saloon on Franklin street, between Second and Third. Mr. Ligon was born in Cumberland county, Virginia, July 29th, 1824, the son of William Ligon. He moved to Kentucky in early life, but some years later came to Montgomery county, where he resided on a farm until he came to Clarksville in 1850. He served as Alderman one term, and was twice elected Mayor, serving one year the first time and two years the next. He is known to be a man of high moral character, as he never tasted any kind of liquor, smoked or chewed tobacco, never swore an oath, and never in his life tasted liquid coffee. In 1861 he married Miss Emma Wherry, of Nashville, and three children have been born to them: Miss Willie May, Mrs. Nellie Garrison, of Memphis, and George W. Ligon. Mrs. Ligon and Miss Willie are Methodists, while he is a Presbyterian and belongs to the Knights of Honor.

FLORENCE F. ABBOTT.

Florence F. Abbott, an energetic wide awake citizen, and junior member of the firm of Wood & Abbott, wholesale and retail grocers and liquor dealers, was born in this city March 13th, 1862, and was educated in the schools here, but took a commercial course in a business college at Nashville. His father, Florence, and his mother, Julia (Sullivan) Abbott, were natives of Erin's green isle, and came to America in 1850, first locating at Troy, New York. They came to Kentucky about 1853, and about 1857 they arrived at Clarksville, where the permanently located. The father died here in 1875, but the mother is still alive. In 1879, just after completing his course at the Nashville business college, young Abbott assumed the books of Dority, Wood & Co., wholesale grocers, and this situation he held for three years. In 1883 he became a partner of A. S. Wood, and the firm of Wood & Abbott, which since then has been successful in its business career. Mr. Abbott's ability for business pursuits is very superior, as evidenced by the marks of distinction he has made since he obtained his first situation. The strictly honorable course he has pursued has made warm friends of all persons with whom he has ever come in business contact, and to-day he enjoys the fullest confidence of the public at large. Mr. Abbott's eldest brother is Rev. T. C. Abbott, a distinguished clergyman of the Catholic faith, who has charge of a church at Jackson, Tenn. On the 25th of January, 1887, Mr. Abbott was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Boillin, one of the most accomplished young ladies in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott are devout members of the Catholic Church.

J. S. MOORE.

The only exclusive gun-store and gun-smithing establishment in Clarksville is that of J. S. Moore, on Franklin street, east of Second. Here is to be found a full line of fine arms of all kinds and patterns, cuttlery, fishing tackle and sportmen's goods. There is a repairing shop attached where sewing machines, bicycles, etc., are promptly put in order when disabled, and in fact the place is a general commodity shop. Mr. Moore succeeded the late E. Estes, who founded the shop in 1878, but died some years later. J. S. Moore was born at Nashville in 1852, and is a son of J. B. Moore. He left Nashville early in life and lived at Brownsville for a few years, when he came here and learned his trade with E. Estes, whom he succeeded in business, and has since been very successful. He married Miss Lizzie Bates, of this city, in 1876, and five children, Alma, Sam R., James S., Nellie, and John W. Moore, have been born to them. Both himself and wife are Episcopalians, and he is a worthy member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

CLARKSVILLE PLANING MILL.

One of the thriftiest, busiest, and at the same time noisiest establishments in this city is the Clarksville Planing Mill on Franklin street, between Sixth and Seventh, where all kinds sizes and shapes in building material is manufactured and sold. The buildings are eighty by two hundred and fifteen feet in size, and are equipped with the most modern and improved machinery, and employs ordinarily fifteen skilled men, but at times employment is given to thirty. The firm controlling this enterprise is Smith, Clark & Co., F. L. Smith, E. M. Clark and A. M. Covington forming the copartnership. This mill was established in 1867 by Barksdale, Clark & Covington, but after the death of Mr. Barksdale, Mr. Smith took an interest in 1883, and since then the business has run prosperously and without interruption under the present firm style.

Frederick L. Smith was born in Louisa county, Virginia, January 7th, 1834, but early in his life his parents moved to Todd county, Ky., where Frederick was raised and educated. His parents were Dabney and Agnes Smith, both of whom are dead. In 1855 Mr. Smith married Miss Lucy Tandy, of Kentucky, and seven children were born to the union, but two died, and there are now living: James T., Lucy A., George T., Edwin T., and F. Norman Smith. Mrs. Smith died in 1873. In 1874 Mr. Smith and Miss Sarah Ely, of this city, were united in matrimony, and both husband and wife, and all the family, are members of the Baptist Church. Mr. Smith is an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Honor, and a member of the order of the Iron Hall, taking great interest in their prosperity.

E. M. Clark is a native of Troy, N. Y., and is a typical "Trojan." He began life March 14th, 1814, the son of Edward Clark, who was a native of Vermont. Mr. Clark arrived at Clarksville in 1840, and since then has been a most exemplary citizen. He has been a continuous partner of A. M. Covington for over thirty years, is a practical mechanic, and one of the leading building contractors and carpenters of Clarksville. In 1843 he wedded Miss C. A. Covington, who died in 1884. Seven children

survive her and one is dead. Mr. Clark became a member of the Methodist Church in 1830, and has always been a true and worthy member of it since. He is a Christian gentleman; honorable, upright and generous in all his walks of life, and is generally known as a most worthy citizen.

Albert M. Covington was born in Kentucky, August 26th, 1827, but came to Montgomery county when quite young, and was educated in this city. He began business at Hickman, Ky., when twenty-one years old, serving one year at the carpenter's bench, and then he went to Indiana and followed his vocation another year. He then came back to Clarksville, and later on became a partner of E. M. Clark. In 1852 he married Miss Martha Johnson, of Montgomery county, and two children, Wallace W. and Luella Covington, were born to the union. Mr. and Mrs. Covington belong to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and he is a most worthy member of the Masonic order. Mr. Covington's life has been one of honest, hard labor, by which he has gained an enviable reputation as a first-class gentleman of the finest feeling and substantiability for integrity and high honorable principles.

THOMAS ROHNER.

This gentleman is conducting a lively business in watches, clocks and fine jewelry exclusively, at No. 62 Franklin street, near Second. The building he occupies is twenty two by fifty feet, and is thoroughly equipped for a first-class store of Mr. Rohner's kind. It contains an immense fire and burglar proof Hall's safety vault, built on a solid concrete foundation overlaid with an immense limestone rock ten inches thick, and the sides and top are of chilled wrought iron, while the interior is lined with steel, top, bottom and sides. Inside this vault is a fine large fire and burglar proof Mosler built safe, and in this is kept the fine stones, watches and jewelry at all times outside of business hours. Mr. Rohner's stock is as fine and complete as can be found anywhere, and with this and his business taste and skill as a workman, together with much energy and fair dealings, he is making a success in life. Mr. Rohner was born in Switzerland, November 26th, 1836, and first landed in America in 1867, locating in New York city, where he remained three years working at his trade, and then he came to the Swiss colony in Grundy county, Tenn., where he remained until February, 1874, when he came to Clarksville and located permanently. He has occupied his present business house nearly three years, which he owns, and likes his location very well. He was married at New York, and his son, Albert, now living in Indiana, was born to the union, but the wife died in 1873, before he came to Clarksville. In 1875 he was married to Miss Mary Bauer, of this city, and to this union were born three children, Henry, Emil and Loretto. Mr. and Mrs. Rohner are both attentive Presbyterians, and he is an honored member of the Masonic order, the Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, and order of the Iron Hall.

B. F. HARDIN & Co.

The carriage manufacturing industry of Clarksville is a source of employment for quite a number of her citizens, and is steadily increasing from year to year. The oldest

firm in this line is B. F. Hardin & Co., located at the corner of Third and Commerce streets. Their premises cover seventy-five by two hundred and fifty feet, and they employ twenty skilled workmen at their busy season, which lasts about seven months out of twelve. All kinds of vehicles on the pleasure order are manufactured and repaired, and the capacity of the establishment averages one hundred and twenty-five pieces annually. B. F. Hardin and H. C. Merritt established a partnership in 1876 and located a carriage factory on part of the lot now occupied by the Court House, but during the big fire of 1878 their building was partly destroyed, and then they built the factory now occupied by Harrison & Dugan. In 1881 they bought their present site, and have since been prosperous. Benjamin F. Hardin was born in Madison county, Tenn., and reared in Memphis, where he was educated and for some years followed the livery stable business. When the war broke out he joined the Confederate army, becoming a member of the Fifteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and this he served with valor till the close of the war. He then went to Cincinnati, where he lived ten years, and while there learned his trade. In 1875 he came to Clarksville, and the following year entered into the present compact with Henry C. Merritt, a sketch of whom appears on page 246. While living at Memphis, Mr. Hardin married Miss Emma Whitney, and they have one son, Walter H. Both are members of the Baptist Church. Mr. Hardin is a man of full business capacity and energy, and enjoys the confidence of the people for miles around Clarksville.

RICHARD LEDBETTER.

Among the several building contractors in Clarksville, none are in the van of Mr. Richard Ledbetter, whose business place is on Third street near Madison. He owns and controls an extensive mill for manufacturing building material of all kinds, and has a large yard adjacent where he keeps a full assortment of cedar and other kinds of posts, shingles and lumber in the rough. He employs eight regular skilled hands, and at times gives work to twenty hands in and about the mill. Mr. G. W. Lee, one of the best architects in this city, is associated with Mr. Ledbetter, but their business is distinct and separate. Ledbetter's mill is constantly buzzing and humming, which is indicative of the extensive patronage it receives from every and all directions. Richard Ledbetter was born, raised and educated at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and is a graduate of Union University when it was under the administration of President Joseph Eaton. His father was William Ledbetter, a banker of much note, who for years was connected with the old State Bank of Tennessee. He owned Iron Mountain Furnace, Stewart county, Tenn., and after his death Richard went to Stewart county and took charge of his late father's interests there, where he remained for twenty years. He is a Democrat, and in 1879 was elected to represent Montgomery and Stewart counties as joint representative in the lower house of the Tennessee General Assembly. He married Miss Maggie Chilton, a former resident of Clarksville, while in Stewart county, and in 1883 they moved to Clarksville, when Mr. Ledbetter engaged in his present enterprise. Himself and wife are members of the Christian Church, and he belongs to the Masonic order and the American Legion of Honor.

GILMER M. BELL.

It is more than probable that no lawyer ever met with more encouraging success in Tennessee than has Gilmer M. Bell, a young and leading practitioner at the Clarksville bar. He is assiduous to his duties to his clients, high toned and honorable in his every day life, and public spirited in all things that tend to build up his State, county,



city, and the people thereof. Mr. Bell is a son of Darwin and Mary W. (Meriwether) Bell, of Christian county, Ky., who are of Scotch-Irish origin, and have always been used to farm life. Gilmer Bell was born in Christian county, December 27th, 1859, and received a common school education there, but in 1878 began studying law under his uncle, General William A. Quarles, of this city. In 1880 he entered the law department of the Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tennessee, and graduated there June 1st, 1881. He was admitted to the bar of Montgomery county the same year, and became the partner of the late Judge James E. Rice, and this arrangement continued until 1883, when Judge Rice died. The next two years Mr. Bell practiced alone, but late in 1885 formed a partnership with A. S. Major, under the firm name

of Bell & Major. This firm lived until the Summer of 1886, when it dissolved and G. L. Pitt became Mr. Bell's partner, under the present style of Bell & Pitt. In 1883 Mr. Bell associated himself with the press and assumed editorial control of the Clarksville *Democrat*, and later on became the owner of that paper. In October, 1886, he sold his interest in that paper and withdrew from journalistic pursuits in order to give his undivided time to his chosen profession—the law. Mr. Bell is an enthusiastic member of the Knights of Pythias, and affiliates with all the churches.

ALWARD & JARRELL.

This enterprising firm is owner of the leading wagon manufactory of this city. It is located on Third street, immediately in front of the east entrance to the Court House. Here are made all kinds of wagons and carts, but the firm's specialty is the "Farmer's Choice," a wagon adapted to farm uses. The factory occupies a space seventy five by two hundred feet, and employs fifteen workmen, who thoroughly understand their business. It is really a necessary enterprise, of which the business community is exceedingly proud.

Charles H. Alward is a native of Clarksville, is a son of Henry Alward, and was educated in the city schools. Mrs. Alward was formerly Miss Carrie Williams, also a native here, and the couple have two children, Henry and Etha Alward. Mrs. Alward is a member of the Baptist Church, and he belongs the order of Odd Fellows. He is

well liked by everybody, and is a self-made, honorable gentleman, who is bound to succeed in life.

Joseph M. Jarrell is also a native of Clarksville; so is Mrs. Jarrell, whose maiden name was Miss Mary Morrison. Both were educated here and both belong to the Baptist Church. They have three children, Bertha, Effie and Henry. Mr. Jarrell belongs to the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, and like his partner in point of honor and integrity is bound to keep up his side of the enterprise they are conducting.

JAMES T. WOOD.

James T. Wood, who is unquestionably the most complete self-made man in or near Clarksville, was born in Christian county, Ky., December 12th, 1854, being the eldest of four sons of James A. and Mary M. Wood. There are also three sisters in the family, and as the father was a carpenter working for daily stipend, the large family was compelled to live sparsely, especially when James T. Wood was in his boyhood. During his earliest years James served his parents as best he could, and attended school when opportunity afforded. At the age of thirteen he began selling newspapers on the street as a sub agent of William Alward, a newsboy, at the rate of five cents per day. This arrangement lasted only a short time when Alward quit the business, and then Wood began selling for Conover Brothers, who then conducted a book and news store here. The Conovers paid him twenty per cent. on all sales he made, and this arrangement continued for several months, when Wood began business in the same line on his own account. He met with the encouragement of the reading public and consequently flourished finely, and this enabled him to secure ways and means for attending school and securing an education for himself. Accordingly at the age of fifteen he commenced attending school, but continued selling papers for a livelihood, and in both he was successful, as he grasped his studies with remarkable tenacity, and the more he learned the greater his desire became for receiving a collegiate course. He entered Stewart College eventually, and while there associated with him in the newspaper selling business his brothers Beauregard, who is now in the grocery business, and Bellfield, who is associated with his brother George R. Wood, a leading contractor in the house painting business, and with their assistance James T. Wood was enabled to pursue his collegiate course at the Southwestern Presbyterian University until June, 1879, when he partially graduated, only lacking a few points to make the course complete. During the following July he secured a situation with Samuel Johnson, a then prominent insurance agent, and his occupation was attending the office and occasionally soliciting business, but Johnson soon quit and gave up his agencies, and this opened the way for Wood to go into that business on his own account, yet he still continued his first love by selling newspapers



just the same as if good luck had not struck him, and it was not long before he had secured the agency of some of the best known and most reliable insurance companies, and was soon driving a most prosperous business in that line. Prosperity still showered its blessings upon Clarksville's industrious and honorable newsboy, and in 1885 he added real estate to his other enterprises, and in this, like the other ventures, he made a complete success, and to-day is the leading real estate man of the city, conducting a general agency for insurance, real estate, and newspapers. For years he has had the sole agency in this city for the sale of the leading dailies of Louisville, Nashville and Cincinnati, and has made enough money to purchase several valuable pieces of property in the city, and has amassed quite a comfortable quantity of cash, with which he is enabled to speculate whenever opportunity affords. Mr. Wood has three times been honored by the chief executive of Tennessee by receiving appointments. In 1876 Governor James D. Porter made him Coal Oil Inspector for Clarksville, and in November, 1877, reappointed him to that office to serve two years. When this time expired, Governor Albert S. Marks, who was elected to succeed Governor Porter, again appointed him to another two years. These positions of public trust Mr. Wood filled to the full satisfaction of the people and with much credit to himself; always acting in conformity with the law governing his official acts. In addition to the several enterprises he is engaged in, he is also General Manager and Treasurer of Elder's Opera House, now one of the finest and best arranged places of amusement in the State. He has held this position for a number of years, and has always given the most perfect satisfaction to the owner, the amusement profession, and to the public. No city in the Union can pride itself on having a more completely self made man than James T. Wood, the Clarksville newsboy, who in his manhood is reaping his reward for his honorable, upright, and liberal manner of conducting himself in all walks of life, one conspicuous feature of which is the devotion he has always had for his mother, sisters and brothers, all of whom he has ever had the tenderest feeling for, and invariably helping in their promotion in life. Mr. Wood is a member of the Masonic order, having passed through the Blue Lodge Chapter and Knights Templar degrees when quite young, is single yet, and a devout working member of the Presbyterian Church, of which he has been a regular attendant upon its Sunday School since his earliest days in Clarksville. Mr. Wood's father died in this city on the 6th of June, 1886.

J. M. FOWLKES.

There are quite a number of live wide-awake business hustlers in and around Clarksville, but among the liveliest is Joseph M. Fowlkes, the enterprising sewing machine man. He located in this city in 1870, and for ten years was agent for the Wheeler & Wilson Company, covering a large territory in this part of the State. He was industrious and persevering, and was accordingly successful. Unlike most men following this vocation, Mr. Fowlkes saved the money he made, and at this time is "rowing his canoe" in fine shape. In 1881 he began dealing in sewing machines on his own account, buying from the various manufacturers and selling to the people at

his own rate. In this too he has been very successful. Mr. Fowlkes is the son of Henry A. and Emma M. (Chilton) Fowlkes, of Virginia, and was born in that State July 2nd, 1846. On July 2nd, 1873, he married Miss Rebecca L. Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis. Mr. Fowlkes belongs to the Christian Church, and Mrs. Fowlkes is a member of the Baptist Church.

A. R. HALL & SON.

One of the most elegant appearing business houses in Clarksville is the dry goods house of the firm of A. R. Hall & Son. The building stands on the rise of Franklin street at the northeast corner of Second. The display windows and the glass front of the establishment give the premises an appearance of a perfect trade palace, so to speak. Mr. A. R. Hall came to Clarksville in the Fall of 1878, just after the big fire of that year, and erected this building, which is conceded to be one of the finest business houses in the city, and has from the beginning commanded a prosperous dry goods trade. The house is about fifty by one hundred feet in the clear, three stories high and basement, is finished in elegant style and filled with a select stock of dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, hats, etc. The firm possess large capital, do a strictly cash business both wholesale and retail, and keep the best grades of goods. The senior member is a gentleman of experience and intelligence, and not without influence in the community. Mr. Charles Hall, the junior member of the firm, is a young man of steady habits, much sprightliness and fine business capacity.



J. F. WOOD.

This gentleman has a right to feel proud of his business standing and success in life, for he has fought the battle nobly, and won the victory upon the true principles which always lead men to success. He is yet quite a young man, with long years full of hope before him; that is, if we judge his future by the past, for few men have so well established themselves in so short a time. Mr. Wood is one of those men who strictly attends to his own business, unless called upon to take part in some public enterprise calculated to benefit the whole community, when he is always found equal to the emergency. He has in a quiet way built up a large wholesale business in hardware and agricultural implements, tinware, stoves, glass and queensware, china, etc., his jobbing trade being much larger than the retail business. His house is one hundred and thirty feet deep, with three floors for business, and a large warehouse in the rear for the storage of machinery, iron, wagon timber, plows, etc. The basement story is devoted to the

manufacture of tinware, fitting up stoves, etc., which department is under the management of skilled mechanics. The front or regular salesroom is filled with the lighter or finer goods, so skillfully displayed as to present a neat and elegant appearance. Here is found a general assortment of hardware, an elegant display of fine lamps, china, etc., and a beautiful stock of silver and plated goods. The stock is complete, the house exhibiting evidence of the fact that there is a business man at the head of it

CHARLES H. BAILEY.

Charles Henry Bailey was born June 11th, 1845, son of Henry and Wilmoth (Boyd) Bailey. The father was a brother to Senator James E. Bailey, Dr. C. W. Bailey and Charles D. Bailey. His mother was a daughter of John C. Boyd, who lived many years in Clarksville, but finally moved to Mississippi, where he died. Charles H. Bailey



was educated in Clarksville, and leaving the school room he entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen years, joining Captain Thomas M. Atkins' command, Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment. General W. A. Quarles testifies to his valuable services. He says: "Charley Bailey was the best soldier in the Confederacy. He was never sick or out of place when wanted, and was always detailed for extraordinary duties. He was the best scout in the army; he could approach nearer the enemy and gain more information as to the position and movements of the opposing force, than any man, and was never happy unless engaged in some such active duty, and loved a fight more than the

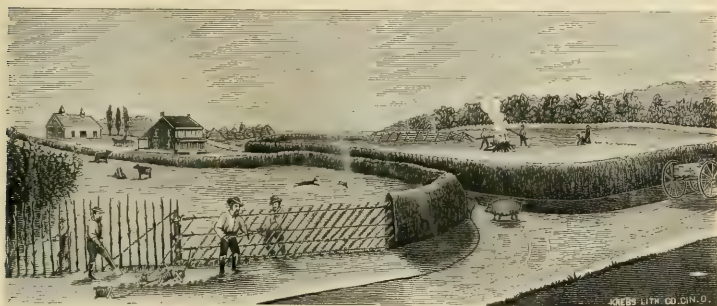
wildest sport likes a game of base ball. He was knocked up and came down dead ever so many times, the cannon ball having about the same effect on him as the bat on a rubber ball." Mr. Bailey was in every engagement and out on the skirmish lines from the first contest of his command until he was captured at the battle of Franklin. He was wounded at Atlanta and Franklin. Just before he was wounded and captured at Franklin, the most sanguinary of all the hard fought battles, he saved the life of his comrade, Charley Shanklin. Just as a Federal soldier leveled his gun at Shanklin, taking deliberate aim, Bailey pulled trigger and downed the man, or Shanklin would certainly have caught the lead from the Yankee's gun. After the war Mr. Bailey engaged as Deputy Circuit Court Clerk for G. C. Breed, then for John Williamson, serving a while as clerk in Trice's Landing Warehouse, then as Deputy Circuit Court for C. D. Bailey, and later Deputy County Court Clerk under R. D. Moseley, gaining for himself the reputation of being the most efficient and accommodating clerk that has ever served in either of the offices in which capacity he served thirteen years. In 1884 he was elected City Recorder, which position he still holds. In January, 1885, he resigned his place as Deputy County Court Clerk, and engaged as clerk for Mr. Lucas in the furniture business. Lucas soon sold out, when C. D. and C. H. Bailey opened

a furniture house, which partnership continued one year, when he bought the interest of his uncle, C. D. Bailey, and is still in the business. Mr. Bailey was married February 13th, 1868, to Miss Alice McKoin, daughter of J. C. McKoin, who died one year later, January 16th, 1869. Alice, the sweet little infant born to this marriage, survived its mother just seven months, and died August 16th, 1869.

February 22nd, 1880, Mr. Bailey wedded Miss Jennie S. Macrae, daughter of Mr. B. W. Macrae, a lady distinguished for her amiable disposition, great force of character and superior domestic qualifications, whose sweet influence has filled his life with happiness. They have three bright little boys, Alfred Robb, Charles Henry, Jr., and Stuart. They have a handsome home on Main street. Mr. Bailey is a member of the Knights of Pythias. Mrs. Bailey is a member of the Methodist Church, and a most zealous Christian lady.

THE CLARKSVILLE HEDGE FENCE COMPANY.

In the Autumn of 1883 several capitalists and enterprising business men of this city conceived the idea of establishing a new industry with headquarters here, which could be of great benefit to farmers and the public generally, and give employment to



an unlimited number of men. Accordingly the Clarksville Hedge Fence Company was formed, with W. P. Johnson, A. Howell, P. G. Johnson, W. M. Daniel, H. C. Merritt, J. E. Washington and W. S. Gill, Directors. These elected officers as follows: Joseph E. Washington, President; A. Howell, Secretary and Treasurer, and Len H. Smith, Superintendent, with their office at the Clarksville National Bank. The company then secured the right to thirty-two counties in Tennessee, around and including Montgomery county, for the purpose of planting and cultivating hedge fences, under the patents of Dayton Hedge Company, and at this time the Clarksville Company has over one hundred miles of its hedges out in fourteen counties. While the experiment is still in its infancy, these hedges are growing finely, but they have not yet reached the standard of perfection expected of them. The stockholders and officers of the company, however, are very much encouraged, and are sanguine of the ultimate success of the new enterprise. They expect that within the next three years upwards

of five hundred miles of hedge fences will be growing inside the limits of the thirty-two counties they control.

Hon. Joseph E. Washington, who has the honor of being President of the Clarksville Hedge Fence Company, is the present member of Congress from this the Sixth Congressional District of Tennessee, and resides near Cedar Hill, Tenn. He was born November 9th, 1851, at Wessington, the old family homestead, about three miles south



of Cedar Hill, Robertson county, Tenn. His early education was obtained at the old field school at Turnersville. In September, 1866, he entered the grammar school of Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, and taking the full collegiate course, was graduated from that institution in June, 1873, receiving the honors of his class. In 1874 he entered the first law class ever organized at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, but after a few months study abandoned the law to take charge of his father's farming interests in Robertson county, which has been his occupation ever since. In 1876 he was elected to represent his county in the lower house of the General Assembly of Tennessee. In

1882 he was made Elector for the Fourth Congressional District on the Hancock and English ticket. In 1884 he made an unsuccessful race for the Congressional nomination, which two years later was given him unanimously and by acclamation. In 1885 he was elected President of the Clarksville Hedge Fence Company, and re-elected in 1886. In January, 1879, he married, at Petersburg, Virginia, Miss Mary Bolling Kemp, the daughter of Judge Wyndham Kemp, of Gloucester county, Virginia. This union has been blessed with two sons and a daughter, who are flourishing finely as they progress in life.

THE CLARKSVILLE TOBACCO LEAF.

This paper was established by M. V. Ingram, February 11th, 1869. Mr. Ingram commenced his newspaper career in Springfield, Tenn., in April, 1866, without any experience whatever in the business. He had no purpose or idea of entering upon journalism, but was induced to lend the use of his name and small means to aid Archie Thomas, who was a practical printer, and just back from the Confederate army without employment or means to support a large family. They started the *Robertson Register*, under the firm name of M. V. Ingram & Co., a small folio, fourteen by eighteen inches. The labor in the office was greater than Mr. Thomas could perform alone, as was calculated at the outset, and Ingram undertaking to assist him, soon found himself initiated into all the detail work except composition. The *Register* met popular favor and was soon enlarged. It was largely patronized by Clarksville merchants, and became a firm advocate of Clarksville interests, especially the tobacco market, and Mr. Ingram was offered some inducements by the commercial interest to move his paper to Clarksville, which he accepted, suspending the *Register* in October, 1868, moving part of the

material to Clarksville, issuing the first number of the *Tobacco Leaf* February 11th, 1869, filling out all contracts with the *Robertson Register*. This move was attended with most remarkable success under all of the circumstances. Mr. Ingram had his little means all invested in printing office material, and came here on heavy expenses, depending on promised assistance and his own energies. The merchants advanced him nine hundred dollars, to be paid back in printing; the three banks then in the city loaned him three hundred dollars each, and the Franklin Type Foundry gave credit for the balance on an outfit costing four thousand dollars. A Cottrell & Babcock power press was included in the outfit, the first cylinder press brought to Tennessee outside of the cities publishing daily papers. The paper was about twenty-eight by forty-two inches, a nine column folio, and issued a circulation of fifteen hundred on a credit, sending them all over the Clarksville tobacco district. It was predicted that the paper could not survive on such a basis, carrying such a burden, under the shadow of the reliable old *CHRONICLE*, then so popular with the people under the editorship of Robert W. Thomas, one of the then ablest political writers in Tennessee. But it was soon demonstrated that Clarksville was able and willing to support two papers. The *CHRONICLE* could not meet all of the demands; it was crowded with advertisements and lacked for editorial space. The proprietor of the *Leaf* observed that the *CHRONICLE* editor, with his long training, could not well change his paper from the political channel in which he was so highly gifted, and started out cultivating a different field, looking more after the commercial and manufacturing interests, local enterprises, etc., Mr. Ingram superintending the mechanical department, financing, book-keeping, collecting, and editorial work, keeping himself in a strain from early morn till midnight, but soon finding his physical strength failing, he employed Mr. Charles O. Faxon several months to write political editorials suited to the reconstruction period, making it exceedingly hot for the carpet-baggers, which were pleasing to the public. H. M. Doak was then employed to write for the political columns, and in December, 1869, he was admitted as a partner, which relationship continued until July 11th, 1874, when Ingram sold his interest to Doak, and just one year later Doak sold the paper back to Ingram. Mr. Ingram built him an office on the corner of Third and Franklin streets, and had just about got the paper up to a high degree of prosperity in its new quarters, when the fire of April 13th, 1878, swept away the entire establishment except the form of four pages, a few cases of type, and a desk. This was a clear loss of six thousand dollars in building, type, presses, etc., with an insurance of only thirty two hundred dollars, besides a half of one year's business lost. A new outfit was purchased costing forty two hundred dollars, and the paper re-established. In the mean time the paper was converted into an eight page form, to increase the advertising space. This being inconvenient to readers, Mr. Ingram fell upon the idea of dividing it into two papers, or semi weekly, which still increased the space, the advertising being weekly was divided between the two issues, and the semi-weekly sent to all subscribers, and the paper has continued in that form up to this time. In 1880 Ingram sold an interest to Clay Stacker, and the firm of Ingram & Stacker continued one year, when Ingram sold out

to Stacker, and Stacker immediately sold the paper to W. O. Brandon and W. W. Barksdale, the present proprietors. W. W. Barksdale entered the office in 1872, with Ingram & Doak, as an apprentice, and was connected with it as compositor up to the time he became one of the proprietors. In 1875 Walter O. Brandon, of Columbia, Tenn., was employed as foreman of the office, and Mr. Ingram having other interests requiring his attention, soon after placed Mr. Brandon in charge as business manager, which relationship continued up to the time Mr. Stacker was taken in as partner. The leading projects of the *Tobacco Leaf* during the first years of its existence, which the founder claims to have originated, was the organization of the Clarksville Board of Trade, getting up tobacco fairs, and agitating the Princeton Railroad into life. Mr. Ingram's health failed under the continued strain; this, together with continued family afflictions, loss by fire, and other things, combined to force him from the business.

HON. CHARLES G. SMITH.

The legal fraternity of Clarksville possesses numerous gentlemen of the highest intellectual and honorable type, and among these none are more conspicuous than Hon. Charles G. Smith, who has attained several degrees of high rank that has placed his name prominently in the archives of the State of Tennessee. He is of English-German extract, but both his parents are natives of this State, they being William and Nancy (Bradbury) Smith, of Haywood county. The father is yet living, but the mother died in 1873. Judge Smith acquired an average country school education, and until the year 1853 followed the vocation of a farmer; but that year began the study of law with General J. G. Hornberger as his preceptor. At the age of twenty (having been born January 7th, 1834, in Haywood county) he was licensed to practice at the Montgomery county bar, and since then has followed assiduously and very successfully his chosen profession. He has gained and enjoyed for many years the reputation of being one of the best general practice lawyers in this section of the State, and this he richly and justly deserves. During the year 1869, under the old State Constitution, he was elected Chancellor of the Seventh Chancery Division, composed of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Sumner, Smith, Macon and Jackson counties, and succeeded himself in the same office under the new Constitution in 1870, when he received a most complimentary vote over his competitor for the office. During the year 1875 he resigned the Chancellorship and formed a law partnership with Colonel James E. Bailey, but the next year was elected to the lower house of the Legislature, which he served for two years with credit to his people and honor to himself. In 1878 he formed a law partnership with Judge Horace H. Lurton, and the firm of Smith & Lurton existed until Judge Lurton was elected to the Supreme Bench of Tennessee in 1886, when the firm dissolved and Mr. A. R. Gholson became Judge Smith's partner under the firm name of Smith & Gholson, and this combination still exists and is in a flourishing condition. Judge Smith has the honor of being President of the Crabtree Coal Mining Company, and is interested in numerous other money making enterprises outside his profession. In September, 1859, he married Miss Mattie Johnson, a native of Mont-

gomery county, born in 1838, and to this union eight children were born, only four of whom, Charles G., Jr., Wiley J., Laura and Earl Smith, are living. Judge Smith is an honored member of the Knights of Pythias, and he and Mrs. Smith are active and working members of the Methodist Church.

ASKEW & EDWARDS.

The youngest couple engaged in business at this time in Clarksville is Laurin B. Askew and Thomas Edwards, pharmacists, at No. 29 Franklin street. They have a very attractive store, which is stocked at all times with the freshest medicines to be found anywhere. They carry large supplies of paints, oils, dye stuffs, toilet articles, stationery, etc., and are driving a lively and flourishing trade. They enjoy the highest respect of the people of Clarksville, and from the amount of energy and enterprise they display, it is safe to say that they are all right in a business point of view. Laurin B. Askew was born at Eufala, Alabama, in 1864, when his parents were living there as refugees from the city of Vicksburg, when that city was undergoing its fearful ordeal during the war. He was partly educated at Vicksburg, but later attended Stewart College here three years. He then served three and one-half years with the drug firm of Owen & Moore, and then three years with S. B. Stewart, whom Askew & Edwards succeeded August 1st, 1887. He is a member of the Alpha Omega Society, belongs to the Presbyterian Church, and is married, Mrs. Askew having formerly the name of Miss Florence Coutts, one of this city's favorite young ladies. Thomas Edwards is a native of Ashland City, Cheatham county, Tennessee, born March 16th, 1868. He was educated in common schools and at the Southwestern Presbyterian University in this city. His first business venture was in tobacco with the Grange Warehouse for six months, and then with J. Kropp, tobacco broker, with whom he was connected at the time he went into business with Mr. Askew. He is a member of the Methodist Church, and an elegant young gentleman.

RICHARD S. BROADDUS.

One of the oldest mercantile men in Clarksville at this date is the gentleman whose name appears at the caption of this article, and who is still a prosperous Franklin street merchant. He was born in this city in January, 1838, and is the youngest son of Wm. and Jane Elizabeth Taylor Broaddus, and a near relation of the numerous ministers of the Gospel by that name. His early education was attained in the Clarksville schools and he finished a course in old Stewart College. In 1852 he began life as a clerk in the dry goods store of William & J. E. Broaddus, and continued as such until 1859, when William Broaddus gave his interest in the concern to his son Richard, and then the business was continued until the war interfered, when Richard Broaddus sold out to J. E. Broaddus and A. L. Whitaker. Richard Broaddus then occupied himself in various ways for a time, but during the war, for about six months, he clerked for G. W. Hillman & Co., dry goods, in this city. He then went to Cumberland City, where he clerked for Stacker & Carter during the year 1865. Later on he bought out Mr. Stacker's interest, and the new firm was styled B. N. Carter & Co., Dr. B. N.

Carter being the senior member. The firm continued until 1868, when it dissolved, and Mr. Broaddus returned to Clarksville and formed a partnership with J. M. Rice, this firm style being Rice, Broaddus & Co., and its business dry goods. In 1882 Mr. Broaddus bought out this firm, and put up a sign lettered "R. S. Broaddus," and this has remained firm ever since. In the fire of 1887 his stock of goods was burned, but fortunately he was well insured and lost nothing in the long run. After this calamity he moved to the store on Franklin street, between First and Second, immediately opposite Hodgson & Maguire's, where he has prospered finely. Mr. Broaddus during his long business life has maintained a favorable reputation for honest dealings with the public, and of course he stands *par excellant* characteristically and otherwise. He is very energetic, public spirited, and liberal to a fault. Mr. Broaddus married Miss Carter, of Montgomery county, and two children, Carter and Janie Broaddus, are the fruits of the union. Mr. Broaddus and Miss Janie are members of the Methodist Church, while Mrs. Broaddus is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian congregation. Their home is conveniently located on Greenwood avenue, and is one of the most pleasant to be found anywhere.

JOHN B. COULTER.

Progress has been the motto of John B. Coulter, one of Clarksville's best known and highly respected business men, ever since he made his first stroke in life. His



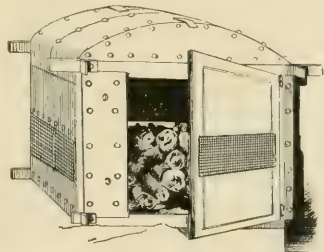
first venture in merchandise here was in 1865, when he engaged as a salesman in the store of his brother, B. F. Coulter, and this he continued until 1874. In 1877 he began business on his own account as a member of the firm of Coulter Brothers, and this he continued until October 31st, 1887, when the firm dissolved, and he sought new enterprises. He was born at Elkton, Todd county, Ky., April 18th, 1846, and is the youngest son of R. S. and Fannie (Bradley) Coulter, both of whom are dead. He was educated at Elkton schools, and at the age of fifteen began clerking in a store at that place, which he followed for some time prior to coming to this city. In November, 1871, Mr. Coulter and

Miss Susie A. Stratton, daughter of R. H. Stratton, of Virginia, were married, and they have five children, Fannie B., Richard S., Susie J., Sarah W., and Hettie A. Mr. Coulter and wife are both members of the Christian Church, and he belongs to Clarksville Lodge, No. 232, Knights of Honor.

WILLIAM F. COULTER.

One of the best known men in Clarksville and Montgomery county is the gentleman whose name appears above. Wm. F. Coulter was born at Elkton, Todd county, Ky., on the 17th of September, 1842, son of Robert S. and Fannie (Bradley) Coulter. He was educated in the schools of his native place, and followed farming for a livelihood

until 1857, when he came to this city and took a situation with Macrae & Coulter, as salesman, in their dry goods house. Here he remained until 1862, when the firm suspended business on account of the war, but in 1865 a firm styled Coulter & Hillman, composed of B. F. Coulter and G. W. Hillman, in the same business, was organized, and he took a position with it. In 1872 this firm changed again, and B. F. Coulter became sole owner, W. F. Coulter remaining with him until 1875, when he was admitted as a partner, and this arrangement lasted until July, 1877, when the firm of Coulter, Bro. & Stratton, composed of W. F. and J. B. Coulter and M. A. Stratton, was organized. This arrangement lasted until 1882, when Mr. Stratton retired from the firm, and the name changed to Coulter Brothers, in which style it remained until October, 1887, when the firm dissolved and sold out its remnants of stock at public auction. The business of which the above is a brief history was first located at the "Old Red" house that stood where Elder's Opera House now is, and the next move was to a store on the same side of Franklin street near by, where it remained until April, 1887, when the big fire of that date burned it out, and then it was decided to quit the dry goods business and seek pastures new. On the 15th of July, 1884, William F. Coulter secured letters patent on an invention he made for curing tobacco, and it was in order to attend to the manufacture and sale of this that he most desired to leave the dry goods trade. This invention consists of a portable wrought and sheet iron and heavy wired furnace, which is adjustable at the top, ends and sides, and can be moved easily from one part of a tobacco barn to another. It is so arranged as to prevent the escape of any particles of fire from its confines, and is easily operated, as is perfectly simple, yet unquestionably safe to the tobacco planters who use it for curing their crops. The very common news received of the destruction of valuable barns filled with the precious weed, caused by the old fashioned process of curing tobacco, is what caused Mr. Coulter to think of inventing his valuable furnace, which is pronounced a complete success by tobacco growers. He has already disposed of three thousand furnaces to tobacco growers in Kentucky and Tennessee, and now that he is giving his undivided attention to this invention, it will not be long before every planter in the land will have one or more of them in use. When the firm of Coulter Brothers dissolved in October, 1887, its only members were W. F. and J. B. Coulter, the other brothers having turned their attention elsewhere sometime previous. Captain R. T. Coulter was killed while on duty at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., during the war. B. F. Coulter, as before stated, is now a citizen of Los Angeles, California, and John B. Coulter is still in this city. The brothers are all enterprising, driving and progressive, and they are sure to prosper, no matter in what business they may embark. William F. Coulter married Miss Amanda Williams, a native of near Osceola, Arkansas, February 4th, 1868. She



is the daughter of the late J. P. Williams, who moved to Clarksville some years ago and embarked in the tobacco business, but after a citizenship of one year here he died. Mr. and Mrs. Coulter belong to the Christian Church, and he is a member of the Knights of Honor. Mr. and Mrs. Coulter being without children, reared Alma Dorn Coulter, a winsome young lady, whose parents died at New Providence when she was quite young. They love her the same as if she was their own, and the affection is duly reciprocated.

CHARLES E. L. McCauley, M. D.

Among the best and most favorably known men for many miles of Clarksville is Dr. C. E. L. McCauley, the eminent practitioner, who has served the public in this city and county for lo, these many years. He is a native of Montgomery county, having been born about six miles from this city, August 25th, 1829, the son of the late George J. and Elizabeth (McCauley) McCauley. His father was a native of North Carolina, but came to this county in 1819, and married a daughter of John McCauley, who lived on Indian Creek. Dr. McCauley began his education in common country schools, and passed through Clarksville Academy, which then was the high rated school of the city, and from there he took a literary course at Nashville University. He then began studying medicine under his late illustrious brother, Dr. R. D. McCauley, and eventually attended the Medical and Surgical Departments of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, where he graduated in 1854. The following year he began regular practice at Fredonia, where he remained during the next twenty-one years. In 1875 he came to this city and engaged in the drug business with his brother, Dr. R. D. McCauley, and here he remained until the latter died. He afterwards became a partner of the late Dr. W. T. McReynolds, who died in 1880, and since then Dr. McCauley has been practicing alone. On the 8th of August, 1878, Dr. McCauley lead to the hymenial altar Miss Mary F. Blunt, of Selma, Alabama, and the couple with their daughter, Beulah, now occupy their handsome home at the corner of Fourth and Franklin streets. Dr. McCauley belongs to the Masonic order and wears the emblems of the Knights Templar degree. Mrs. McCauley is a devout member of the Baptist Church, and beloved by all who know her.

THOMAS BOURNE.

Among the many men of high graded intellect and energy in Clarksville, none are more conspicuous than Thomas Bourne, who holds the position of Superintendent of the Clarksville Gas Light Company and Clarksville Water Company. He is a gentleman of fine feeling, stability, and strong force of character: always strictly reliable and attentive to business no matter with whom he may come in contact next. He was born about forty miles from London, England, March 20th, 1850, in the county of Kent. His parents were John and Frances (Hopper) Bourne, who were natives of England, as were their parents. Thomas Bourne received a good education at his native home, and in 1866 he came to the United States, locating at Philadelphia, where he afterwards

became connected with the American Gas and Meter Company as machinist and expert mechanic, and in this capacity he served more or less until 1882. In December of that year he came to Clarksville and assumed charge of the gas works, and in this capacity he served the public pleasingly until 1883, when he was made Superintendent of both the gas and water companies. Since his administration the affairs of both have worked admirably and to the entire satisfaction of the public who patronize these great benefits. Mr. Bourne has always commanded the respect and confidence of the people of this city, and the kind feelings expressed so commonly for his welfare is duly reciprocated on his part. In 1873 Mr. Bourne was married to Miss A. A. Lavender, of London, and four children have blessed their union: Frances E., Amelia E., John E., and Horatio T. Mr. Bourne belongs to the Odd Fellows, the Masonic order and Knights of Pythias, and both himself and wife are Episcopalians.

T. E. CABANISS, D. D. S.

This widely known and much esteemed dentist is a native of Montgomery county, having been born at New Providence, March 12th, 1857. His father was Dr. J. W. Cabaniss, a native of Christian county, Ky., but who came to this county in 1850. Dr. Cabaniss first studied dentistry under his father, who practiced in this city about twenty years. The father studied under Dr. Castner, who was in his day one of the most eminent practitioners in his profession in the State. Dr. J. W. Cabaniss died in October, 1884. Stewart College was where Dr. T. E. Cabaniss first graduated, but after a long course under his father, he attended the Dental Department of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and graduated in 1880. He then returned home and formed a partnership with his father, under the firm style of J. W. & T. E. Cabaniss, which terminated with his father's death in 1884. He has since been practicing his profession by himself, and has met with the most encouraging success. He is a man liberal in his views, has the public good much at heart, and is highly esteemed by the people among whom he was born and raised. His mother previous to marriage was Miss Lucy New, born in Todd county, Ky., in 1836. On the 13th of July, 1880, Dr. Cabaniss wedded Miss Annie Anderson, of Paris, Bourbon county, Ky., and they are now enjoying a happy home in New Providence. Dr. and Mrs. Cabaniss are both members of the Christian Church.

HENRY E. BEACH, D. D. S.

One of the most public spirited, enterprising and benevolent citizens of Clarksville is Dr. Henry E. Beach, the eminent dental surgeon, whose name is familiar in every part of Tennessee and Kentucky. Dr. Beach is a native of Prince Edward county, Virginia, the son of E. B. Beach, a farmer, and was born February 1st, 1837. He was raised on the farm and educated at country schools. When seventeen years old he left home to go with his older brother, who was engaged on the construction of the Petersburg & Norfolk Railroad. He continued on public works for about five years, during which time he was principally engaged in superintending the construction of masonry, or as assistant civil engineer. The Cincinnati, Cumberland Gap & Charles

ton, Northwestern of Tennessee, and Edgefield & Kentucky, now the Southeastern division of the Louisville & Nashville, were the fields of his labors. On the 21st of December, 1859, Dr. Beach was married to Miss Fannie J. Bourne, daughter of William Bourne, of Port Royal, in this county. He then moved to Virginia and engaged in mercantile pursuits, during which time he commenced the study of his profession. He entered the Confederate army during the second year of the war, and was a member of Company D, Nineteenth Virginia Battalion of Heavy Artillery, in which he served until the close of the war. He carries on his person a scar from a bayonet wound as a mark of his devotion to the cause of the Confederacy. At the close of the war he commenced anew the study and practice of his profession. His ambition to be in the front rank among his professional brethren led him to use every means in his power to attain that end. The result was that he graduated in the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in February, 1870, having received the highest award of praise for his skill in operative dentistry of any member of his class of forty-three graduates. He came to Clarksville the following May, and located on the site of his present residence on Franklin street, where he has successfully practiced since. Dr. Beach has twice been honored with the Presidency of the Tennessee Dental Association, being elected to that office in 1877 and again in 1886. His administrations were noted for the business like manner in which the work of the society was conducted, and the improvements made. He is now Clinical Professor in the Dental Department of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and State editor of the the *Archives of Dentistry*, published in St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Beach and his wife are both active members of the Baptist Church, the Doctor being a Deacon in the church, and for many years was Superintendent of the Sunday School. They have six children, viz: William Earnest, Matie E., Henry E., Jr., Edward R., John R., and Lillian, all of which are living in Clarksville save one who is in Kansas City, Mo., viz: Henry E., Jr. He is an active and enthusiastic member of the Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias, having passed the chair in both lodges, and been twice representative to the Grand Lodge in the order of Knights of Honor. He is now a member of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of this city, and Chairman of the Finance Committee, and a member of the Board of Health.

WILLIAM E. BEACH.

The present worthy Treasurer of the City of Clarksville, William Ernest Beach, son of Dr. H. E. and Fannie J. (Bourne) Beach, was born in Virginia in 1861, and came to Clarksville with his parents in 1869, and was educated principally here, but he attended an institution at Knoxville one year. He began life as a newsboy, as his ambition was to paddle his own canoe from the jump. In 1878 he took a situation with Keesee & Northington in the grocery business, and has successfully filled every station there, from porter up, frequently having full control of the premises when the members of the firm were away. Mr. Beach was elected a member of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen in 1886, but owing to his removal from the ward, he resigned.

He then ran for the office of City Treasurer in February, 1887, and was elected to that office, a handsome compliment for so young a man. He has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Baptist Sabbath School for four years, was Librarian of the same for three years, is now Financial Reporter of Clarksville Lodge, No. 232, Knights of Honor, is a staunch member of the Baptist Church, and a lively Knight of Pythias. He enjoys the fullest confidence of the public, and is a first class gentleman in every sense of that meaning. On the 4th of November, 1885, Mr. Beach led to the hymenial altar Miss Jessie Coutts, daughter of John F. Coutts, and their union has been blessed with a lovely daughter, Bessie Beach.

JOHN NEWTON WADDELL, D. D., LL. D.

This eminent divine, now Chancellor of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, is the youngest son of the late Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell, of South Carolina, and was born April 2nd, 1812, at Willington, S. C. He prepared for the University of Georgia, at Athens, Ga., and graduated in that institution, August 5th, 1829. He joined the Presbyterian Church in 1839, in Green county, Ala.; was taken under care of the Presbytery of Tuskaloosa, in the same year; was licensed by the Presbytery of Mississippi, September 15th, 1841; and was ordained by the Presbytery of Tombeckbee, September 23rd, 1843. He was first settled as preacher at Mount Herman, Smith county, Miss.; then at Mount Moriah, Newton county, Miss., alternating with Montrose, Miss. This continued until 1848, when, removing to Oxford, Miss., he supplied the church there in conjunction with Hopewell Church, near Oxford. Here he continued until 1857. He then supplied LaGrange Church, where he was associated with Dr. J. H. Gray. After acting as agent of Synod of Alabama for establishing the Orphan Asylum at Tuskegee, Ala., he supplied Oxford Church again, from 1865 to 1872, partly with Hopewell Church. In 1874 he removed to Memphis, Tenn., and supplied, as his last charge, Lauderdale Street Church until 1879. Dr. Waddell's work has been largely connected with literary institutions, in all of which he has won a high reputation. He taught the academy from 1830 to 1834, at Willington, S. C., and taught another academy from 1842 to 1848, Montrose, Miss. He was then elected Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Mississippi, where he served until 1857. He was then called to LaGrange Synodical College, as Professor of Ancient Languages, serving as such until 1860, when he was made President of the same college, which office he held until the college was closed by the war. In 1865, called to the University of Mississippi as Chancellor, he served in this capacity until 1874. Resigning to accept



the Secretaryship of Education of the Southern Church, he served in this office until 1879, when he accepted a call to the Chancellorship of the Southwestern Presbyterian University. Dr. Waddell was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church in its meeting at Baltimore, in 1868. His whole ministry has been one of great activity and widely extended usefulness. Blessed with a vigorous constitution, and until within the last few years fine health, he has done an unusual amount of service in all his different charges. As a preacher, he is always evangelical, instructive and attractive. He is eminently conservative in all his doctrinal views, and may be regarded as a representative man of the Southern Church. It is, however, as an educator that he has won his widest reputation. Much of his life has been spent in this department of work. In the instruction of youth and in the government of collegiate institutions he seems to have inherited the genius of his distinguished father. Eminently wise in counsel, judicious and practical in all his methods, he has never failed to secure the respect, confidence and affection of young men in all the institutions of education with which he has been connected. There is probably no man in all the Southern Church who could be placed before him in this respect. Nor are there many in all the country who to an equal degree possess those high qualities of thorough scholarship, practical wisdom, good sense, firmness and affability which make the popular and efficient college president.

ADAM G. GOODLETT.

The history of the family of Goodletts dates back for many generations, and the identity of the blood line goes into Germany and Scotland as far as the fifteenth century. In 1757 Adam Goodlett, of Edinburg, came to America on a tour of pleasure, after graduating in one of the most famous schools of that period; and while in Virginia was captured in matrimony by Miss Rebecca Balderson. Eleven children were the fruits of this union; and shortly after the Revolutionary war the father and his family moved to Bardstown, Ky. A few years later he moved to Nashville; here he died in 1822. E. E. Goodlett, the third son of Adam Goodlett, married Eliza Hammond, and located at Princeton, Ky., and to this couple were born eight children. The eldest son, Adam G., born January 1st, 1810, married Eliza T. Turner in 1846, and moved to Goodlettsville, near Nashville. In 1853 he moved to Nashville and assumed charge of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He died September 14th, 1866. The second son of Rev. Adam G. Goodlett is Clarksville's lawyer, stock raiser, and most worthy citizen, A. G. Goodlett, of whom this sketch is compiled. He was born June 22nd, 1842, at Nashville, and educated in the schools there. From 1857 to 1860, he attended the Western Military Institute, under the supervision of the late General Bushrod Johnson, and in 1863 he was married to Miss Sallie D. Hooper, but after her death in March, 1865, he moved to Charlotte, Tenn., and began the practice of his chosen profession. June 10th, 1866, he was married to Miss Florence Gold, and to this union five children were born. In 1871 Mr. Goodlett came to Clarksville, making it his permanent home, and continuing the practice of law until 1883, when he purchased a

stock farm of over one thousand acres near the city, and upon this he now divides his time with his law practice. Since he took up law at Charlotte, Mr. Goodlett has been very successful, and since his citizenship here has always been in the foremost ranks of every public enterprise advanced for the good of Clarksville and the county of Montgomery. Mr. and Mrs. Goodlett are members of the Episcopal Church, while he is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and the orders of Knights of Pythias and Knights of Honor. As a stock raiser and breeder, Mr. Goodlett has been very successful, and stands to-day in the front rank of men in that business in Tennessee. When the State debt settlement was an agitating question in Tennessee politics, Mr. Goodlett was strongly in favor of paying out dollar for dollar, just the same as settling an old debt between man and man, and this sentiment assisted in proving him to be a gentleman of very fine feeling and a keen sense of the *amend honorable*.

JOHN PASHLEY YARDLEY WHITFIELD.

Mr. J. P. Y. Whitfield, manager of the Clarksville Foundry and Machine Shop, and the Clarksville Saw Mill and Lumber Company, is a representative man of the mechanical interest; a gentleman worthy to be a leader of any class of citizens. His splendid business capacity, strict integrity, clear-headed and correct business principles, constitute a force of character that is strongly felt in the community, and society has been greatly benefitted by his good councils. Mr. Whitfield is at the head of important and prosperous enterprises, and this sketch of his life contains a complete history of them. He was born September 29th, 1827, in Philadelphia, Penn., son of William and Rachael (Yardley) Whitfield, both descendants of English families. He was educated in the city of his birth, and went to Brownsville, Penn., where he served an apprenticeship as moulder in the foundry of John Snoden. About 1850 he went to Nashville, Tenn., working as journeyman for the Nashville Manufacturing Company. The same year he went to Charleston, S. C., and was given the foremanship of a large foundry. From there he went to Pittsburgh, Penn., then to Lexington, Ky., where he was foreman in a foundry. In 1853 he returned to Pittsburgh, where he stayed six months, was married, and then returned to Lexington to settle down, but after one year he was offered a contract by H. P. Dorris, of the Clarksville Foundry, to execute some important work, which he accepted, moving to Clarksville in 1854, filling his contract with Mr. Dorris about two years. The Clarksville Foundry was established about forty years ago by H. P. Dorris; located on Commerce street at the town spring. It is an old style frame concern, was never changed, modernized or repaired, and looks as if it might last one hundred years yet. It rather reminds one of that famous house described in the story of the Arkansas traveler, which did not need any repairs while the weather was good, and could not be mended or re-covered when it was raining. It still answers the purpose, and ought to be preserved as a relic of the past. It is perhaps the only business house or work shop of forty years ago, that has escaped fire, storm, and total decay. The old building has never been idle, the machinery is ever moving, several families being dependent on it for meat and bread. It was first a stove

foundry, and did quite a prosperous business, and the question arises, why would not a stove foundry do well in Clarksville now? Mr. Dorris gained quite a reputation for the excellency of his stoves, and also for the Dorris patent fire grate, which is still popularly in use. Mr. Dorris, however, concluded that Clarksville was too small a place for him, and sold his foundry about 1857 to J. P. V. Whitfield, Thomas Pritchett and R. M. House, and it started under the name of Whitfield & Co., and the stove and grate business was abandoned, Dorris taking his patterns. Mr. Dorris was a good man and most valuable citizen, but he was disappointed in his move to Nashville. That was not the place for him, and he returned to Clarksville after two years, engaging in the tin and sheet iron business, in a store on Franklin street, and was succeeded by Kin cannon & Hamlett. One year later Larkin Bradley and James Clark bought the interests of Pritchett and House in the foundry, and the firm name was changed to Whitfield, Bradley & Co. A machine shop was added in the meantime for the repair of machinery, engines, etc. This firm continued in business until some time after the war, when Mr. Whitfield bought the whole concern. It was, however, Whitfield, Bradley & Co. who made those famous rifle cannons and cannon balls for the Confederacy. A man by the name of Binkley came along and gave orders for the moulding of cannon and cannon balls. It was something new to this company, as they had no experience in the manufacture of war material. But Binkley was said to be a leader of the Knights of the Golden Cross, there was something dark and mysterious in his eyes, and the company put their heads together and decided that the work had to be done, and Mr. Whitfield brought all of his mechanical genius to bear in producing something to meet the demand of the Knights of the Golden Cross. Two cannons were soon turned out. Colonel R. W. Humphreys was appointed by the Knights of the Golden Cross to test the new artillery. The Colonel with a detail of men took Whitfield's cannons up the river to see if they could be bursted. The Colonel turned loose these engines of destruction doubly charged, battering down the stone bluff on the opposite side of the river, ploughing up the earth like a volcanic eruption. Elated with this performance, and enthused with the exercise, the Colonel like the boy in the play, just imagined that the trees on the bluff were Yankee soldiers, put in four charges of ammunition, and brought his artillery to bear on the timber. Every ball was like a Kansas tornado, leaving not a single tree in its path. About the close of the war Mr. Whitfield sold a half interest in the establishment (he having in the meantime become sole owner) to three practical mechanics, his brother-in-law, James A. Bates, from Pittsburgh, and Joseph Elliott and Samuel Crabtree, from Zanesville, Ohio, and the business has since been conducted under the firm name of Whitfield, Bates & Co. This firm established a saw mill in Gallows Hollow, which they operated three years under the name of Whitfield & Co., and then sold it to R. J. Goostree. In the meantime Mr. Whitfield was for a while engaged in merchandising with Joseph Edwards, of New Providence. They occupied the old Coulter house, and M. C. Pitman and R. H. Pickering were their clerks. After selling the saw mill Whitfield, Bates & Co. took a one-third interest with G. B. Wilson and Dr. C. W. Beaumont in building the Sewanee

Planing Mills. In 1883 Whitfield, Bates & Co. sold their planing mill interest to the remaining partners, G. B. Wilson and Henry Frech, and engaged extensively in the saw mill business at Danville, on the Tennessee River. In 1884 the firm abandoned operations at Danville, and built their present saw mill on Cumberland River just above the city, with G. B. Wilson and Henry Frech as partners. The following year Mr. Whitfield bought Mr. Wilson's interest, and B. W. Macrae bought out Henry Frech. The enterprise is now known as the Clarksville Lumber Company, Whitfield, Bates & Co. owning one-third, J. P. Y. Whitfield one-third, and B. W. Macrae one-third. It is a very large and profitable business, the mill property and stocks on hand being worth twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Whitfield devotes nearly all of his time to this establishment, assisted by his son-in-law, Mr. Chas. W. Hodgson. The capacity of the mill is from twelve to fifteen thousand feet of lumber per day, and during the past year it cut ten thousand logs. Mrs. A. L. Bates, by the death of her husband, became a partner in the foundry, and E. C. Bates bought Joseph Elliott's interest several years ago, and has since occupied the place of his brother as manager of the foundry. Mr. Whitfield served twelve years as President of the Mechanic's Building and Loan Association, which he was prominent in organizing. He is at present, and has been for years, a Director of the First National Bank. He has been Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Financial Agent for the Odd Fellows lodge over twenty years, and his excellent financial skill is to be seen and appreciated in the management of this benevolent fund, by which the sum of five hundred dollars has been increased to fourteen thousand dollars. No man has lived a more busy and useful life, esteemed by all. Mr. Whitfield was married May 10th, 1853, to Miss Martha Jane Bates, daughter of Peter Bates, of Alleghany county, Penn. Seven children were born to this union, only three of whom survive: Edward B. Whitfield (see page 353), Mrs. Alice Hodgson, and Miss Annie Whitfield. The family worship with the Episcopal Church.

HOWERTON & MACRAE.

The dry goods trade of Clarksville received an acquisition in October, 1887, that gave it additional tone, and is now an honor to it. This was the formation of the firm of Howerton & Macrae, who are located in the palatial new building erected in the Summer and Fall of 1887 by M. C. Pitman and E. B. Ely at the southwest corner of First and Franklin streets. This firm is composed of Mrs. Anna Howerton and John H. Macrae, both of whom are well and favorably known to the people of this city and vicinity. The spacious new building, which is twenty by one hundred and thirty feet in size, is beautifully decorated in fixtures, which include eight counters, full length shelving with large drawers beneath, and many plate glass show cases. The front side and rear of the room has plate glass windows which furnish an elegant and even light over the premises. In addition to the dry goods, notion and novelty departments, there is a mantau and dressmaking room, where all manner of ladies' wear is made. This house is one of the most complete in all its departments in the South, and the city of Clarksville is justly proud of it. Mrs. Anna Howerton was born in Illinois, but

when about six years old was brought to Tennessee by her parents, and was educated at Nashville and Clarksville. She was married to the late J. T. Howerton in Christian county, Ky., but he died in 1867, leaving three children to her care. She spent some time teaching school, but in 1878 she entered the service of Coulter Brothers, this city, and remained with them until June, 1887. In October following she became a member of the firm of Howerton & Macrae, and is now on the road to the most prosperous part of her life. Mrs. Howerton is too well known and too much beloved by the people of Clarksville to require any eulogy here as to her ability for business. Her past record certifies to the fact that she is one of the best business ladies in the city. She is a Presbyterian. John H. Macrae is a son of Dr. J. H. Macrae, of Christian county, Ky., and was born in that county January 15th, 1862. He was educated in country schools, after which he farmed until July, 1882, when he entered the service of Coulter Brothers and served them until June, 1887. He then entered the service of the First National Bank as book-keeper, but as the organization of the firm of Howerton & Macrae was then contemplated, he only held that position until October 1st following. During his business career John H. Macrae has constantly been a citizen of this city, and has won a name for honesty, uprightness and general solidity of character that might be envied by the most conscientious persons. He is full of energy and business tact which will carry him safely through the storms of life. He is a Presbyterian and a member of the choir of that church.

SIMON KATZ.

This wide awake and very active merchant has a very attractive dry goods store on the north side of Franklin, between First and Second streets, and is driving a fine trade. His storeroom is twenty-one by eighty feet in size, and is constantly supplied with a large stock of the best goods, such as are found in first-class stores of its kind. Aside from dry goods he keeps clothing, boots, shoes, hats, caps, cloaks, notions, etc., and he employs three gentlemanly salesmen, throwing in his own help. Mr. Katz was born near Wurtzburg, Bavaria, March 17th, 1849, and came to America in January, 1867. He first lived fifteen years at Murfreesboro, and then went to McMinnville, where he lived two years; and then he came here in 1884 and established himself in dry goods. While living at Murfreesboro he married a daughter of Isaac Rosenfeld, and they now have four children: Belle, Yetta, Phineas and Julian. Mr. Katz belongs to the Knights of Honor and the order of Odd Fellows. In October, 1887, he represented Pythagoras Lodge, No. 23, I. O. O. F., of Clarksville, at the Grand Lodge of that order held at Nashville, Tenn.

THOMAS H. HYMAN.

How much is offered for this very enterprising gentleman? Make a start, name the price, and get your money ready; but it must be remembered that he is worth his weight in gold, for he is one of the best tobacco auctioners in America, and can't be sold cheap. Mr. Hyman has followed the vocation of auctioneer for over twenty years,

selling for numerous firms and hundreds of persons annually. He is a man of the most honorable principles; energetic, accommodating, and probably the most popular general utility man associated with Clarksville tobaccoists. Mr. Hyman was born at Louisville, Ky., December 28th, 1837, son of Samuel and Henrietta B. (Oliver) Hyman, of Scotch-Irish descent. He acquired his education at schools in Louisville, and finished a business course at Boyd's Commercial College there. He has been Chief of the Fire Department and City Marshal, and was a leader in establishing the public school system here. He is a public spirited man in everything that is inclined to make this, his adopted city, prosperous, and enjoys the respect, esteem and confidence of the public generally. In 1860 he married Miss Eva Cooper, of New Orleans, and they have three children, Samuel A., Emma M., and Edward J. Mr. Hyman is a member of the Masonic order, and has been for over twenty years, having been Senior Deacon in his Blue Lodge for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Hyman belong to the Methodist Church, and are very attentive to their duties in church affairs.

RUFUS J. GOOSTREE.

This gentleman is a member of the Tobacco Board of Trade and deals considerable in the luxurious plant. He, however, devotes most of his time to cultivating tobacco and stock raising, but includes all kinds of products in his farming pursuits. He is very enterprising, and at all times wide awake to business. He is a native of Sumner county, Tenn., born March 4th, 1833. He received a good common school education, and began hustling for himself at the age of twenty-two. He first engaged in the livery business, and followed this until 1859, when he sold out and came to Montgomery county and married Miss Mary Wylie, who died in 1860. Mr. Goostree joined the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry in 1861, and served the Confederacy until the close of the war, receiving wounds at Petersburg. He surrendered with General Lee's army at Appomatox Court House, Virginia, and returned home and engaged in farming. In 1867 he married Miss Rachel A. Hinton, daughter of John J. Hinton, a prominent citizen of Davidson county, Tenn. When the Memphis branch of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was being put through, Mr. Goostree was a prominent contractor on the construction, and did his work in a satisfactory manner. He has lived for about twenty years on his present elegant farm near this city. Mr. Goostree and wife are both Presbyterians.

SEARS MAJOR.

The subject of this sketch is one of the brightest and most active members of the young bar of Clarksville. He was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., September 15th, 1862, and came to Clarksville in 1873. Mr. Major is the eldest son of John N. and Marietta (Sears) Major. His father is a prosperous farmer of this county. His mother is the only child of Rev. A. D. Sears, one of the leading ministers of the Baptist Church in Tennessee, and of whom an extended sketch appears elsewhere in this volume. Mr. Major received his education at Stewart College. In 1881 he began the study of law under the direction of Hon. Wm. M. Daniel. He attended law lectures at Vanderbilt University, graduating from that institution in June, 1883, and immediately entered

upon the practice of his profession. Since that time he has been an active and successful practitioner. He is a member of the Baptist Church, having connected himself with that denomination in 1876.

ISAAC ROSENFELD.

An attractive feature of the dry goods trade of Clarksville is the store of Isaac Rosenfeld, at the northeast corner of First and Franklin streets. The building is twenty five by one hundred and fifty feet in size, two stories high, and is filled constantly with a fine line of novelties in dress goods, clothing, etc. The house employs six salesmen, who are mostly under the instruction of Mr. Sam Rosenfeld, the oldest son of the proprietor. Mr. Rosenfeld has a large store at Murfreesboro, and he divides his time between the two cities, that business being in the hands of his two sons, Benjamin and Charles, and both houses are flourishing finely. Mr. Rosenfeld is a native of Leuterhausan, Bavaria, and came to America forty years ago. He lived at Murfreesboro over twenty years, and in 1885 came to Clarksville and established his business here. He has nine children, most of whom are well grown, and are rendering him valuable assistance, as the entire family is full of energy and enterprise.

ELIAS GLICK.

Among the many prosperous merchants of Clarksville, none have been blessed with fortune to a greater extent than Elias Glick, who is in the dry goods business in the old Hillman block, the store formerly occupied by Pitman & Lewis. Here he owns a storeroom twenty-one by one hundred and thirty-one feet, and every portion of it is filled with valuable merchannise. He has five well trained assistants in the various departments, and the sale annually is enormous. Mr. Glick established himself in business in this city in 1870, and notwithstanding the fact that he has twice been burned out, he is now on his feet again in elegant shape. He is strictly honorable in his dealings, has acquired considerable property, and stands A No. one as a citizen and merchant. He is a native of Austria-Hungary, and first landed in America in 1866, coming to Clarksville, but he left here and went to Shelbyville, Tenn., where he lived eighteen months, and then returned to this city. He married Miss Bettie Shyer, then of Hopkinsville, but her father, S. Shyer, is now a prosperous merchant of this city. They have quite a family of children. Mr. Glick is a member of the Knights of Honor, and is proud of that noble order.

HARRISON & DUGAN.

This enterprising firm is located on the east side of Third street, between Franklin and Commerce, where it manufactures carriages, buggies, and, in fact, every and all kinds of pleasure vehicles. The factory covers a space fronting on Third street sixty by one hundred and sixty feet, and this is connected with a department twenty five by one hundred feet fronting on Commerce street. It furnishes employment for twenty-five men during the busy season, and has a capacity for turning out one hundred and fifty new jobs annually, besides doing an immense amount of repairing. It is one of the liveliest places of business in the city, and its product is second to none in the

country. G. A. Harrison, senior member of the firm, is a native of this city, a son of the late A. B. Harrison, the well known tobacco man. He went through the common schools and Stewart College here, but prior to engaging in his present occupation. served twelve years in the dry goods business, and in 1881 became the partner of A. Dugan. Mr. Harrison married Miss Sarah King, daughter of the late Judge King, and they have two children, Maude and William. Mr. Harrison is a Presbyterian, while Mrs. Harrison belongs to the Baptist Church. Anthony Dugan was born in Ireland, but came to the United States in 1852. He first located in Delaware, where he learned his trade, and afterwards moved to Louisville, where he lived five years, but in 1866 he came to Clarksville and worked at carriage making at journeyman's wages. In 1881 he became a partner of Mr. Harrison, and has since flourished finely. Mrs. Dugan is a native of Maryland, but they were married in Delaware, her maiden name being Miss Annie E. Brady. They have one child at home, John V., and both himself and wife are members of the Catholic Church.

THE CLARKSVILLE DEMOCRAT.

This paper was founded in 1882 by M. V. Ingram and others. At its inception it was only intended as a campaign paper, being called into existence by the exceedingly heated controversy over the State debt settlement, both the other journals of the city espousing the side of high tax, or Skyblue party, as it was called, which favored paying the debt in full. At the close of the canvass, the element for which the *Democrat* had fought being successful, it was determined to make the paper permanent. The *Democrat* continued under the control of Mr. Ingram until 1883, when he sold out to R. M. Hall and B. M. DeGraffenried, who conducted it until 1884, when Mr. Hall sold out his interest to Mr. DeGraffenried, who employed Mr. G. M. Bell to edit the paper. This arrangement continued until April, 1885, when Mr. DeGraffenried's health's failed, and he was forced to sell out, Mr. Bell becoming sole proprietor as well as editor. The following October Mr. Bell sold a half interest to John S. Miller, and in the Spring of 1886 the other half. Mr. Miller conducted the paper alone until August, 1887, when he sold a half interest to Arthur E. Harris, under which management the paper still continues. In politics the *Democrat* is all the name implies, in fact it is so radically Democratic as to have frequently had the name "Bourbon" applied it.

J. J. GARROTT.

Among the most enterprising agriculturalists in the vicinity of Clarksville is the gentleman whose name appears above. Besides being an extensive farmer and tobacco raiser, he deals in tobacco and is a member of the Clarksville Tobacco Board of Trade. He owns a magnificent farm and country seat about three miles north of the city, and his eight hundred acres is well attended to while his other business is pushed vigorously year after year. Mr. Garrott stands pre-eminent in the estimation of the people of this vicinity, as he is known by everybody, old and young. His parents, Jacob and Ann C. (Going) Garrott, who were of Scotch-Irish descent, died in Illinois. He was born near this city, December 30th, 1833, and was educated in the common schools of

Montgomery country. He followed farming until the war broke out, and then he joined Company F, of the Seventh Kentucky Confederate Infantry. He fought at Shiloh, Vickburg, Port Hudson, Shell Mound, Baton Rouge, and wound up his war record as a member of Forrest's Cavalry. He received five wounds, and returned home wearing his marks of a brave, courageous soldier, in 1865, after the last war note had been sounded. In the Fall of that year he began merchandising at New Providence, and this he continued for eight years. The next two years he engaged in the tobacco commission business at New York city, but he eventually returned to his native heath and resumed farming, and occupied his present elegant home in 1873. On the 19th of November, 1883, one of the most exciting events that ever transpired in this vicinity occurred in this house. At an early hour in the morning Mr. Garrott detected a burglar at work in his family room, whom he succeeded in shooting with a shot gun. The wounded burglar fled from the house and fell dead outside. Mr. and Mrs. Garrott then had a hand to hand struggle with a second burglar, who had come to his pall's assistance, during which Mr. Garrott was shot through the lung. Bleeding rapidly and becoming weak, Mr. Garrott was obliged to let go the fellow and allow him to escape. This incident will never be forgotten by the people of Montgomery county. Mrs. Garrott was formerly Miss Nannie P. Grinstead, of Kentucky, and both she and he are members of the Baptist Church. He is also a member of the Masonic order, and is highly honored and esteemed by all.

SAMUEL B. STEWART.

Samuel B. Stewart was born in 1843, at Lafayette Furnace, Stewart county, son of Professor Wm. M. Stewart, a sketch of whom will be found on page 53 of this book.



He was educated at Stewart College, and after graduating, read medicine with a view to practicing the profession. In 1863 he entered, as a clerk, the drug store of E. R. W. and T. A. Thomas, then doing business in the old Elder block, fronting on the Square, second door from the corner. He learned rapidly, and soon gained for himself the reputation of being the best prescriptionist that was ever in Clarksville; a young man of quiet, amiable disposition, and universally popular. About the close of the war he had become so interested and attached to the business, that he bought out the Thomas Brothers, and has since been engaged in the drug business up to the Summer of 1887, when failing

health forced him to retire. Mr. Stewart was married in 1866 to Miss Medora Judkins, daughter of Albert and Mary Judkins. Mrs. Judkins is a daughter of William Coutts, of Robertson county, sister of John F. Coutts, and niece of Hon. Cave Johnson. Mrs. Stewart is a very superior lady in all that goes to make up noble and Christian womanhood.

The following tribute to the memory of Mr. Stewart is from the pen of Mr. John W. Faxon, and appeared in the *CHRONICLE* of November 12th, 1887: The death of Samuel B. Stewart, of this city, on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, from dropsy, was not unlooked for. It was known to the community in which he has lived for nearly a third of a century, from boyhood to manhood, that death had marked him for his own some months since. Yet the announcement of his death fell like a pall upon the hearts of numerous friends who had known him, and loved him, from his early youth. He was born at Lafayette Furnace, in this county, on the 21st of March, 1844. His father was William M. Stewart, his mother Jane B. Stewart, both of Philadelphia, who emigrated to this section early in 1842, where Mr. Stewart engaged in the iron business, which at that time was one of our most prosperous commercial industries. Mr. William M. Stewart, his father, moved to the vicinity of this city in 1850, where he resided until his death. He was the founder of Stewart College, after whom it was named, and from which sprung our Southwestern Presbyterian University. From his boyhood, the subject of this notice had a peculiar fascination of manner about him which drew close to him those whom he wished to love. In this world, outside of his circle of friends, he had no desire to mingle—public life had no charms for him. He preferred a few warm social companions to a host of insincere friends, and those who knew him best were those he loved the best. With a bright brisk mind, a memory remarkable for its intentness, he read and digested the best authors, and culled from their best thoughts. During his last illness, every attention that loved ones could give to make the cup he felt compelled to drink less bitter, were proffered by kind and loving hands. His last month was one of great suffering, but he professed Christ as his Saviour and bore all his pain and anguish with patience and fortitude, because, as he said, "The Master willed it." The writer knew and loved Sam Stewart from his early boyhood, and with all his schoolmates he can join in casting upon his silent grave a tribute of love and shed a tear of regret that one so full of noble impulses, one so fully endowed with intellectual gifts from the Creator, should so early pass from the stage of action. The night of death has come, the cord of life is snapped assunder, but we have every assurance that the noble spirit of our lost friend has been wafted to a land of love and brightness, "where mortality has put on immortality," and "where the weary are at rest."

RICHARD W. GLENN.

One of the most recent, and at the same time energetic merchants that has been added to Clarksville's business list is Richard W. Glenn, son of James L. and Ella (Poindexter) Glenn. This young merchant king was born in Clarksville November 14th, 1865, and was educated mostly at Stewart College, but finished at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, after which he went into mercantile pursuits. In November, 1887, Mr. Glenn opened up in a brand new store on Franklin street near First. It is a three-story brick, iron and glass structure, twenty-five by one hundred and two feet in the clear, and has a full length cellar and a basement. The house is

erected on the most modern plan with elevators and all other fixed commodities suitable to the business that Mr. Glenn has adapted it to. The massive skylights, the plate glass front and the large windows at the rear furnish the most superb light imaginable. The fixtures are made of cherry and contrast beautifully throughout the store. The counters, shelving, bins, racks and other furniture are of the finest quality and very superior in design. Mr. Glenn conducts a first-class fancy grocery, and has on sale every luxury imaginable. He is probably the youngest merchant in Clarksville, and is commonly known among his friends as "Little Dick" Glenn. He is a man possessed of the highest standard of honor, and is well endorsed by the public of Clarksville and the surrounding country.

CHARLES A. GOSSETT.

This young and very enterprising gentleman, who recently made his *debut* into the business arena of Clarksville, is prospering finely. He now occupies the building recently conducted by C. D. and C. H. Bailey, on Franklin street between the Public Square and First street. The new building is one of the most attractive in the block in which it is located, and is twenty five feet front by one hundred and twenty-five deep, having three stories and a fine cellar. The ground floor contains the finest display of bed room sets to be found in this part of the State, while the second floor is a grand parlor of itself, filled with the most magnificent display of parlor goods imaginable. The third story contains everything in the ordinary and common line of household furniture of every kind, while the cellar is filled with odds and ends of this, that and other kind. This palace of furniture is decidedly the best and most thoroughly equipped house of its kind in this surrounding country, and as its owner is a young man with an abundance of determination, honor, and pluck, there is no immediate danger of it being surpassed. The people of Clarksville are exceedingly proud of this massive improvement in the city's business, and



predict for Mr. Gossett an unqualified success. Mr. Gossett was born in Robertson county, Tennessee, August 12th, 1862, and was educated at Franklin, Kentucky, mostly. He, however, attended school at Harrisburg, Missouri, and began business in the furniture line at Bowling Green, Ky., in the Spring of 1886. He came to this city in November, 1886, and has been very successful as a merchant of Clarksville since. In point of honor and integrity Mr. Gossett cannot be surpassed.

APPENDIX.

CLARKSVILLE IN 1861.

Incidents and Reminiscences—The Current of Events—The War
Feeling—The Union and Secession Parties—Public Meet-
ings, Conventions and Elections—The First Call for
Volunteers—The 14th Regiment Organized—Its
Muster Roll—The Boys Take Up the Line of
March for Virginia—Other Commands
and Individuals—Names of Our
Boys Captured at the Fall of
Fort Donelson, &c., &c.

The following pages are collected chiefly from the files of the CHRONICLE for 1861, then edited by R. W. Thomas, who was a staunch old line Whig and Union man. His editorials repeated here show the movements of parties and indicate most clearly the influences which compeled the people of Tennessee to take up arms in self defence. These reminiscences begin with an editorial in the CHRONICLE of January 4th, 1861, in which the editor takes a firm stand against separate State secession :

“Separate secession is Southern disunion, and the State that adopts it not only abandons all its rights in the Union, but betrays the States to which it is bound by community of interests and identity of institutions. South Carolina has thus absconded and Alabama and Mississippi promise to follow in her wake in a very few days. These facts demand of the remaining slave States prompt action and a common purpose ; and what that purpose should be is too clearly indicated to be mistaken. We have repeatedly urged that a united South should exhaust every constitutional means for the preservation of the Union before recourse is had to the extreme measure of revolution, and

that the present opportunity for demanding the full recognition of our rights and additional guarantees for their future security should not be lost. To this end we have advised a conference of the slave States, and a stern demand of them of all we have a right to claim as equal partners in a common government; and if this demand be not granted by the North, then we are for a Southern Confederacy. This is the only policy that holds out a hope of saving the Union; and if this fails, the responsibility will rest upon the sectional fanatics who are willing to trample upon the rights of the South in defense of mock philanthropy. Can the slave States consistently with their honor and safety adopt any other policy? The leading demand of the South, during the last canvass—a demand based upon the clearest constitutional rights, and involving the equality of the States—was that the slave-holder should be protected in the Territories, and what is the answer? That the Black Republicans will not so far forego the fruits of their victory as to suffer one foot of Territory to be trodden by a slave, and, of course, that another slave State shall not be added to the Confederacy. Where is the article in the federal compact which gives to the North all the Territories, and the power to declare that they shall, or shall not, recognize the institution of slavery? That power is to be found alone in the will of an arrogant sectional majority, and is the South prepared to back down from its position, and cower beneath an arrogance whose demands and aggressions will increase with the feebleness of the resistance with which they are met? If so, it will be a tacit admission that the demands of the South are not based upon justice, and that all its threats were but empty bravado—meriting nothing but Northern contempt, and inviting additional Northern aggression. In demanding our rights, we ask the North to concede nothing of right or principle. The Constitution makes all the States equal and guarantees to them equal protection. The South demands this protection, and if it be denied by a sectional majority, equality is at an end, the Constitution is violated, and the aggrieved party must seek redress in revolution, if no other means prove effective. If slavery be a sin, the North is not responsible for it, and has no right to meddle with it in any shape. Let its abstract opinions of freedom be what they may, they are not of higher authority than the Constitution, and any attempt to make those opinions the rule of action in the administration of the Government, in the face of the law and the Constitution, is no less revolutionary than secession itself. Were the South in a majority, and should undertake to destroy the labor-saving machinery of the North upon the fanatical idea that it injuriously competes with free labor, makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer, how earnestly would that section protest that the Constitution protects their machines and that the South has no right to interfere with property thus protected! Every such machine tends to enslave the poor by decreasing the demand for their labor and increasing their necessities; and a morbid philanthropy may with as much justice wage war upon the labor-saving machines, as inimical to freedom, as it may denounce Southern institutions as tending to the same end. But would the North submit to such interference with their machines? We think not. Then we claim, for the South, the same right to resist a similar aggression; and if a Northern majority overrule the Constitution and deny us its

protection, there is but one manly and honorable course left to pursue, and that is revolution, by compact and concerted action. Separate secession is cowardly, traitorous, and utterly destructive of the ends to be attained. Cowardly, because it is flying from an enemy that should be boldly met, and abandoning rights which should be defended; traitorous, because it is a desertion of friends and allies, and destructive because it divides the South and fritters away the strength that union would give it. Give us a united South and a united demand for our constitutional rights, and if this demand be rejected by the North, then let us form a Southern Confederacy. Let this policy be adopted at once, and the difficulty settled, one way or the other, now and forever. We cannot adjourn it with honor or safety—a quiet surrender will make the North despise us, and delay will but increase the danger that environs us.”

“The Legislature meets on Monday, and has important duties to perform—bearing upon Federal as well as State policy. Some measures are indispensable for the relief of the financial embarrassments which are pressing so heavily upon the people. What those measures should be we shall not attempt to say, but trust they will prove efficient, for never did the people stand in greater need of aid than at this time. In view of the distracted condition of the country, and the rapidly increasing demand for concert of action amongst the slave States, we hope the Legislature will second that demand and provide for the representation of Tennessee in a Southern Convention, should one be called, or for Commissioners, should another form of conference be agreed upon by the other States. Tennessee should speak out distinctly and wisely. Its geographical position—to say nothing of its population, commerce and intelligence—gives it no little weight in this hour of trial, and both sections will look, with interest, to the proceedings of the Legislature which, though not elected with any reference to the present emergency, it is to be hoped will discard party feeling and look only to the great interests involved. There is still another question bearing upon our Federal relations, which we hope will not be overlooked. We allude to the late speech of Andy Johnson. During the late Presidential canvass we did not hear a Democratic speaker who did not openly proclaim resistance in case Lincoln was arrested, or contend that secession was the rightful and constitutional remedy for Northern aggressions. This was the almost universal sentiment of the Democrats of Tennessee, and not a few of the opposition inclined to the same opinions. This being the case, it is evident that Andy Johnson has misrepresented the State, and, in doing so, has given aid and comfort to the Black Republicans. At this particular time, when Committees of both Houses of Congress are anxiously seeking some mode of adjustment, policy should have dictated the suppression of such a speech from a Southern man, as eminently calculated to encourage the Republicans in resistance to any efforts to settle the difficulty, and to mislead them as to the feelings of the people of Tennessee. This false impression it is the duty of the Legislature to correct, and, at the same time, to rebuke the Senator for pandering to Northern sentiment, with ulterior views of personal aggrandizement. We agree with Andy Johnson, in the main, in his denial of the right of secession, and,

under ordinary circumstances, the denial of the right would imply the power to coerce; but, in this case, such an inference is not altogether legitimate. The violator of a contract has no right to coerce the party with whom he contracted to stand to the bargain after his own act has annulled it. If the Republican States had uniformly complied with all the requirements of the law and the Constitution, and South Carolina had seceded without any excuse, there would be a show of justice—indeed it would become a duty to force her back into the ranks, and all good citizens would sanction it. But ten of the Republican States have nullified a law of Congress, and violated a provision of the Constitution—besides having aided in converting a national into a sectional Government. This being undeniably true, their own violation of the Federal compact divests them of the right to enforce its observance by others, and it is adding insult to injury to even hint that a Southern State may, or ought to be, coerced by a party which was the first to violate the Constitution and laws. And such a hint from a Southern man, at this time and under such circumstances, bespeaks the traitor at heart and betrays the grovelling instincts of the dirty demagogue. We are no advocate of secession, as a constitutional right, nor of disunion till all honorable efforts have failed to avert it; neither do we admit that two wrongs make a right, but we have no toleration for the idea that the Republican party, after being guilty of nullification, shall be permitted to use force against a Southern State for a similar offense. These are our sentiments, and we believe the same are entertained by an overwhelming majority of the people of Tennessee. If so, Andy grossly misrepresents the State, and his bid for the succession to Lincoln calls for a stern rebuke from the representatives of the people.”

From the Chronicle of January 11th.

“We see that hand-bills have been issued calling for a meeting of the citizens of this county, on Monday next, ‘to take into consideration the impending crisis, and the preservation and maintenance of Southern rights against Northern aggression and fanatical violence.’ When a proposition was made, some weeks ago, for a Union meeting, we discouraged it upon the ground that such meetings carry no weight with them, because, at best, they afford but an imperfect clue to public opinion and because their tendency is to create divisions amongst the people. We still entertain the same opinion, and believe that the whole subject had better be left to the Legislature, now in session. Should a convention of the State be called, the election of delegates will give full and conclusive expression to public sentiment through the only reliable channel—the ballot-box—and should no convention be called such meetings as the one proposed will not contribute, in the slightest degree, to the settlement of the ‘impending crisis,’ and may do much to array the people one against another, and committing the impulsive to positions which their cooler judgment may not endorse. We are for the Union, emphatically, and believe that the best Union measure is a conference of the slave States, and the submission, by that conference, of an ultimatum to the North, accompanied by the declaration that the question must be settled now and forever, and leaving the responsibility of union or disunion with the people of the free States. This

plan of action can be carried out only through the Legislatures of the slave States, in the first place, and then by the convention elected directly by the people. To the advancement of this plan, county meetings—composed of a hundred or two men brought together by curiosity, or sympathy with the spirit of the call—cannot be auxiliary even; on the contrary, they serve to embarrass and mislead by the promulgation of opinions assumed to be the sentiment of the county, when, in fact, they may be entertained by a meagre minority. Union and disunion meetings have been held all through the South, and whilst they have, in many instances, led to angry discussions, we have not seen the first evidence of any good effected by them. The ‘impending crisis’ is not one to be controlled by such demonstrations; legislative enactments and direct recourse to the ballot-box are the only agencies through which it can be reached and successfully adjusted. One meeting has already been held here, and passed its resolutions in favor of the Union and honorable terms; should another be held, endorsing South Carolina and separate secession, they will nullify each other, and Montgomery will be held not to have spoken at all; but if secession be not the object of the proposed meeting, where is the necessity for two on the same side of the question?”

“The Knoxville *Register* says the only question for Tennessee to decide is—Whether she will go with the South or adhere to the North. At this time there is no such question before the people of this State, who are too wise and patriotic to resort to revolution until all constitutional means of redress have been tried, and too high-toned and chivalric to submit to Northern domination when such means have failed. We hope to see the Legislature, now in session, take a firm stand upon the Crittenden resolutions as an ultimatum, then urge upon the non-seceding States co-operation upon this basis, and declare, firmly but temperately, that unless the North acquiesce in that demand, Tennessee will withdraw from the Union. The Gulf States are more dangerous enemies to the South than even New England. Their policy is inviting civil war when there might be a peaceable separation; it is frittering away Southern strength by separate action and by premature ruinous expenditures of the sinews of war, and by weakening the moral force so essential to the maintenance of a cause involving the vital interests of the entire South. Then the question for Tennessee to decide is—not whether she shall strive to keep pace with the Gulf States in their career of self-destruction, but whether she shall, by wisdom and firmness, try to save the Union first, and, failing in this, to save the South from its enemies at home.”

From the Chronicle of January 18th.

“The meeting called for Monday last took place, but resulted, we believe, differently from what was anticipated by those who called it. The Union side of the question was advocated by Messrs. Bailey and House, and the secession side by Messrs. Harrel and Yancy. We were prevented from being present by indisposition, and can say nothing, therefore, of the merits of the speeches; the result, however, was the adoption, with slight modifications, of the Louisville resolutions which embody the main features of the Crittenden proposition. The people of Tennessee are not prepared

to go out of the Union whilst there is a chance to save it on honorable terms; much less are they prepared to encounter the anarchy and ruinous expenditures that must follow separate secession with no rallying point—no common government to supply the place of the one abandoned. Tennessee is for co-operation in the effort to obtain redress for grievances, and for co-operation in secession should those grievances not be redressed; and she wants, in addition, some fixed plan of government for the new Confederacy before she lets go the old. The course pursued by the Gulf States is the result of passion, and returning reason will disclose the fatal error into which they have been precipitated. Tennesseans are as sensitive to the election of Lincoln and the insults of the North as the Mississippians, but with cooler heads and steadier nerves, they choose to inquire where they are to land, before they leap, and to deliberate upon the chances of settling existing difficulties before they resort to revolution. But when they are satisfied that the Northern majority is determined to trample upon Southern rights and deny to the slave States equality in the Union, then it will be found that Tennessee is not only true to the South but more efficient in its defense than those Gulf States, because she will be completely armed with the right, and because her strength will be unimpaired by the needless waste of premature and ill-advised preparation. It should be the settled purpose of every Tennessean to have a full and satisfactory adjustment of the sectional quarrel, at this time, if disunion be the only alternative left us by the North, let us try and have a Union of the South and not all fly off into petty sovereignties contemptible in size and more contemptible for the folly manifested by the States which have led off in the work of disunion. Let Tennessee stand firm until her honor bids her quit the Union; in the meantime, let her find out where she is to go, and under what sort of government she is to live—whether as a separate sovereignty, or as a member of another Confederacy—and if the last, on what terms.”

“If the balance of the State is like this city and county, Tennessee is thoroughly and unalterably opposed to the unholy designs of the secessionists and disunionists. We have heard the present posture of affairs talked about a great deal, and by all classes of men, and yet we have to find the first man who is in favor of *immediate secession*. And yet our people are not for the Union at the sacrifice of Southern rights or Southern honor. They *are* for it, though, so long as it can be preserved with those considerations intact, and are opposed to sacrificing it on the altar of South Carolina whim. They advocate a spirit of toleration and forbearance on the part of the Southern States, until a resort can be had to every possible honorable means of saving the Union, when, if all such resources fail, when it shall be made apparent that we cannot obtain our rights in the Union, why then they say, let us all go out together. Such a course as this, however it might result, would carry with it the respect of the civilized world; but the mad precipitation which marks the action of the ‘Cotton States’ never can. This Union, however lightly others may esteem it, is in the estimation of every right-minded patriot worth an effort to preserve it. The noblest patriotism the world

ever knew conceived it, and it was brought forth and baptized in patriots' blood! The sufferings of our Revolutionary sires through the long winter nights and hopeless days at Valley Forge, were alone enough, even were there no other memories of what our liberties cost, to bid us pause in the work of destroying the very temple of those liberties. But a hundred memories, else than that, appeal to us to preserve it; and callous must be the heart that can resist their pleadings. The course that we have above indicated as the one that ought to be pursued, embodies *our own* sentiments and our position, and we think they can hardly be misunderstood, even by the dullest. We do not, by any means, hold that the South have no cause for complaint against the North. We know that they have long borne with acts of aggression and injustice from their Northern neighbors, that have for years past been a cause of serious apprehension to every lover of his country. It is not necessary to recapitulate here the wrongs and injustice done to the South, for they are known to every man of ordinary intelligence. But the question is, May not these grievances be removed? It is true that the Republican party have, so far, manifested a very stubborn spirit, but still that is no sufficient reason for plunging the nation into the horrors of dissolution and civil war. No, far from it! It is only after *every possible means* of preserving our Union has been tried, and failed—only after the South has done all that they possibly can to maintain our national brotherhood, and failed, that a resort ought to be had to dissolution; and palsied, we say, be the arm that is lifted against that Union until then."

From the Chronicle of February 1st.

"When the political caldron is boiling, new questions, like bubbles, rise to the surface, and though as unsubstantial, are attended with all the noise and commotion of the seething mass, whilst the particles which compose it are undergoing constant and rapid changes of their relative positions. In the present excited state of the public mind, it is not unusual to see conservative men become extreme, and extreme become conservative. The ties of former political affinities are sundered, and men are constantly surprised by running against political antagonists in the persons of those with whom there had lately been the heartiest co-operation. Such is the effect of revolution when passion is rampant and reason has receded—when appeals to the belligerent organs of the people are answered by demonstrations of 'spunk,' whilst the judgment sleeps. When we started to the Court House, on Monday morning, to attend the regular convention called for that day, it was with the hope of seeing something like unanimity of action, and the manifestation, on the part of the crowd, of a desire to try every constitutional means of saving the Union before resorting to the extreme measure of secession. On the way, however, this hope was weakened by seeing hand-bills calling for a convention of all those in favor of Southern rights and opposed to coercion. Believing there is not a man in the county who is not in favor of Southern rights and opposed to coercion, the peculiar terms of this call aroused the unpleasant suspicion that a party, in our midst, is at work for immediate secession, and when we witnessed a portion of the proceedings of the irregular convention, and heard the speeches, this suspicion became conviction. True to the position we took, in the beginning of this

struggle—that all constitutional means should be exhausted before Tennessee takes the fearful, and, perhaps, fatal leap, into the gulf of revolution—we repudiate the spirit and purpose of the immediate secessionists, and would rather see the convention voted down than made up of those who would ‘hustle’ Tennessee out of the Union in imitation of the Gulf States. The indications at the North encourage the belief that, *with time*, the Union can be saved on terms honorable and satisfactory to all conservative Southern men, and when the question is whether that time shall be granted, or Tennessee immediately secede, we cannot hesitate to take a stand in favor of a reasonable delay. Talk with the most violent secessionist and he will not hesitate to assure you that he is in favor of saving the Union if it can be done on honorable terms; talk with the most determined conservative and he will tell you that he is for secession in the event that no honorable adjustment can be made. Then as the ultimate purpose of all is the same, whence the difference of opinion—this division of parties? There is but one way of explaining it—the one party is for immediate secession, because it desires a Southern Confederacy, and the other is against immediate secession because it prefers the present Union and thinks it can yet be saved. This is the issue made up on Monday; two sets of candidates are nominated upon it, and it is now plainly before the people—how stands Montgomery upon it? This question the people must answer on the 9th, and we will not believe, until they so declare, that their vote will be cast for immediate secession—an experiment that must begin with the breaking up of a government, and will end in—God knows what. Tennessee cannot be dishonored by a faithful effort to save the Union even though Lincoln be inaugurated in the meantime, and the hazards attending the opposite course are too great to be incurred because some think that honor demands the secession of Tennessee before the 4th of March. Such hasty action was not contemplated when the convention was ordered, and the Legislature which ordered it passed resolutions intended to be a basis for its action. Those resolutions demand constitutional amendments as the condition upon which Tennessee will remain in the Union, and that demand implies time for action by all of the States concerned; and the very day fixed for the meeting of the convention is, of itself, conclusive proof that the Legislature did not contemplate the possibility of declaring Tennessee out of the Union before the 4th of March. Nor is such a result possible unless the Convention disregard the law which requires that its proceedings shall be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. If the secessionists propose to take upon themselves such a responsibility, the people ought to know it, and every candidate be required to pledge himself to a strict compliance with the act calling a convention. Already it has been declared that the provision of the act which requires submission to the people will be imperative, and it can be made so only by the refusal of the convention to obey the law, and rather than see Tennessee dragged out of the Union by such means, let the convention be voted down. As parties are now arrayed, the question is immediate secession or such an effort to secure Southern rights as will necessarily require time. We are for the latter, as compatible not only with honor, but with the best interests of Tennessee and the ultimate good of all the States. Let those

who think differently act differently—it is a matter of individual opinion, and each one must be responsible to his conscience, to his country, to posterity.”

“We are told by Georgia and Alabama papers that those States were carried for secession by lying sensation dispatches, and we call upon the people of Tennessee to guard against the same influences. The same game will be attempted, no doubt, and the wires will become sonorous with reports calculated to incense us against the North and enlist our sympathies for the South. Heed them not.”

“We have never seen the day, since Lincoln’s election, that we would have consented to see the slave States quietly acquiesce in his rule without a final settlement of the questions to which his election has given vital importance. The cardinal doctrine of his party, that the South has no right in the common Territories, cannot be enforced without violating the equality of the States, and to this the South cannot submit without dishonor and a surrender of its constitutional rights. In support of its claims, the South appeals to the Constitution and the spirit of the Federal compact which contemplates the perfect equality of the States and the equal protection of every right recognized by that instrument, whilst the North, in support of its claims to exclusive ownership of the Territories, appeals to a higher law than the constitution. This being the issue between the two sections, it devolves upon the North to show whence comes this higher law, and by what virtue it claims precedence over the constitution—behind and above which neither section has a right to look for endorsement of political heresies. Whether or not man can hold property in man, is a question the North has no right to raise—the constitution has settled it in the affirmative, and no quibble, no appeals to a higher law can evade the conclusion that such property is entitled to protection wherever it may be found upon the national domain. But, because we hold the North to be clearly in the wrong, it does not follow that we must believe the Gulf States to be right, or that separate secession is the rightful remedy for the evils of which they complain. We cannot endorse their course, and believe to-day, that they are the very worst enemies of the South. By separate secession, they have destroyed the unity of the South, are frittering away its strength, breaking down its credit, and bringing upon it the contempt of the great nations of the earth. Tennessee may be forced to dissolve its connection with the North, but let her beware of being dragged and dragooned into an alliance that may involve her in all the horrors of an unnecessary war. If Tennessee would indeed befriend the Gulf States, let her earnestly endeavor—if she must secede—to build up a central power of the border free and slave States, that shall stand between the maddened extremes and command the peace—a central Confederacy with which conservative States may hereafter unite, and by thus gradually widening the space between antagonistic fanaticisms, eventually bring back all the States into one Union and under one government. This is a cause worthy of Tennessee’s noblest efforts, and how far more wise and patriotic is such a course than madly dashing herself against Scylla in the effort to avoid Charybdis. There is a deep, though narrow chan-

nel, between the whirlpool and the rock, and the ship of State can navigate it in safety if the pilot is only wise enough to turn a deaf ear to the syren song of secession. Then let Tennessee's first effort be to save as much of the Union as yet remains, and, failing in this, let her next object be the preservation of peace by the construction of a central Confederacy; and when passion has cooled and fanaticism expended itself—when reason is left free to combat error, that Confederacy will be the point of attraction for State after State until every vagrant star shall have resumed its original place in the cluster that adorns our glorious old flag.”

“The meeting which we announced in our last week's paper, to be held on the following Monday to nominate candidates to the proposed State Convention, was held on that day. Entire nominations were not made on that day, owing to the absence of delegates from other counties interested in the Senatorial and Floterial districts. The nominations were, however, completed next day, and are as follows: For the Senatorial District, Hon. Cave Johnson; for the Floterial District, John F. House, Esq.; for the County, James E. Bailey, Esq., all of this city. These gentlemen are well known in this county, and, in fact, to the whole people they are proposed to represent. They are men of ripe judgment, of sound discretion, and undoubted patriotism. They love their whole country, and hold the preservation of the Union to be an object of paramount importance, and look upon dissolution as one of the most fearful calamities that could befall us. While holding these views they yet feel that if a separation *must come* their allegiance is due to the South and will be loyally rendered; but they still hope that by prudent and wise counsels that separation may be averted. It would perhaps be thought by most of persons that the foregoing nominations would be acceptable to all, but we regret to say that such is not the case. After the meeting above named, another was held at the instance of a portion of our citizens who represent what they term the Southern Rights, Anti-Coercion element of our people. The object of this meeting was to nominate candidates for the convention, who would reflect more directly their views and opinions than those already nominated would. Their nominations are as follows: For the Senatorial District, Major G. A. Henry, of this city; for the Floterial District, W. P. Bryan, Esq., of Davidson; for this County, G. A. Harrel, Esq., of this city. Of these gentlemen we may truly say all that we have said of the others, save wherein they differ from them as to the policy that Tennessee, as a State and the South as a section, ought to pursue at this juncture. No one who knows them will doubt that they are actuated by a conviction of right, and a sense of duty, however much they may question the propriety of their judgment. It is to be regretted that any difference exists among us in this matter, and the more so, when those differences are so slight. Both parties profess attachment to the Union, both say they desire to see it perpetuated if it can be on terms just and fair to the South, and both of course hold with the South, and claim for the South those rights the demand of which has caused the breach between it and the North. The difference between them is simply this: The party first named, ‘the Union party,’ think that Tennessee ought yet to

'wait,' yet remain in the Union, and yet make further efforts to bring about a settlement, believing a settlement yet possible. The other, the Southern Rights party think that Tennessee has waited long enough, that such a settlement as the South can accept is no longer to be hoped for, and that we ought to take steps, at once, to follow those States that have already 'gone out.' Such is the position of the two parties in our midst, and their respective candidates. It remains for the people to determine which policy it is wisest for us to adopt; and certainly every one will echo our hope that they will weigh the matter calmly and dispassionately, and form their conclusions with that deliberation which the magnitude of the interests involved demands."

From the Chronicle of February 8th.

Address to the citizens of Stewart, Montgomery, Cheatham and Robertson counties:

FELLOW CITIZENS—We have been selected as candidates to represent you in the State Convention recently called by the Legislature, to assemble in Nashville on the 25th of this month. The short time allowed by the General Assembly for the election of delegates precludes the possibility of anything like a thorough canvass of the counties which we have been nominated to represent. The ninth of this month is the day fixed by an act of the Legislature for the election of delegates. But one short week remains for the people of Tennessee to consider the momentous question submitted to them in this election. We can hope to reach a large majority of you in no other way, than through the medium of a circular, in which we feel that it will be impossible to discuss the grave questions of the day as fully as we desire and in a manner commensurate with their great importance.

No diversity of opinion exists at the South as to the wrongs and injustice done us by a portion of the States and people of the North. We have long deprecated that feeling of hostility, which some of the Northern people, stimulated by designing demagogues and religious zealots, have entertained toward the institutions and people of the South. Every true friend of his country has witnessed with regret the course of some of the Northern States in virtually nullifying, by solemn legislative enactments, the Fugitive Slave law passed in strict conformity with the provisions of the Federal Constitution. Regardless of our feelings, and unmindful of our rights, wicked and ambitious politicians have succeeded in building up a great geographical party, and electing a sectional candidate to the Presidency of the United States. The plainest dictates of reason and common sense should have taught the Northern people that a great party, sectional in character and hostile in its ends and aims to the cherished interests of one-half the Confederacy, could not long exist without producing results which all patriots and friends of liberty throughout the world must deplore. The Union cannot endure another such triumph of sectionalism, if indeed the sacrifices of patriotism shall enable it to survive the present. It would be unnatural to suppose that the South could behold such a wanton and wicked experiment upon the harmony of the Union with indifference, or fail to feel, in view of such a triumph, the liveliest apprehensions for the security of her rights under the Constitution. This sectional strife has reached a point where honor and interest alike demand a permanent settlement of the questions

indifference between the sections, by such amendments to the Federal Constitution as shall forever remove the distracting question of slavery from the platforms of parties and the machinations of demagogues. Crippled commerce, ruined fortunes, prostrated credit and a dissolving Union should certainly convince the whole American people of the madness of permitting our former party contests upon the slavery question to be renewed. The business of the country, the prosperity and happiness of the people, and the existence of the best government in the world—all depend upon a proper settlement of the dangerous and exciting questions which now convulse the country. How and in what manner this settlement may be had is the great question which is now calling forth the anxious efforts of patriots all over the land.

Some of our sister States of the South have already seceded from the Union. Their representatives in Congress have vacated their seats and thus weakened in the National Legislature that strength on which the South had a right to rely in this hour of peril for the protection of her rights. We feel that the desertion of the seceding States at such a juncture was not what we had a right to expect from them, considering our identity of interest in the institution of slavery, and that their action has seriously complicated the difficulties of an adjustment. Nevertheless, we deem it the imperative duty of every patriot and Christian to make an honest effort to so settle our present unfortunate differences as to prevent any further disintegration of the Union, and satisfy our seceding sisters that it is their duty and interest to return to the fold from which they have wandered.

We regard the propositions submitted to Congress by Hon. John. J. Crittenden as furnishing a fair and honorable basis of adjustment of the questions which now distract the country. Those propositions or their equivalent should in our opinion be satisfactory to the South. But we are told by those who seem to be in favor of hasty action that the North will not agree to such an adjustment, and the failure of Congress up to this time to pass the Crittenden resolutions is cited as conclusive evidence of the unwillingness of the North to accede to our reasonable demands. The lessons of the past ought certainly to teach us the folly of putting our trust in politicians. The present Congress is controlled by men who were elected in time of high party excitement, when none of the grave questions now before the country were at issue. They may refuse to pass the Crittenden resolutions—they may continue to stand between the people and an amicable adjustment: for the adoption of Crittenden's propositions necessarily destroys the Black Republican party, and the present representatives of that party in Congress may fear the result of submitting those propositions to a vote of the people. But the issue which the South makes should be made with the *people* of the North. They elected Lincoln and to them we should go and demand a redress of our grievances. And we rejoice that the indications from the North are daily growing stronger that the people of that section have determined to take matters into their own hands and no longer follow the demagogues who have led them so far from the path of fraternal feeling and Constitutional duty. Memorials are daily pouring in upon Congress from the Northern masses in favor of Crittenden's propositions. Some of the

Northern States have repealed their personal liberty bills, and others are preparing to do so. Over a million and a half of votes were cast against Lincoln in the North at the late election—more than the combined vote of Bell, Breckenridge and Douglas in the whole South. Thousands of men in the North voted for Lincoln without any reference to his anti-slavery opinions. It is thought that the great State of Pennsylvania was carried for him on the tariff question. In view of these facts how can any man undertake to say to the people of the South that they ought to break up this government rather than wait to see whether the people of the North will do us justice? Is the government protecting the humblest citizen in person, property and reputation, of so little value to the people that they will not even give it a chance to survive the storm that threatens it? The secessionists tell us that Tennessee should go out of the Union before the 4th of March if additional guarantees are not given before that time. Why go out before the 4th of March? Can we not go out as well after as before that time? We have never been able to perceive the necessity for such hasty action.

The question is constantly asked, "What will we gain by waiting?" We respectfully ask, What will we lose by reasonable delay? We may gain the Union by waiting—we certainly will lose it by precipitately rushing out of it. It cost our fathers much toil and blood and suffering to form the Union. They thought they were transmitting to us a government worth preserving—a government which commands respect abroad and secures peace and prosperity at home. Yet we are told in effect that this Union of our fathers is of so little value that we ought not to wait longer than the 4th of March next for its preservation. Give the Union till the 4th of March to live, and then if the dangers that threaten its existence are not entirely removed, we must dispatch it at once and enter into a Southern Confederacy, which we are told will be far better than even our present form of government.

Fellow citizens, such a proposition as this, two months ago, would have startled you. Is it possible that you can be induced to break this government up before the 4th of March merely because selfish politicians who now control the Federal Government and the State Governments of the North cannot be induced in the twinkling of an eye to convert themselves into patriots, and give the people of the North and the South an opportunity to settle their differences? The destinies of this great country should not be allowed to depend upon the Black Republicans now controlling Congress and the Legislatures of the North. This government belongs to the people—it has blessed them, protected and made them free and happy, and they should now defend and preserve it. The people made it—let none but the people unmake it. We know that dangers now surround it; but the hour of danger is not the hour for brave men to desert what every consideration of honor, interest and safety should impel them to defend. Let us stand firm, and patiently *wait* until the *people*, not the *politicians* of the North, have an opportunity to redress our grievances. We believe they will do it. But they cannot do it before the 4th of March. Three millions and a half of men can not be moved in a minute. It requires time to do it in the very nature of the case. And if by the exercise of patient firmness we can save and transmit this government to

our posterity, we shall have achieved a work for which generations yet unborn will bless us. Let the great States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri stand firm in this crisis—demanding of the Northern people what is right—submitting to nothing that is wrong; and as God reigneth, we believe that our glorious Union may yet be saved. Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished by every patriot? But, if our efforts should finally fail, if our reasonable expectations should be disappointed, if the people of the North should refuse us our rights, and we should have to sever our connection with the North, each one of us can feel amid the ruins of this fair fabric of human freedom that he did his whole duty to avert the catastrophe. We are sometimes told that Mr. Lincoln will attempt to coerce the seceding States into the Union. We cannot believe that he will be guilty of such wickedness and folly. Coercion is nothing less than civil war in the present aspect of our affairs. And whilst we cannot subscribe to the doctrine that a State has the constitutional right to secede, we are unalterably opposed to coercion, and any attempt on the part of Mr. Lincoln to coerce the seceding States would unite every border slave State in firm and determined resistance.

Should we be elected as your delegates, we shall do everything in our power to preserve the Union on a basis of equal justice to all its members. Those who have witnessed the quick succession of important and startling events can appreciate the difficulty of laying down a programme of our action in detail. Should we attempt this subsequent events might require a change. But we can say this to you: We are friends to this Union, and will use every effort consistent with the rights and honor of the South to preserve it—opposing rash and precipitate action.

Should an ordinance of secession or any ordinance changing our relations with the Federal Government or our sister States be passed by the convention, we pledge ourselves to vote for its submission to the people, giving them ample time to consider of and vote upon it. We cannot conclude this circular without urging upon you the importance of voting for delegates as well as for a convention. We shall vote for the convention. The act requires that you should vote for or against a convention at the same time that you vote for delegates. Some of you may be opposed to a convention. Whether you vote for or against a convention it is important that you vote for delegates at the same time to represent you. For if you vote against a convention and fail to vote for delegates, the convention may be called notwithstanding your vote, and by your failure to vote for delegates, those may be elected to represent you that you do not desire. Be sure to have the names of the delegates you wish elected on your ticket whether you vote for or against a convention. Beware of sensational telegraphic dispatches on the eve of the election. Believe none of them unless they are well accredited. This will be the most important election ever held in Tennessee. Be sure that you come out to the polls—get your neighbors out and do your duty as becomes Tennesseans and patriots. Very respectfully,

CAVE JOHNSON,
J. E. BAILEY,
JOHN F. HOUSE.

ADDRESS OF THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS COMMITTEE.

FELLOW CITIZENS—It having been determined by those whom we represent not to run candidates for the Convention in this county or this Senatorial District, we deem it our duty, to prevent misrepresentations and misapprehensions, to comply with the wishes of those who appointed us their committee, to publish an address to the people. The present crisis demands a deliberate and dispassionate consideration. Prejudice should be discarded, if prejudice exist; passion should be allayed, rather than inflamed, and the clear lines of mental determination mark the boundaries of our political position. Let no man deceive himself into the belief that he is a patriot who is willing to give up our constitutional form of government without an honest and earnest effort to preserve it; let no man deceive himself into the belief that he is a patriot who is willing to save it at the expense of the constitutional rights of the people, whose government it is. There are but few, if any of us, who will not admit that the Constitution of the United States, if faithfully executed, sufficiently guards and protects the life, liberty and property of the citizen. The fault, then, is not in the law, but in the non-observance of the law; no complaint is made of the covenant, but of the covenant broken.

That there has existed, heretofore, as well as at the present time, lawless citizens in ours, as in every other nation, no one will deny; but when this description of citizens increases to such an extent in numbers, and so band themselves together as to become the ruling power in the government, no good citizen can stand idly by and permit the usurpation of his rights or suffer the mis-rule which must necessarily follow. While it is criminal to usurp the liberties of others, it is equally as criminal to submit to such usurpation. For many years past certain citizens living in the Northern States have felt it to be their religious duty to give lessons to their less conscientious brethren of the South, in regard to what they choose to denominate the barbarisms of slavery. A false priesthood has been invoked to teach it from their pulpits, and the arts of the cunning demagogue knew but too well how to direct and fashion the fanaticism excited by such teachings. The friends of the Union and the Constitution resisted their efforts with a firmness and courage which entitles them to the gratitude of every true lover of his country; but these efforts, noble as they were, were fruitless. State after State was wrested from their hands, until finding their strength sufficient for the contest, under the spacious name of Republicans, they entered the field in a national race. No one doubted, then, that if they were successful, the disruption of the government would inevitably follow; but the patriotism of the country triumphed, though even then this party carried a large majority of the *people* of the Northern States. It was hoped that this defeat would disorganize the party; that the majorities who had followed their lead would turn away from them forever, and the heat engendered by party strife passing away, their minds would cool down to a state of rationality that they would cease their aggressive war, and the peaceful era of the sober second thought bless the land. The facts proved these hopes to have been fallacious. Their aggressions increased, their malignant fanaticism seemed to intensify. In every State in which they had power they

did not hesitate to use the State authority in open violation of the Constitution in nullifying the Federal laws, and in virtually legalizing and protecting the stealing of the property of people of their sister States, while their public speeches and the intemperate course of their journals excited some of their people to violence at home and incendiary missions abroad.

So long as the Federal Government remained in the hands of the friends of the Constitution, the people of the Southern States felt these aggressions might be borne, and though smarting under a sense of the injustice done them, their loyalty to the government of their fathers induced them still longer to await a sense of returning justice, the sober second thought of the people of the North. Have they not waited in vain? The sober second thought of the dominant majority of the Northern people, for which we have waited since the Presidential race of 1856, has filled the halls of Congress with the enemies of the Constitution and the Union. Upon issues precisely similar the people of the Northern States were called upon to vote in November of last year, and the 'sober second thought'—their returning sense of justice—has resulted in the election of a sectional President, upon a platform of principles avowedly hostile to the interest of the Southern people. Under these repeated denials of justice, under these repeated violations of the bonds of the Union, and that too, not alone by the politicians, but by a dominant majority of the people of the Northern States, is it a matter of surprise that the enduring patience of the South has been almost exhausted? It is a matter of surprise, that, standing upon the high ground of Constitutional right, they now demand further guarantees of peace and security? It is not contended that the mere election of Abraham Lincoln, is a cause for this or any other action on our part. It is no more so than the election of any other man would be. But the inauguration of his policy—of the principles on which he avows his purpose to conduct the government, backed by a sufficient majority in Congress to pass these principles into laws, is not only good cause, but in our estimation, makes it the imperative duty of our people to demand further Constitutional guarantees.

Since the meeting of the present Congress, many propositions have been made for peace; they have been met by contemptuous silence, or disdainful refusal. While the question was before the Senate's Committee, the Senators representing Georgia and Mississippi—Toombs and Davis—declared that if a majority of the Black Republicans would vote for the Crittenden proposition, it would satisfy their people. But with the facts before them, that State after State was withdrawing from the Confederacy, that the commercial prosperity of the whole nation was almost wrecked, not an individual member of their party would vote for that peace measure. But it is said that they do not rightly represent their constituency. The very issues involved in the Crittenden propositions was submitted to a vote of the Northern people in 1856, and they voted overwhelmingly against them. They were submitted at their State and Congressional elections twice, from 1856 to 1860, and lastly in the Presidential election of 1860; the result was the same—an overwhelming majority of the people of the North voted against them. The President elect has not designed to open his lips, when a word in the right

direction would quell the storm, and give us peace. His only act is the selection of a premier for his cabinet, and in that act he has positively declared his purpose to carry out the party platform upon which he was elected. The name of W. H. Seward is synonymous in the minds of every man who loves the Constitution, with political treachery, hostility to the South, and a total disregard and denial of every constitutional obligation.

With equal justice it may be said of him that, for persistent effort, for cool and energetic purpose, for profound cunning, for thorough knowledge of the human passions, coupled with the power to govern and direct them to suit his own ambitious purposes, he has no equal among the public men of his day. The great object of his life has been, and is, the destruction of the institution of slavery. Cloaking his deign under the soft verbage of morality, he has slowly but steadily brought a majority of the people of his section to his own stand point, and unless the aroused manhood of our people shall stay the steps of his usurpation, it needs no prophet to foretel its speedy doom. In a recent speech in the Senate of the United States, he has placed himself in an attitude just sufficiently conciliating to leave it a matter of doubt as to which side he will ultimately fall. In one breath he utters words of eloquent praise and devotion to the Union; in another, he denies to the Southern people the right to an equal participation in the Territories—he admits that we are entitled to a return of our bondmen, but demands that we admit the citizenship of free negroes, and crowns his mighty effort at pacification by deigning to propose an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting Congress from abolishing slavery in the States where it now exists. This speech, when carefully analyzed, when carefully considered, is but an artful and cunning effort to disunite and distract the Southern people. It means this or it means nothing, and the author of it never made a speech in his life that he did not have a purpose in doing so. A short time after the election of Lincoln, when his followers, witnessing the first indignation of our people, seemed for a moment to falter, he told them to stand to their position, that the storm would pass away in sixty days, that the dissention among the people of the Southern States would do the work for them; and doubtless, like all other false Prophets, has been, and is now, striving to bring about a fulfillment of his prophecy. Witness the efforts that are being made to “divide and conquer.” Day after day we hear and read, from Southern journals and from Southern men, that the seceding States desire a monarchical form of government, while in every case they recommend a reconstruction of their Confederacy upon the basis of the Constitution of the United States; that they desire to restrict the right of suffrage, while in every case it is as free as our own; that they desire opening the African slave trade, while in fact the State of Georgia has, since her secession, made it a penitentiary offense, and South Carolina has instructed her delegates to the Convention of the seceding States (to assemble on Monday next, at Montgomery, Ala., to form a government for their new Confederation), to place a clause in their Constitution forever prohibiting it. These are but a few of the groundless charges which are now in circulation, tending, and doubtless designed, to create divisions and dissentions among the Southern States.

Mr. Steward knows that if the present popular sentiment of the middle slave States against coercion cannot be changed, it would be idle for him to attempt to subjugate the seceding States with his Black Republican cohorts. To do this he has already prepared the minds of his own section; witness the action of the Legislature of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Maine, of Massachusetts, of Ohio, of New Hampshire—all of whom have organized their militia, voted men and money and tendered both to the General Government with the avowed purpose of “whipping in” the seditious citizens of the seceding States. And if by the use of the power and patronage of the Government, if by the exercise of any of the cunning political maneuvers of which he is so complete a master, he can engender jealousies and animosities between the middle slave States and those which have seceded—having divided, he may conquer, but a united South, with fraternity of feeling, with similarity of interest, could defy the “world in arms.”

In the same speech from which we have quoted above, Mr. Steward in kind consideration for our interests, expresses a willingness, “after the secession excitement is over, in one, two, or it may be three years,” to let us have conventions of the States, upon Constitutional amendments and guarantees. Mark his terms, “after this secession excitement is over.” We had supposed that the object of Constitutional guarantees was to quiet if possible, this secession excitement. Does Mr. Seward propose to quiet it in any other way? If he could divide the South he could quiet it with the sword, and by holding out delusive hopes of concessions to the middle slave States, he expects to induce them to disunite themselves in action and in sympathy, from their Southern brothers. He knows that in a few weeks the seceding States will have formed a Government of their own—that then national honor will compel them to take, by force of arms if necessary, the forts in these Territories. About this time he will be installed into office, this conflict will be his pretext, and while he holds out to the middle slave States the delusive hope of concession, he will use the purse and the sword of the Government to subjugate those who are struggling to maintain out of the Union, those very rights which we say unless we can obtain, in—we too will have out of the Union. The difference between us is not so much as may be supposed—they having no hope of their rights in the Union, have withdrawn. All admit that the Union as it is will not do, that without further Constitutional guarantees it is unwise for Tennessee to remain in a Union already broken and dismembered.

Those who have gone, say that we have witnessed the immense majorities at the North, when the issues you now propose was submitted to them in 1856; the same in the State and Congressional elections intervening, and in the Presidential election of 1860, the result was the same and the issues before the people the same. They have had four years for cool, dispassionate reflection, and no sense of returning justice has been evinced. They believe that a large majority of the Northern States have determined to administer a common government which should protect alike the property of all the citizens to the detriment and final destruction of the property of the people of one section. They tell us that if we obtain the Constitutional guarantees which we say

we must have, or we too will withdraw, that we must get the concurring vote of three-fourths of the States. The Federal Government, until it acknowledges the independence of the seceding States, must count them as a part of the government in the enumeration of States; but these States being, as they claim, independent governments, will not vote on any question relating to any government but their own. Thus it will require all but one of the remaining States to vote in favor of the proposition in order to effect its adoption, and this unanimity of sentiment, when but recently the votes show a unanimity of sentiment just the other way, it is vain and idle to expect. We trust, fellow citizens, that we may be mistaken, but we fear the golden moment has passed, and that there is no well founded hope for the adjustment of this question. We would gladly see it accomplished, and would hail with plaudits the man or the measure by whose instrumentality the government of our fathers could be preserved. The Southern people have eagerly sought to adjust it. They have been seconded by a noble band of patriots at the North, but all efforts have been fruitless, and unless something can be done by the present Congress, or there is some movement of the people of the North in that direction, we believe that further delay would be unwise and unbecoming a brave and free people. Are we to be kept in this state of suspense, determined not to remain in a government without further Constitutional guarantees, and not knowing whether we can have them or not, for three long years? In case of responsive action on the part of the people of the North, we are willing to wait any reasonable time; but in the absence of this, are we to permit our governmental affairs to remain in an almost revolutionary condition, our pecuniary and commercial matters in a state of derangement and uncertainty which will inevitably result in an almost universal bankruptcy, for three long years, before we dare take our stand along with those whose interest is ours, whose institutions are ours, and whose social and religious systems are ours? But if the whole South is united, the danger of collision with the Federal Government is greatly lessened. If disunited, we believe it is inevitable. That an effort to coerce the seceding States, is the settled determination and policy of the incoming administration, we do not doubt. Not a member of their party who has spoken out, from the highest to the lowest, who has not avowed it; 'tis true that some of them say they don't mean to coerce the States, but they must retake the forts and collect the revenues at the ports of the seceding States—but a plausible way of expressing the same idea. The Legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine, Ohio, and New Hampshire, have all proclaimed the policy and offered men and money to aid the bloody work. We trust no such effort will be made, but if it is, we doubt not our people will be at home and ready to extend to their guests the amusement they seek. With a united South, no such effort would be made. Even the veriest fanatics will see its folly and madness, and as long as there is no shedding of blood, there is a hope for a peaceful solution of the question, either in a reconstruction or a peaceful separation. We have thus, fellow-citizens, in obedience to a resolution passed in a meeting of a portion of the people of the county, presented you our views on this subject. We hope that you will ponder the subject, not for any merit that we claim for this review

of it, but for its own great and momentous importance. None will rejoice more heartily than we at a preservation of our Federal Union; none more cheerfully bear the consequence of its disruption, if that be necessary to obtain our Constitutional rights.

D. N. KENNEDY,
R. F. FERGUSON,
DR. JAMES BOWLING,
GEORGE D. MARTIN,
W. A. QUARLES,

From the Chronicle of February 15th. Committee.

The result of the vote on the question of "Convention" or "no Convention" in this State shows an overwhelming Union majority—that is, an overwhelming majority against immediate secession. It was generally believed about here, and indeed throughout this division of the State, that the vote *for* a convention would prevail, and that the Union sentiment would be shown in the character of the delegates chosen for it; but the result shows that, while the people voted almost uniformly for Union delegates, they at the same time voted in a large majority against any convention at all. Whether it would have been better to have held a convention or not we are not competent to decide. It is said by some that the vote against a convention was the result of a change of tactics by the secessionists: that despairing of electing their men as delegates, they determined to defeat the convention in the hope of throwing the matter into another extra session of the Legislature. We, however, do not believe that this is true. The secession men may have voted against the convention with the view suggested, but we do not believe that this vote controlled the result. We believe that the Union men regarded a convention at this time as unnecessary and dangerous, and therefore voted against it and defeated it. We know that many of them looked upon a convention as but a means to immediate secession.

If the speech of Lincoln at Indianapolis means anything, his policy will be the recapture of the Southern forts and the forcible collection of revenue. If he is going to do these things, there is no use for any compromise, because no settlement can survive an attack upon the forts held by the Gulf States. A sectional President backed by free States which have led off in a violation of the Constitution and nullification of a law of Congress, have no right to coerce, and the attempt will at once unite the whole South, and submission will follow only when extermination is complete. Tennessee, in voting against a convention, voted for time; but let coercion be attempted, and her volunteers will be minute men and on the march whilst steps are being taken for secession. Lincoln may as well understand this at once. The border States can not and will not stay in the Union on any terms unless the seceded States are allowed to go in peace.

From the Chronicle of February 22nd.

Who and what is Abe Lincoln, that the eyes of thirty-three millions of people should be fixed upon him, and their expectations on tip-toe for the utterances that may

fall from his lips? He is a soulless and brainless demagogue, and every word he has spoken since he left home confirms "the soft impeachment." We have never read speeches so utterly devoid of patriotism and common sense—so destitute of meaning. A pitiful attempt at humor is barely perceptible, and considering the gloomy aspect of national affairs, he may justly be likened to Nero fiddling whilst Rome was burning. If he be an honest man, actuated by patriotic impulses, he must be a consummate fool; and if he be a man of talents, then he is a consummate knave. The patriot and statesman combined he cannot be, or he would, ere this, have given peace to the country at the trifling sacrifice of a fanatical dogma that finds no sanction in the Constitution and has been sternly repudiated by the Supreme Court. Should a future Gibbon undertake to trace the decline and fall of this Republic, he need not draw upon his fancy for a single fact—the foot-prints of its downward career will remove every apology for conjecture or metaphysical speculation. A people blinded by party zeal and obedient to the party lash wielded by ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues tell the whole melancholy tale. In the beginning, the people were honest, patriotic, vigilant of their rights and liberties, and the government grew rapidly in fame and strength and prosperity; but, by degrees—not slow—corruption supplanted virtue, demagogues coveted the patronage of the Executive Chair, and the successors of a Washington and a Madison became the mere tools of party leaders, and that they might be the more pliant, they were dragged out from an obscurity well befitting their humble talents and still more humble services. This progress from bad to worse has gone forward with a constantly accelerating pace, and the history of the Republic closes with the foully corrupt administration of James Buchanan. On the 4th of March a Nero succeeds a Claudius—the curtain rises upon a Sundered Union, and the future of this once glorious nation hangs upon the dictum of a man hitherto as unknown to fame as he is unworthy of its laurels. Thirty-three millions of people gazing in stupid wonder at their tottering government, and waiting for one man—Abe Lincoln—to say whether it shall go down in blood or in the peaceful death of a wornout organization, is a spectacle at which the world may well stand aghast. If such is to be the fate of a free government—the madness of a people boasting of their freedom, virtue and intelligence, it were better that our experiment had never been tried, because its failure must tend to extinguish the last hope of the political philanthropist, and to tighten the bonds which will fetter every effort at progress towards the amelioration of the masses.

From the Chronicle of March 1st.

Our Legislature, at the late extra session, revived the old militia laws of Tennessee and ordered a reorganization of all the regiments in the State. There are two regiments in this county—the Ninety-First and Ninety-Second—the former being embraced in the territory on this side of the Cumberland river, and the latter in that on the other side. For each of these regiments there are to be elected a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel, and First and Second Majors. The election is to be held on the 4th of March—the day on which the election of Circuit Judge is also to be held. Our city

has already furnished candidates for each of the offices in the regiment to which it belongs, to-wit: For Colonel, Frank S. Beaumont; for Lieutenant-Colonel, J. S. Neblett; for First Major, David P. Hadden; for Second Major, J. A. Waggener. Of course these gentlemen all know the dire evils of war, and if they choose to leave their wives and children and go a-sojerin', it's their own lookout. Only one of them, though, has a wife, so it ain't so bad after all; and we can with a clear conscience advise the sovereigns to elect them.

We, the undersigned subscriber, your most obedient servant, ex-Ranger of Montgomery county, and one of the local editors of the CHRONICLE, beg to announce to the brave soldiers of the Ninety-First Regiment of Tennessee militia that we are a candidate for the distinguished position of Lieutenant-Colonel of said regiment.

We announce ourselves such at the request of several of the "first families," whose honorable solicitations we take as a flattering recognition of our military genius; and holding, as we do, to the sentiment that, in times like these, every man—particularly military geniuses—is the property of his country, we do not feel that we have any right to disregard the call that has been made upon us. We know, too, that our announcement will give peace and quiet to the hitherto disturbed slumbers of our people, and bring assurance of safety to those who, for months past, have lived in dread fear of the invasion of our firesides, and the desecration of our home-altars by the Black Republican hordes of the North! No more, now, need such fears disturb our people. Insane, indeed, would be the temerity of any set of fellows who would set hostile foot on this dirt, when they know that we are Lieutenant-Colonel of the bloody Ninety-First. They ain't a-goin' to do it! No, sir; *nary time!* Lincoln knows US; and, ah! the dread perturbations of that miserable man's day-visions and night-dreams when he shall learn that we are running for Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-First! "Far well," will he then say to Missis Lincoln, "to all my cherished dreams of taking forts, and collecting Southern custome!" Scott knows US! Before the prestige of our name, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-First, the fame of his puny deeds at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, and the City of Mexico, will "pale their ineffectual fires" like the stern lamps of a lightnin'-bug, in the splendors of meridian day-beams! (Note.—I beg leave to call the attention of the regiment to that beautiful figger of speech! Your Lieutenant-Colonel is mighty hard to beat in figgers of speech, but his figgers of speech ain't a patchin' to his military figgers!)

Fellow-soldiers and fellow-citizens! Our qualifications for the dangerous post we seek are prodigious, but it is not necessary to detail them. Do not then commit the fatal error of supposing, from one miserable failure in our midst, that no printer can possess military genius, nor any editor make a good Colonel. The case alluded to is an exceptional one. It was a case of extreme executive favoriteism, meant as an experiment in time of peace; and one of those appointments that are made to convince the world that "*the Empire is peace!*" The Governor, however, could not foresee the turn that events have taken. As things now stand that appointment, harmless as it

first appeared, comes fully up to the standard of Democratic blunders. Has *that* Colonel done his duty? Has he borne out the military fame of our State? As Lincoln would say, "I'm just asking a few questions, and don't want to bring on hostilities with the Colonel in question, yet if he should get his back up, and want satisfaction, we would say to him that we can be found at our sanctum every day, and that Hadden and Withers have on hand a lot of short, crooked coffins. No! soldiers of the Ninety-First, that Colonel has *not* done his duty. Had he been animated by a spirit worthy of the age, he would, when he heard of Scott's having a big muster at Washington, have gone down to Bratton's slaughter house and got him to cover him over with blood, and with this added to his naturally alarming face, would have gone to Washington and presented himself to Scott and Lincoln that they might behold in the bloody figger before them a representation of Southern chivalry and the champion of Southern rights! Had he done so, old Abe would have gathered up his feet and laid down like one skeered to death, and old Luss and Feathers would have emigrated to Canada!

And now, fellow-soldiers, if you will allow me to say a word about myself, I will tell you that if elected to the proud position I seek, no foreign foe shall ever pollute our soil with their tread. I will turn from the "art preservative" to the art destructive; abandon the pursuit of fame in the peaceful walks of letters, and amid the din of war and the loud alarum of battle,

"Will seek the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth,"

should Lincoln's hordes or any other foe ever wage battle with us or assail the integrity of our glorious Southern Republic!

Fellow-soldiers, this momentous election comes off on the 9th of March—the same day on which the election of Circuit Judge is to be held—and while you may neglect or forget *the latter* as of little consequence, do not, my countrymen, forget the militia election, but go to the *military polls* at all hazards. I shall be there with a bag of cakes and a jug of cider to see that every free man is protected in the exercise of his right to *vote early, VOTE OFTEN, and KEEP ON A-VOTIN'*!

With the highest regard, fellow-citizens, for yourselves, your families, your kin, direct and remote, consanguine and collateral—and with feelings of lively and abiding interest in your present and future welfare, I am your most humble and obedient servant,

J. S. NEBLETT.

From the Chronicle of March 8th.

Lincoln's inaugural amounts to nothing more nor less than a declaration of war against the seceded States. He declares his purpose to hold, possess and defend the property seized by those States, and to enforce the laws within their borders, and, when making this declaration, he well knows that his efforts will be resisted, and that war must follow. Yet, as a salve to his own demon conscience, and that of the fanatic party of which he is the organ, he coolly remarks that there need be no blood shed, and all that is necessary to prevent it is the ready submission of the Gulf States to his mighty will. We have hoped, to the last moment, that, if there could be no satisfac-

tory adjustment, wisdom and humanity would so far prevail as to allow the seceded States to go in peace; but that hope has fled, and the awful crisis which sectional fanaticism has forced upon the country demands of the people of Tennessee a prompt decision of the question which grows out of it. Will they aid Lincoln in his efforts to subdue the Gulf States? or will they remain neutral? or will they go to the assistance of their sister slave States? These are the questions to be decided—there is no evading them, for as sure as Lincoln attempts to execute his threat, war will inevitably follow.

But, like Shylock, Lincoln has an oath in Heaven, and he must execute the laws. Does that oath assert that a State has not the right to secede? Does it declare that the Gulf States are not out of the Union? If neither his oath nor the Constitution affirms these things, may it not just be possible that seven States embrace as much wisdom as lurks within his skull? These States claim that they have the right to secede from a Union into which they voluntarily entered, and he denies it. What higher power has decided the question in his favor? None. It is still unsettled, and the construction which he gives to his oath is an assumption which can, by no possibility, justify a recourse to civil war as the arbiter of the mooted point. But conceding, as we do, the abstract right of a government to enforce its laws, are there no considerations, in this case, which forbids the exercise of that right? Ours is a government that guarantees equal rights to all the States, and had that equality never been violated, this crisis had never come upon us—and who has violated it? From the formation of the Government down to the period when anti-slavery fanaticism reared its hydra-head in our midst, the Territories were considered the common property of all the States, and the rights of the citizens of each, to those Territories, were undisputed; but now the party in power denies to the people of the South the right to carry their property into the Territories and to claim for it the protection to which it is entitled under the Constitution and laws. The Constitution and laws guarantee to the Southern man the right to reclaim his fugitive slave; but this right is not only practically denied by the fanatics of the North, but a majority of the Northern States have actually enacted laws denying this right, and have done so in wilful violation of the Constitution, and the laws of Congress.

Is there no grievance in these things demanding redress by Constitutional or other means? The Constitutional means have been tried and have failed, and some of the aggrieved States have withdrawn from a Union in which justice and equality have been denied them by a party accidentally in the ascendant. Nor is this all. To these grievances insult has been added. The North, availing itself of its numerical strength, has inaugurated a sectional, geographical Government, which virtually makes the South a province and violates the spirit of the Constitution, and further withholds that equality which constitutes the bond of union. These are the insulting and aggressive acts of the North, and instead of redressing these wrongs when earnestly appealed to, it tells the South that it shall have no remedy which the Constitution can apply, and shall seek no other except at the cannon's mouth. Is there nothing in all this to palliate the

conduct of the Gulf States, or to forbid coercion by the wrong-doer? There is enough in it to deter the patriot and statesman from appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, however little it may influence the demon spirit of the narrow-minded bigot and partizan.

It is not our purpose to argue the question of abstract right involved in the issues between the North and the South—the time for that has passed, and we have, time and again, condemned the conduct of both extremes. But we do contend that, in every view of the case, we can find no justification for the resort to force which is contemplated by the Administration, and honestly believe that such a course can have no other effect than to unite the whole South in armed resistance. When the war is once begun, Tennessee must furnish her quota of troops of the Northern army, upon the demand of the President, or, by a refusal, make herself a party to the so-called rebellion. This is a practical question that must be decided without any reference to the right or wrong that gave rise to it. The spirit which can prompt an effort at coercion, under the circumstances, will also suggest that the loyalty of the border States be tested by calling out their militia to subjugate the Gulf States; and in view of such a state of things, it is at least legitimate to ask the people of Tennessee what they will do? In case of a peaceable secession, we can readily suppose that the border States, distrusting the Southern Confederacy, might prefer to maintain their present *status* in the Union hoping for additional guarantees of their rights; but should war be waged upon the seceded States, we confess our inability to see how the former can avoid an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the latter. And as there can be no neutrality in such a struggle, the question again recurs: "What will the people of Tennessee do?" Our position, from the beginning, was an honorable and final settlement or secession, and that attempted coercion would amount to the same thing. We have seen nothing to change, but much to confirm that position.

From the Chronicle of April 19th.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS MEETING.

At a regular meeting of the Southern Rights Association, on Saturday, the 31st inst., a committee was appointed to call on the Hon. J. C. Guild, of Sumner county, and the Hon. G. A. Henry, of this place, and request them to address the association some night the following week—the selection of the evening discretionary with them. This evening (Tuesday, April 16th) was selected. At an early hour the Court House, at which the association was to meet, was crowded to overflowing with not only the citizens of the city but from all portions of the county. The President of the association, Mr. D. N. Kennedy, on taking the Chair, stated that the meeting had been announced for that evening several days previous, but that the momentous events occurring in even those few days had so completely united all parties who had heretofore differed in regard to the policy that ought to be pursued by our State, and bands us together as brothers for the defence of our own and sister Southern States against Lincoln's Abolition hordes—the intense enthusiasm that pervaded the immense crowd,

and the common destiny that awaits us all either to cringingly submit to the tyrant's will, or shoulder to shoulder to override the despot and tread him beneath the feet of unconquerable freemen—admonished him that the call of the association had become a great mass-meeting of the freemen of Montgomery county who were ready to resist opposition from whatsoever source it might come. He then announced the meeting as ready to hear the resolutions that had been prepared by a committee appointed at the preliminary meeting. Col. Wm. A. Quarles presented the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The Abolition Government at Washington City, in violation of the Constitution, has inaugurated a sectional warfare against the Southern States, the object being their subjugation, with a view to rule them as conquered provinces, and by proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to aid in this wicked and treasonable design, has insulted the people of the sovereignty of the State of Tennessee, in asking Tennesseans to make war upon those with whom they are identified in interest and blood, in sustaining this unholy usurpation of power. We, the people of Montgomery county, regard this action of the government as not only threatening the liberties of the whole country, but as the final step taken towards the dissolution of the union of these States, and determined as we are to resist the oppressions of the usurpers by an appeal to arms,

"*Resolved*, That Tennessee should at once withdraw from the Union and unite her fortune and destiny with the Confederate States, and instead of sending troops to aid the usurpers, march to the defense of the South.

"*Resolved*, That the government be requested to convene the Legislature, with a view to arming the State and enacting such laws as may be necessary to declare Tennessee out of the Federal Government and unite her with the Southern Confederacy.

"*Resolved*, That there is no time now for co-operation with the border slave States; that each State should act for itself in immediately withdrawing its allegiance from a government of usurpation and tyranny, as the only means of preserving peace and giving security to the South.

"Having thus determined to withdraw our allegiance to the Federal Government, we *Resolve*, That we will not elect representatives in the Congress of the United States, but will send them to the Congress of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Alabama, and that our representatives in the Senatorial branch of the Federal Congress be, and they are hereby requested to resign."

The Hon. J. C. Guild then addressed the immense crowd in one of the most stirring, telling and effective speeches, of about two hours, that ever was made in the city of Clarksville. He was followed by Major Henry, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he so completely enchained the attention of every one present for an hour and a half, that at times you could have heard a pin drop, and then the pent-up enthusiasm, hushed by his burning eloquence, would again burst forth, and *curses, deep, loud and long*, were hissed through the teeth of outraged freemen against the tyrant that would drench the country in the blood of its own citizens. On motion, the resolutions presented by Col. Quarles were unanimously adopted.

On motion, a committee composed of the following gentlemen, W. A. Quarles, J. E. Bailey, G. A. Henry, J. F. House and G. D. Martin, were appointed a committee to go to Nashville to-morrow and carry the petition signed by five or six hundred citizens to-day, for an immediate call of the Legislature by the Governor, to take the necessary steps to relieve the State from all allegiance to the Washington Government at once. On motion the President, Mr. D. N. Kennedy, was added to this committee, and the committee instructed to urge with all the influence they could bring to bear the Governor to immediately take this step. On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a corresponding committee to get up information that may be necessary at different times for the necessary enlightenment of the people in regard to the dangers that surround us, and to call meetings whenever necessary: W. A. Quarles, G. A. Henry, J. E. Bailey, G. A. Harrell and R. F. Ferguson.

At this time it was announced that the *Louisville Journal*, just received, was advocating neutrality on the part of the border States, or to hold still and fold our hands and be calm spectators of the butchery of our Southern brethren. This announcement was received with curses upon a traitor who could be so recreant to every feeling of honor—*neutrality was assistance to our enemies*, and he that was not with us was against us. It being near midnight on motion the meeting adjourned, but the crowd left reluctantly.

D. N. KENNEDY, President.

WM. T. DORTCH, Secretary.

THE WAR NEWS.

The news of the attack upon Fort Sumter by the forces of the Confederate States, and the subsequent surrender of that fortress, produced in this community an excitement never before equalled by any event in the experience of this generation. The first announcement of hostilities was succeeded by a very short period of doubt as to its truth; but this doubt was soon dispelled, and a feeling of intense anxiety as to the issue of the conflict then followed—every heart beating with one hope and one prayer, and that, of course, for the success of the Confederate forces. Suspense as to the issue did not last long; and when the news that Sumter had fallen—that the gallant men of the South had triumphed—was announced, one single feeling of jubilant exultation animated every heart, and inspired every tongue! The wildest enthusiasm pervaded the entire community; and every class and condition, every age and sex, united in glorification of the event. If there was a single individual in this community who did not rejoice at it, he was not known; if a single voice, other than that of exultation it was not heard. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed heretofore, there were *none now*; and but one single heart seemed to animate the entire town, and that heart to throb under one single impulse of patriotic exultation!

On Tuesday morning a public meeting was held at the Court House, at which Hon. James M. Quarles, Alfred Robb, J. E. Bailey, Col. Wm. A. Quarles, John F. House and others of this city, and Dr. James F. Wheeler, of Christian county, Ken-

tucky, all addressed the assemblage—announcing again the glad tidings of the triumph of Southern arms, and appealing to the Tennesseans to lock their shields in this contest, and present one unbroken front in the defense and maintenance of Southern rights and Southern honor! *Oh! it was a glorious time!* Every word uttered there breathed devotion to the South and unqualified defiance to the detestable government that seeks to force the gallant States of the Gulf into submission to Black Republican rule. Not a single word, or intimation of a hope, or a desire of compromise, reconstruction, reunion, or anything else akin to fellowship with the North! The unanimous sentiment of the assemblage at the Court House, and of the entire community of Clarksville, *was* and *is* for an immediate and unconditional alliance of Tennessee with the Southern Confederacy, and an unqualified dedication of her men and her money to the defense and support of that Confederacy, *now and forever*. All day Tuesday the enthusiasm that we have attempted to picture here was kept up; and, as it had been announced that Major G. A. Henry and Chancellor Jo C. Guild would speak at the Court House that night, a large crowd assembled there about 8 o'clock to hear them. We may mention here that before assembling at the Court House a number of citizens, headed by martial music and bearing the flag of the Southern Confederacy, had marched through the principal streets, awakening intense feeling wherever they went. This was the first open display of the Southern flag in Clarksville, and the feeling with which it was greeted gave unmistakable indication of the pride and valor with which Tennesseans would bear and defend it!

Major Henry and Judge Guild both made fine speeches—both breathing the same glorious sentiments that others had in the morning, and awakening the same enthusiastic response from the multitude that heard them. During the day, we must not omit to mention, steps were taken for the immediate organization of two or three military companies, and hundreds of names were enrolled in a few hours. Thus passed Tuesday and Tuesday night. Wednesday morning mails brought Lincoln's proclamation and his requisition on the different States for troops to aid him in coercing the seceded States. We cannot begin to give a correct idea of the scorn and indignation with which it was received on all hands. Every man seemed to feel it as a personal affront, so general and intense was the resentment against it! Had any man been so craven as to express a willingness to serve under that requisition, he would, we believe, have been shot down or swung by the neck. During the morning the flag of the Southern Confederacy was unfurled from the roof of our Court House, where it still floats and will continue to wave! Later in the day another similar flag was hoisted over McCauley & Bell's store; and others still, since then, have been boldly flung to the breeze in different quarters of the town. Such is a mere outline of the events of the last two or three days, and a faint indication of the feelings of our people. If Lincoln and his Abolition hordes can glean any comfort from them they are welcome to it. The gallant States of the Gulf may rest assured that Tennessee will speedily link her destiny with them; and that whatever brave hearts and strong arms *may* do, Tennesseans *will*, in their proud march to National independence!

Governor Harris has responded to Lincoln's requisition upon him for troops in language that every man, woman and child in the State will applaud and endorse. He tells the cold-blooded, cowardly President that Tennessee will never furnish a single soldier to make war upon her sister Southern States, but will pour out her troops by regiments and divisions for their defense.

PROCLAMATION.

By virtue of his office of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-First Regiment of Tennessee militia, and in the temporary absence of Colonel Beaumont, the undersigned hereby notifies and requires all the men liable to duty in said regiment to take steps for immediate effective organization, and to hold themselves in readiness for active service. He would recommend the formation, throughout the regimental district, of *Volunteer Companies* as more in keeping with the proud fame of the VOLUNTEER STATE. For and in behalf of my brother officers of the Ninety-Second, the undersigned respectfully extends this order to that regiment, as well as his own. The officers of both the Ninety-First and the Ninety-Second are requested to assemble at Clarksville on Tuesday, the 23d inst., to take such measures as devolve upon them in organizing the two regiments.

J. S. NEBLETT,

Lieutenant-Colonel Ninety-First Regiment Tennessee Militia.

The work of organizing military companies here goes bravely on, and the stirring speeches made by some of our ablest men have contributed no little to this desirable result. The "Southern heart has been fired," and its pulsations are all for a united South and unyielding resistance to that insane policy which seeks to reconstruct the government by force. The readiness, too, with which the Northern people respond to Lincoln's call for troops, tends to inspire our citizens, if possible, with a firmer purpose to resist wrong and aggression, and to confirm them in the belief that the Union is hopelessly dissolved. The companies now forming here comprise the best material, and should they be forced into service will give a good account of themselves.

From the Chronicle of April 26th.

Reports of the proceedings of the civil districts in the organization of military companies, have poured in upon us this week, and we regret that the sickness of our main compositors prevent us from publishing them. At the meeting at Tait's Station, a Confederate flag was presented by Miss Maggie Wilcox, and it was received by Mr. T. L. Yancey, who delivered a short but stirring address from the inspiring text. The Home Guard was filled up, principally, by the old men, and the young men are rapidly filling up the roll of the Cavalry Company. There's but one feeling in that district.

It is evidently the policy of the United States of the North to crush the South at a single blow—hoping to take us by surprise, and believing that there is not much fight in the Southern people. If this be the policy and expectation, the whole South should be in active preparation for the avalanche of abolitionists about to be precipitated upon

our soil. Let them receive a welcome warm enough to give them a fortaste of the hell that is yawning for them. Let not one State or individual wait for another, but each draw upon his own resources as far as individual effort can be made available for aggregate preparation. Every gun is a tolerable substitute for a musket, and practice with one is practice with the other. There is no plea for idleness, and the best use of the poorest means is the best test of zeal and ability, and the quickest mode of supplying deficiencies.

The number of Confederate flags waving over our city, the animating tones of drum and fife, and the measured tread of soldiers, give to the town quite a martial air. The number of companies raised, and being raised, gives cheering evidence of the determined spirit which animates our citizens, and their unflinching purpose to achieve the independence of the South, or die in the attempt. Would to God, the same spirit animated the entire population of this and all the border slave States, and that no man could be found whose discordant cry of peace! peace!! mars the harmony that should be unbroken by a dissenting voice.

Glorious old Montgomery is responding nobly to our country's call. Companies are being rapidly formed in every civil district, and the right spirit pervades the whole people. There is no divided opinion about the justice of our cause, and the duty of every Southern man. All are for the South and resolved to defend it at the hazard of life and fortune. No adherent to Lincoln contaminates, by his presence, the soil of Montgomery, and none such can live in the pure Southern atmosphere inhaled by its gallant people. Three cheers for old Montgomery!!!

PUBLIC MEETING IN CLARKSVILLE.

In pursuance of a call, the citizens of Montgomery county assembled in mass, at the Court House, in Clarksville, Tenn., April 20th, and on motion Thos. Ramey, Esq., was appointed President, and George J. McCauley and W. L. Hiter, Vice-Presidents; George H. Warfield, R. F. Ferguson, Chas. G. Smith and B. A. Rogers, Secretaries. Owing to the unusual crowd assembled, it was thought advisable to adjourn the meeting to the Public Square, and immediately the vast crowd assembled in front of the steps of the Bank of Tennessee. The proceedings were opened by prayer to the throne of the God of Battles, by the Rev. J. B. Duncan, a soldier in former days, under the stars and stripes. A series of resolutions were introduced by James E. Bailey, and advocated in a short and stirring speech, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously, with one loud, long, and enthusiastic "Aye," shouted from a thousand throats and swelling hearts. The resolutions are as follows:

WHEREAS, The Abolition Government at Washington City, in violation of the Constitution, has inaugurated a sectional warfare against the Southern States, the object being their subjugation, with a view to rule them as conquered provinces, and by proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to aid in this wicked and trea-

sonable design, has insulted the people of the sovereignty of the State of Tennessee, in asking Tennesseans to make war upon those with whom they are identified in interest and blood, in sustaining this unholy usurpation of power, we, the people of Montgomery county, regard this action of the Government as not only threatening the liberties of the whole country, but as the final step taken towards the dissolution of the union of these States, and determined as we are to resist the oppressions of the usurpers by an appeal to arms,

Resolved, That Tennessee should at once withdraw from the Union and unite fortune and destiny with the Confederate States, and instead of sending troops to aid the usurpers, march to the defense of the South.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to convene the Legislature, with a view to arming the State and enacting such laws as may be necessary to declare Tennessee out of the Federal Government, and unite her with the Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That there is no time now for co-operation with the Border Slave States; that each State should act for itself in immediately withdrawing its allegiance from a Government of usurpation and tyranny, as the only means of preserving peace and giving security to the South.

Having thus determined to withdraw our allegiance to the Federal Government; we *Resolve*, That we will not elect representatives in Congress of the United States, but will send them to the Congress of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., and that our representatives in the Senatorial branch of the Federal Congress be, and they are hereby requested to resign.

Major Henry then addressed the crowd in burning words of eloquence. The Major is truly the Patrick Henry of the second war of independence. No pen can describe the magic influence of his soul-stirring words, voice and action. Whilst he was speaking, tears trickled down the cheeks of hundreds of men, both gray-headed and young. Eloquent speeches were made by the Hon. Jas. M. Quarles, Capt. Ed. Munford, of Memphis, W. A. Quarles, and N. Dudley. Dudley, in responding, said that he cordially and heartily endorsed the resolutions, and pledging himself to use his best exertions to carry them into practical effect. The Secretaries were directed to send a copy to the Hon. Judson Horn, as instructions to him. Several thousand dollars was subscribed for the purpose of equipping a volunteer company. The meeting was immense, and the sentiment of stern resistance universal. There is but one man in the county who is not a *rebel*, and he is a *half* a one and goes for *armed neutrality*. Late in the afternoon the meeting adjourned.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Since our last issue news of stirring events in all quarters, North and South, has crowded rapidly upon us. The busy stir of the military preparation here at home our readers nearly all know; and the same state of affairs seems to exist elsewhere, throughout our State. Up to our last issue but little had occurred, after the taking of Fort Sumter, except in the way of preparation for coming troubles. Every Southern State

that Lincoln called on for troops, except Maryland, replied with an indignant refusal through its Governor. The Governor of Maryland, it was said, promised to comply with Lincoln's requisition, but the people took the matter out of his hands and gave a very different answer. For several days last week great anxiety was felt as to the course Maryland would pursue, and the South began to fear she would go with our enemies, but since then the people there have given unmistakable indications of their utter hostility to old Abe and their allegiance to the South. After the refusal of the Southern States to furnish troops for Lincoln, he made a further call on the free States, and they all responded with alacrity to the call. Some of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops, in passing through Baltimore to Washington, were attacked by the Baltimoreans and put to confusion, and some of them driven back. Several men were killed on each side. Governor Hicks telegraphed Lincoln not to try to bring any more troops through Baltimore, and no more have gone. The railroad tracks and bridges about Baltimore have been torn up and destroyed; and an attack on Fort McHenry by the Marylanders is looked for daily. The celebrated Seventh Regiment of New York was attacked by them, near Annapolis, and completely routed. They retired to Washington City. Virginia seceded last Thursday week, and immediately sent troops to take Harper's Ferry, but before they got there Lincoln's garrison in charge burned the armory and an immense quantity of arms and ran away. The place is now in possession of the Virginians, who, a few days afterwards, burned up the Portsmouth navy yard and three fine United States ships-of-war. In every collision, so far, the South has prevailed. Lincoln's forces are all concentrated at Washington, except one thousand that were sent to Cairo last Tuesday. More were expected there. They are said to be put there to stop boats carrying arms for the South. General Scott has not resigned, nor will he. The latest news before we go to press reports a fight at Fort Pickens, and its capture with terrible loss of life. Also that more fighting has occurred at Baltimore, and that McCulloch, of Texas, was at Alexandria, Va., with a large force. Seward refused an offer of British mediation, it is said. Reckon he prefers to *subdue* us! Well, "lay on McDuff," and damn be he who *first hells*! Two regiments are about leaving Nashville for the Southern Confederacy. John Bell, and the Nashville *Banner* and *Patriot* have all come out unreservedly for the South. Lieut. Maury has disappeared from Washington very mysteriously. Resignations from the United States army are numerous. President Davis, at last accounts, was at Montgomery. It was rumored that he would soon march at the head of fifty or sixty thousand men. A system of utter despotism and tyranny now exists in the Northern cities, so alarmed and distrustful are the Lincolnites. From all quarters of the South cheering indications reach us. The people everywhere are animated by a single purpose of determined resistance of Black Republicanism, and are confident of success. The entire South is arming and mustering. Such is a brief resume of the news of the past week—at least of the leading events. A terrible collision of the hostile sections, we believe, is approaching; the clouds are gathering for the whirlwind and the storm, but we do not fear the issue. May God and our strong arms defend the South, again we say!

OUR LADIES UP AND DOING.

It was announced at the various churches in the city, on last Sunday morning, that there would be a meeting of the ladies at the Presbyterian Church at three o'clock on last Tuesday evening, for the purpose of forming an organization among themselves, that would be best adapted, and most effectively aid in equipping our gallant soldiers, who are so nobly responding to their country's call in this, her hour of peril. At three o'clock, the appointed time, we stepped into the church to see for ourselves, how so glorious a call would be responded to. We were not disappointed. A nobler sight never met the eye of man. Our ladies, young and old, were there, ready to do or assist their husbands, sons and fathers, defend our country and rights from the invasion of a dastard and cowardly foe. If the abolition hordes of the North could have but witnessed this scene, their cowardly hearts would shrink from an attempt at subjugation of the husbands, fathers, sons and brothers of such women. The meeting was organized by calling Mrs. Robert Tompkins to the Chair. After a prayer by the Rev. W. D. Sawrie, the meeting proceeded to business. To systemize the organization thoroughly, each lady gave in her name, residence, etc. Resolutions were passed dividing themselves off into smaller working committees, to make clothes and such other things as were needed by the soldiers; also pledging themselves to take care of the families of the soldiers who might need assistance during their absence. Various minor resolutions relating to the details of organization were passed. It was afterwards concluded best for all to meet at the large furniture wareroom of Messrs. Atkins & Bro., with their sewing machines, that they might work more rapidly and know what was necessary all the time. We visited them at their busy workshop, the next day, and found between seventy-five and one hundred ladies at work on the soldier's pants, shirts, etc. This is the way to do things. Three cheers for the gallant ladies of our little city. The stormy days of our revolution never brought forth a braver band of mothers, daughters and sisters.

DEFENSE OF CLARSVILLE.

A meeting of some of our leading men was held in the Director's room of the Planter's Bank, last Saturday evening, to provide means for the defense of our city, and in a few minutes \$8,000 were subscribed by those present, most of them giving \$500 each. Three or four of them then pledged themselves to make the sum \$12,000, and have it deposited in the Planter's Bank in ten days; whereupon the cashier authorized one of their number, Mr. George Stacker, to check on him at sight for that sum. Provided with this authority, Mr. Stacker was appointed an agent to go immediately to a certain city to invest the entire sum in powder, lead, etc., for home defense, and bring them here as soon as possible. We have been told that not only the additional sum of \$4,000 was raised by the gentlemen who pledged it, but that \$4,000 more were added to it, making the total sum raised \$16,000. This certainly shows a most commendable spirit of liberality in our moneyed men, and a determination to protect Clarks-ville to the last.

WAR! WAR! MONEY AND SUPPLIES.

All persons in this city or county, who have subscribed to the equipment and supply list, are requested to make payment immediately. Those who have not subscribed are requested by the necessity of the case, to come forward and do so to the utmost of their ability. The expenses for clothing and supplies for the hundreds that are enrolling in defense of our liberty, are very heavy and must be met. We must have money and that immediately. Meat, bread, meal and flour are needed. Patriotic farmers send in such supplies to the Encampment at the Fair Grounds, or to Clarksville.

D. N. KENNEDY,
Treasurer Military Fund.

LOOK OUT.

We deprecate mob law, and would dislike to see any individual become the object of an exasperated people's wrath: and we therefore repeat the advice that we gave in our last: If there are yet in this town, or county, any persons with *Lincoln leanings*, or *secession proclivities*, they had better emigrate *at once*. If they *will* venture to remain here, let an hermetical seal be upon their lips; for if they dare to breathe out Lincolnism here, their route then, will be mighty apt to be the "*underground*" one sure 'nough! *Look out!*

From the Chronicle of May 3rd.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week has been marked by much interesting intelligence from different quarters, but only a few actual events of any note have transpired. At home the ardour of our people has naturally lost something of its feverish excitement, but none of its stern determination. The community is yet as one man in their righteous purposes. The stopping of the *Hillman*, at Cairo, and the seizure of a large quantity of powder and lead belonging here and at Nashville, excited intense indignation here. That single act would make five thousand secessionists in Tennessee, if the *raw material* were in it. Some goods (hardware, guns, etc.) destined to a house in this city, were seized at Pittsburg a few days ago and stopped there. This system now obtains with respect to anything like arms or ammunition passing through any free State to any Southern State, whether seceded or not. In some places it has provoked heavy retaliation. The people of Helena, Ark., have seized the cargoes of two Cincinnati boats bound up from New Orleans, and also retained possession of one of the boats. Another Cincinnati boat was fired into and badly damaged at Napoleon, Ark. Good for Arkansas! A regiment of Kentuckians, under Blandon Duncan, passed through Nashville Sunday on their way to join the Confederate army. Twenty-five hundred men are under arms at Nashville. Our entire State, including East Tennessee, is fully aroused and "all right." The Legislature (ours) has now been in extra session one week, but nothing is known of their proceedings, as they act in secret sessions. The news of the secession of Virginia was greeted all over the South with the wildest enthusiasm. The Congress of the Confederate States met at Montgomery on the 29th of

April. Vice-President Stephens was recently in Richmond. Troops poured in there so fast that the Governor had to order them not to come. Norfolk is full, too. North Carolina has called out 30,000 men. Matters at Pensacola are *in statu quo*, except that troops still accumulate there. Lincoln has called for 83,000 more of his Northern soup-house soldiers to aid him in dispersing the rebels. He proposes an armistice with Maryland for sixty days. Baltimore is a camp of anti-Lincoln soldiers. The bitterness of Northern hate becomes more intense every day. The banks in New York refuse to sell bills on London for our banks. Everything looks encouraging and hopeful to us of the South. If we will only be united, vigilant, determined, at the start, our independence will soon be achieved!

PIRACY AT CAIRO.

It is already known to our readers that Lincoln has quartered several thousands of his mongrel soldiers at Cairo, and that part of their business is to stop steamboats passing that point, overhauling their cargo and stealing whatever they want. They say they only take munitions of war, but we have no doubt they are just as willing to steal one thing as another. Lincoln has agents at St. Louis, and, we reckon, at other points, who advise the military at Cairo of the character of the freight taken by every boat leaving the former port, and if powder, arms, or anything of the kind is amongst it, they are forcibly taken from her when the boat reaches Cairo. Last Friday the steamer *C. E. Hillman*, Captain Corbett, when on her way from St. Louis to Nashville, was intercepted a few miles above Cairo by an armed steamer and conveyed to that point and forced to land there, and then robbed of a large quantity of powder and lead that she had on board. Among her freight thus seized was ten thousand dollars' worth of lead and powder destined for this city, and a very much larger quantity for Nashville. Of course the officers of the boat had no other alternative than either to submit to the armed pirates or else blow all hands up by firing the powder—so they chose to knock under. We have no comment suitable to this outrage that would look well in print. The ashes man with a leaky cart wasn't a circumstance to this case. Repentance may overtake these God-forsaken sinners, some day, *when they are getting some more of our powder!*

VOLUNTEERS.

Many of the young men who have volunteered in this hour of peril to go forth and battle for the homes, the firesides, and the liberty of the South, are *clerks*, who, in thus doing, surrender situations on which they have been dependent for their living. They give them up, too, for the perils of war, and without the hope of any gain save the glory they may win; and in view of this we wish to suggest to those who have had these young men in their employment, that they shall let their salaries go on, as heretofore, while they are in the service of their country as soldiers, and that whenever they employ other young men in their places it shall be with the understanding that it shall be given again to the gallant volunteer, should he return to claim it, and have

proved worthy of it. Our merchants are able to do this and we hope they will. If they cannot afford to continue the full salary, allow half of it, any way—to such as deport themselves as good soldiers, we mean, of course. We see that this has been done in New Orleans—the full salary continued, and the old situation with increased pay promised to the worthy on their release from service—and we hope it will be done here. Who will lead in doing it?

ALL RIGHT!

The gallant men of Palmyra and vicinity have shown themselves among the very foremost to volunteer for their native State. On Wednesday morning a company of over sixty men, under command of Colonel M. G. Gholson, came up to this city and repaired to the encampment at the Fair Grounds, there to await their call to the field. They are a body of fine soldiers, and, under their gallant captain, will do valiant service. All honor to the gallant men of the South side!

PERSONAL.

We regret very much that we have been so situated for the last two weeks as to prevent our giving that attention to the military preparations now going on in our midst as we wish we could, and as we may be expected from our official position as Lieutenant-Colonel to give. Our associate is kept at home by sickness in his family, and so has one of our hands been most of the time; and, this week, another is sick, so it has required our attention to the office, all the time, to keep things going. Our *heart* is in the cause of our country, any way, and we hope that, very soon, *our hands* may be in the work!

THE NINETY-FIRST.

We have elsewhere spoken of the forces at Camp Forbes, but did not there mention Captain Beaumont's company, which is still in town. There are about sixty men in this company, and they have offered themselves to the Governor, we are told, for service in this State alone. The officers are as follows: Captain, F. S. Beaumont; First Lieutenant, Fount McWhirter; Second Lieutenant, J. J. Crusman; Third Lieutenant, E. Withers. The other officers, if elected, are not known to us. Most of this company are *young men* who are capable of real hard service, and they are perfecting themselves in military tactics by daily drills.

FEMININE MILITARY.

The military fever is epidemic in this community beyond all question. It has even reached *woman*, and infused itself into the peaceful walks of science! The young ladies of the Clarksville Female Academy, instead of submitting to be taken *in arms*, as they ought to do, have, in their patriotic ardor, *taken up arms*, and are now daily being instructed in the use of gun and pistol. Some of them, too, we are told, show a remarkable aptitude to learn, and are already "good shots;" and they all say that, if

Clarksville shall ever be invaded by an enemy, they will turn out and battle for its defense. Good!

CAMP LIFE.

A regular military camp has been established at the county Fair Grounds, some two miles from town, and it has, for two weeks past, been occupied by several companies of volunteers. There are now, we reckon, between four and five hundred troops there. The camp is named in compliment to Captain Forbes, who was the first man to repair there with a company. The credit of raising the first company in Montgomery county, we believe, also belongs to Captain Forbes.

The Russellville *Herald* gives a glowing account of the reception of Major Henry at that place, on Monday last, and of his two brilliant and effective speeches—one in the afternoon and the other at night. The Major never makes any but brilliant and effective speeches, and what is more, they are always on the right side. As to the beautiful bouquet, the lady couldn't help presenting it, and he couldn't help talking about it in a style as beautiful as the gift, and as pure as the giver.

IRISH CITIZENS.

Captain Steve Brandon has organized a military company composed entirely of Irishmen. We believe there are about forty men now in the company, and they are as fine-looking a body of men as we have yet seen—all large, stout, muscular fellows, fit and ready for hard service. Last Saturday this company was presented, by Mrs. McCulloch, wife of Thomas McCulloch, of this city, with a beautiful Confederacy flag, which was received in behalf of the company by Captain Brandon in a neat and pertinent speech.

We have intelligence every day of the formation of new military companies in all parts of the county. At New Providence, Palmyra, Pea Ridge, Woodlawn, New York, Port Royal, Smith's Shop, Cabin Row and other points, companies have been formed—all made up of the best men in the neighborhoods. Let the work go on! If war must come, let us go in to make short work of it, by such fighting as the world never saw!

A FLAG! A FLAG!!

We should feel very proud to see the flag of the Southern Confederacy floating from the tall fire-walls of the CHRONICLE office, but we can't sew, ourselves, "worth talkin' about," and nobody who can has "as fur as he'er'd frum" said anything about making a flag for us. We are looking out, though, every day, to hear something like "Will the local of the CHRONICLE be so good as to accept the accompanying flag, which the ladies of so and so have prepared?" and so forth and so on!

The proceedings of a meeting at Cumberland City have been handed in for publication, but at too late an hour. Several stirring speeches were made in behalf of Southern rights, and a company of sixty were organized on the spot with W. J. Broadus as Captain. None of the leading men of Stewart participated in the meeting, and there was but one feeling in the crowd—armed resistance and Southern independence.

From the Chronicle of May 10th.

TENNESSEE INDEPENDENT.

Our Legislature, which met in extraordinary session on the 25th ult., has since then been deliberating and acting with closed doors; and until Tuesday last, nothing was known to outsiders of their proceedings. On that day, however, the veil was lifted, and Tennessee stood out before the world in all the beauty of a new creation! She was indeed a new creature. The shackles that bound her to a debased and demoralized Government of free lovers, amalgamationists and negro-worshippers, had been rent, by the solemn edict of her Legislature, and, revoking the powers she had erst surrendered in trust to that Government, she resumed her proud birth right of independence, and announced to the world her purpose to maintain it. All hail! our gallant State! Her high hearted and chivalrous sons from the blue hills of the East to her uttermost lines on the West, and from North to South, will hail that proud purpose with loud peals of exultation, and clasping their arms of strength around her will cling to and sustain her, in every vicissitude of gloom or of glory! Yes; Tennessee is free! Both houses of our Legislature have passed an act, or ordinance, of independence, which is to be submitted to a popular vote, for approval or rejection, on Saturday, the 8th day of June, prox. The result will be an overwhelming vote for the ordinance. Besides passing this ordinance, our Legislature enacted into a provisional alliance with the Southern Confederacy, through the agency of a commission appointed by President Davis; and appropriated five million of dollars for our common defense. Governor Harris, too, in view of the new attitude we have assumed, and by virtue of the power vested in him, has made a call on our State for fifty-five thousand troops, for immediate and contingent service. Thus does Tennessee now stand; and the question is, can she maintain the position she has so proudly assumed? Let her past history answer. Let the plains of Chalmette and of Mexico speak for the prowess of Tennessee volunteers! Yes, we will triumph! With a reverend and humble trust in Almighty God, let us lock our shields, and strike, as one man, for our independence and our rights, and victory soon will perch upon our banners, and the wings of peace overspread our fair Southern homes. God speed the day.

A FLAG! A FLAG!

This was our heading, last week, as we lamented that we had no flag to hang out on our walls, but now we write "a flag! a flag!" in exultation that we have one. A Southern flag, graced by the seven stars of the Confederacy, and two others, for Vir-

ginia and Tennessee, and wrought by the fair hands of two of Clarksville's loveliest and most beautiful daughters, now floats out, proudly and defiantly, from our highest window. To say that we feel proud of our flag, and prouder yet of the source from whence it came to us, does but poorly express our emotions when looking upon it. To the fair donors, Misses Ellen and Fanny Balthrop, we beg leave to tender our sincerest thanks. We know not what more we can say, unless it be to hope that if any blow shall ever have to be struck, under our Southern flag, in defense of Southern maidens and mothers, it may be ours to aid in striking it!

OUR CAVALRY.

We have inadvertently omitted in our previous issues, to make mention of our cavalry company. The company now numbers, we believe, some forty or fifty men, and when fully armed and equipped, will constitute a powerful arm of defense for us. We would suggest to our people the absolute necessity of contributing towards the arming and equipping of this company. All of the men composing it are willing to bear a good part of the expense themselves; most of them do so to the extent of one-half, or more, and some, to get up the company, are willing to bear the entire expense of their outfit. Under these circumstances our citizens ought to aid them liberally, and we hope, will do so. The officers of the company are as follows: John W. Gorham, Captain; T. T. Willis, First Lieutenant; A. Robb, Second Lieutenant; Joseph M. Jones, Third Lieutenant; W. W. V. liant, Orderly Sergeant.

From the Chronicle of May 17th.

Dr. C. W. Beaumont of our county has raised a fine company of cavalry, composed mostly of men living in District No. 1. They were in town on the day of the review, but by a singular oversight we failed to make any notice of them or the event that called them here. The company is made up almost entirely of stalwart, able men, who will dare any service, and can bear any fatigue. They were well mounted, and nearly all in uniform, and they made a very fine display. They wish, we are told, to be mustered into service as soon as possible, and are willing to do battle wherever they may be needed.

From the Chronicle of May 24th.

Major G. A. Henry returned home, a few days ago, from East Tennessee, and reports cheering from that division of the State. The cause of the South, he says, is gaining ground daily, as the people are disabused of the false impressions made by the chicken-hearted submissionists there. Major Henry spoke there twice, and no doubt with good effect. Governor Foote and Our House are now there answering the Union-whining of Johnson and Nelson, and showing the people how the treacherous Abolition Government of 'Abe Lincoln has disregarded their rights, and is now seeking their absolute subjugation.

Last week Captain Forbes' Company and Captain Gholson's were both regularly mustered into service by Colonel Quarles, at Camp Duncan, being the first from this

county. Yesterday and day before four others, Captain Beaumont's, Captain Hewitt's, Captain Brunson's and Captain Brandon's, were received and mustered in by the same authority. Their ranks had not been entirely filled when the two companies, first named, were received into service, but now they are all full. Montgomery county has thus far done well, and we may all feel proud of the troops she has raised; but we ought to do a little more yet. We ought to raise four more companies, and thus complete a regiment of ten companies, *now*; and if need be hereafter raise *still another*. Whatever is necessary to conquer we must do—for *conquer or perish* is the word!

From the Chronicle of May 31st.

CLARKSVILLE-MADE CANNON.

We had the pleasure, a day or two since, of examining some of the cannons cast in this city at the foundry of Messrs. Whitfield, Bradley & Co. These guns are six and nine pounders, and appear to us to be perfect work. They are very heavy and the casting remarkably compact and smooth, so that no ordinary firing will be likely to burst them. Indeed, they have been tested, with the most satisfactory results. The precision of the firing, too, was excellent, for green artilleryists. They were fired across Cumberland River at a tree, and the ball struck it three times in five shots. Altogether the casting of cannon here may be set down as a perfect success. The same foundry can turn out balls of any size and in any quantity. Messrs. Johnson, Garth & Co. are making excellent carriages for these guns, thus enabling Clarksville to turn out, ready for service, A No. 1 cannon.

RED RIVER BOYS.

Captain James M. Lockert mustered his gallant band of Red River boys into this city last Monday, when Colonel Quarles administered the oath to them, in an impressive manner, and they became part and parcel of the Tennessee troops. They are quartered at Camp Duncan. This company is composed of stout, broad-breasted, good looking young men, the very flower of the Red River section. We predict that if this noble band is called into active service they will never permit the beautiful flag, entrusted to their hands by the fair women of their neighborhood, to trail the dust. We humbly trust that each and every one of them may be permitted to return to their friends, and live to a ripe old age, to recount the dangers and difficulties through which they may pass in this, the second war of independence.

LETTER FROM HON. CAVE JOHNSON.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., May 29th, 1861.—*Dear Sir*: In compliance with your note of this morning, I have to state that, in my judgment, under the circumstances that now surrounds us, it is the best for the country that we should vote for separation and representation at the approaching election. The conduct of the Administration in making war upon the States, is such a subversion of the Constitution that makes it the duty of each State to exercise, at once, all the rights reserved in the Constitution to secure their independence and future prosperity. I should have preferred not voting

for representation, at present, in the Southern Confederacy, and that our State should have stood independent, under the agreement to act with our States offensively and defensively during the war, and after peace, then to have acted in concert with the other slave-holding States in the formation of a new Confederacy. But as the question is now to be voted on, a vote against representation would probably be construed at the North as a vote favoring the policy of the Administration, and might induce the belief that there was a much greater division among us than really exists. I have concluded to give my vote for representation, under the belief and hope that a united front would best promote the interests of the State, and trust to making a proper Confederation when we shall have secured peace. I am, very respectfully, your friend,

Alfred Robb, Esq., Clarksville.

C. JOHNSON.

GONE INTO CAMP.

Yesterday morning Captain Beaumont's Company, made up in town, and Captain Lockert's Company, from the Red River section of this county, were marched out to quarters at Camp Duncan. They are two of the best of our companies, and made a fine appearance yesterday. As the gallant fellows passed by us, and we bade them good-bye and God-speed, tears involuntarily started, at the thought that we looked then, perhaps for the last time, in the familiar faces of many of the friends of our boyhood and maturer years. May Almighty God shield and defend them, in the day of battle, and soon restore them to their homes freemen, still, and victors!

THE LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY.

The ladies of Clarksville have, for a week past, been hard at work making up clothes for our volunteer soldiers, and have thus done an immense amount of good for our cause. It is to be hoped, too, that they will persevere in this patriotic work, for there is a great deal yet to be done. A large quantity of clothing is now being made, and will yet have to be made, for different companies, and a large number of tents must be made. If the ladies should "give out," we would be in a terrible fix; but we do not fear that; we have too much confidence in their constancy and faithfulness in every good cause, to fear that they will fail in a work of devotion to their country. If there is yet any lady in town, who has not aided in this important service, let her come forward now, and lend herself, heart and hand, to it. The work must be done, and none but the ladies can do it.

WEEPIN' AND WAILIN'.

The Black Republicans are howling at a terrible rate over the death of the fellow Ellsworth, who was killed by Jackson for tearing down a secession flag in his house in Alexandria. They make him out a virtuous martyr to a noble cause, and brand his killing as cold-blooded, savage murder. Ellsworth was Colonel of the New York Fire Zouaves, a regiment made up of bruisers, black guards and bullies, picked up from the New York firemen. Their confessed purpose, if they ever could make any headway

in the South, was murder, arson, pillage, plunder, rape, and ruin! Beauty and Booty was their war-cry! Such were the devils Ellsworth was leading against Virginia. With five or six of them he went into Jackson's house and insultingly tore down a flag there, and doing so, was righteously and manfully shot down, and poor Jackson was in turn killed by one of his hounds!

PRECAUTION.

Except while running for Lieutenant-Colonel of the Militia, we have never pretended to much military genius, and we hope that the matter of our State defense is in hands competent to guard against any unexpected incursion of an enemy; yet we think that, if it has not already been done, every avenue of sudden approach into our State ought to be immediately and efficiently guarded by thoroughly armed soldiers. Lincoln will, probably, very soon, complete the humiliation of Kentucky, by quartering his troops in Louisville, and at other places within her borders, and from thence he may, in his madness, attempt to enter Tennessee, with his soup-house hirelings; and in view of this possible contingency, every road and path into the State ought to bristle with the bayonets of well-armed and trusty soldiers.

BE WATCHFUL.

Our people are not, we fear, as vigilant and watchful of unknown persons, in our midst, as they ought to be. We believe there are amongst us secret emisaries of the Lincoln Government, sent here to spy out our proceedings, and do all the mischief they can, meanwhile. The Lincoln papers, at Washington, have boasted that their chief has spies all through the South. We would not counsel violence to any man, till he is known to be guilty of conduct deserving it; but we do think that every one, not entirely above suspicion, ought to be peaceably and quietly ordered to a more Northern latitude! Self-preservation demands this, and we must not hesitate about it. Let discreet, prudent men take this matter in hand and carry it out.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

The following heroic and pathetic speech was made by Mrs. E. P. Moody on the presentation of a beautiful flag to the patriotic members of the "Red River Volunteers." It is published by request of many citizens in that vicinity, and with pleasure do we lay the warm heart-pourings of the Southern ladies before our readers:

Gentlemen Volunteers—It is with diffidence that I undertake to discharge a duty imposed upon me by my lady associates. A consciousness of my inability impels me to bespeak your most generous indulgence. Let me presume that your liberality will allow me to refer to that once proud and happy Union, whose domains extended from the icy banks of the St. Lawrence to the boiling Gulf of Mexico; from the briny caps of the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific. Behold her in her once proud splendor, carrying the arts and sciences to their *ne plus ultra*; an honored Republic, the mistress of the world, whose sword when raised to resent an insult caused kings

and queens to tremble for the safety of their thrones; an enemy to tyrants and a friend to the oppressed. But to-day, where is her splendor, her purity and her glory? Obliterated and gone forever!

“Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A schoolboy’s tale—the wonder of an hour.”

Corruption wended her way into her legislative halls, usurpation reached forth her prisonous hand and forced out the lovers of liberty. Yea, the American flag robbed of its purity by the baneful Abolition demons, now lies in her tomb close by the side of those who bore her triumphantly through the dark adversities of 1776, and we can but say

“Farewell, gallant Eagle, thou wer’t buried in light;
God rest thee in heaven, lost star of our night.”

Eleven of the States, formerly the strongest pillars of the United States, animated by the same ardent, patriotic and incorruptible spirit that actuated the immortal heroes of the revolution, have declared themselves independent of the Northern government, in whose Presidential chair sits a villain surrounded by his faithful tyrants, and have formed a Republic styled the Confederate States of America. We, the friends and relatives of you, the Red River Volunteers, have procured for you a banner which reflects the nationality of the Confederate States. I beg you, gentlemen, for the sake of your lady friends, to accept this symbol of gratitude to you who have so nobly vindicated your willingness to protect us, whom nature has seen fit to make incapable of self protection, you having done us the honor of receiving it, gentlemen, we can cheerfully say,

“Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high.”

Go on, ye sons of the brave, with an onward, progressive step, wend your way to the shores of the Potomac, and plant yourselves upon the tomb of the Father of his Country, with your glittering bayonets pointed at the enemy’s breast, seek a compensation for the injustice done to your Sunny South. Unfurl those colors, say to the minions of the North, in the name of Tennessee, who has so long clung to the Union, that she is rallying with her chivalry and marshaling her gallant hosts for the conflict, that she is yet the Volunteer State, and her heroic blood flows as richly in her veins as when her sons drove back the invader from New Orleans and mounted the fiery walls of Monterey. If you send your mercenaries to our State, we will, in the spirit of the Irish martyr, meet you on the border with sword in hand. We will meet you with all the destructive furies of war, ready to immolate ourselves upon our country’s altar, and if compelled to retire before superior forces, will dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of Southern rights shall be our graves.

After which the following reply was made in behalf of the company by Lieutenant R. A. Barnes:

Ladies—In behalf of the Red River Volunteers I gladly receive the proffered gift. Though unaccustomed to speaking, I may fail to thank you in burning words of elo-

quence, yet I hope you will make the necessary allowance for one who stands before you, with feelings that would naturally prompt him to be silent—feelings which it has never been my lot to experience before, and which I hope may never be experienced by you. In presenting the banner, you spoke of the once glorious but now severed Union; that Union which was once the pride of every American heart, but which is now ruined forever. And what has brought on this state of affairs? A mean, low and grovelling desire to interfere and meddle with our institutions. The people of the North have gone on step by step encroaching upon our rights, until the South could stand it no longer, and as the last resort have appealed to the sword.

Ladies, this revolution is not unlike the old revolution, in which our forefathers engaged. They were once happy as English citizens and no doubt loved their country as well as we once loved the Union. No doubt they were as proud of the old red flag of England as we were of the stars and stripes. But when that flag was made the emblem by which they were to be enslaved, they tore it down and trampled it under foot, though they left a tear drop in remembrance of the past. How think you it was with America, only Washington, he who had led on his brave Virginians from one victory to another under that old red flag, think you he gave it up without a sigh. I tell you no; he gazed upon it as upon some cherished friend who, in a reckless hour, had bound him for years. We in like manner have torn down the stars and stripes of which we were wont to be proud in days past, and have now reared the flag of Southern liberty, around which all patriotic hearts will cling, under which we have enlisted to fight for the rights and liberties of the Southern people.

In conclusion, let me again return the heartfelt thanks of the company for the beautiful banner, and let me assure you, ladies, that it shall never trail in the dust; that no enemy of Southern rights shall ever capture it from the field as a trophy of victory. I assure you that each and every member of this company, when in the hour of battle, will gaze upon this flag, which will cause him to remember from whom he received it. Such a remembrance will strengthen his purpose and nerve his arm for new deeds of valor.

From the Chronicle of June 7th.

APOLOGY TO THE LADIES.

In our last issue, speaking of the services rendered by our patriotic women, we said they had been at work "for a week past." Now this was either an innocent mistake or the work of our *bachelor typo*, in a fit of spite against the sex—the former we believe. Instead of one week, we ought to have said, and meant to say, six weeks! So long, indeed, have our noble women been at work to equip our gallant men for the field, and they are still at work! Every stitch in our boys' breeches ought to cheer their hearts, nerve their arms, in the day of battle!

Cavalry companies are being raised in Davie's Mill and Smith's Shop districts, and we urge our friends in each to fill up their ranks, as soon as possible, if they want to be received into service. Only about two regiments are now wanted, and offers will

doubtless be numerous. By the way, cannot the company in town be revived and perfected. It would be a reproach to us to fail in it.

On Wednesday evening we paid the boys at Camp Duncan a short visit. We found them all in good health and enjoying themselves finely. We were perfectly besieged with invitations to "take supper with us." We finally partook of their hospitality at the "Magnolia Hotel," where we had a first-rate supper. If they are always fed as well as they are now, they need have no fears of starving. We take this method of returning them our thanks for their kindness.

It will be seen in another column that every male inhabitant in this district, between the age of eighteen and forty-five, is required and commanded to meet at the College Grove, next Tuesday, for the purpose of organizing home minute men. If you do not attend, you will subject yourselves to the penalties of the law.

NOTICE.

By order of the County Court, at its extra session, May 17th, 1861, we, the undersigned Justices of the Peace for District No. 12, have appointed and enrolled the following named citizens of said district, and all others in said district from the age of eighteen to forty-five, a Home Guard of Minute Men, for the county of Montgomery. Said citizens are therefore required to appear at the College Grove, in Clarksville, on Tuesday, 11th June, 1861, at 10 a. m., and then and there elect a Captain, Lieutenants, Sergeants, and Corporals, and report to the Commander, R. W. Humphreys, immediately:

R. W. McDonald,	Charles Cook,	Poston Coutts,	C. H. Morrison,
John S. Lay,	J. N. McKoin,	James O'Neal,	W. H. Higgins,
Joseph M. Young,	W. L. Coulter,	John W. Wright,	L. Bradley,
George Alwell,	James G. Shanklin,	John Shrots,	W. C. Barksdale,
J. M. Pirtle,	D. G. Bratton,	John Bradley,	B. F. Mitchell,
R. L. Cobb,	T. B. O'Brien,	J. L. Yates,	H. M. Atkins,
G. A. Ligon,	I. N. Bartlett,	J. D. Watts,	T. M. Atkins,
G. E. Lewis,	P. Wofee,	W. C. Pitman,	S. H. Tarr,
C. R. Cooper, Jr.,	J. C. Read,	R. S. Miller,	Joseph Marks,
D. A. McKinnon,	J. H. Ozark,	L. Barton,	W. W. Kirby,
C. O. Faxon,	Fred Miller,	W. A. Solomon,	B. S. Gunn,
G. L. Sloan,	W. S. Dick,	J. E. Broadbuss,	Watson Hibbs,
H. C. Cox,	Rich Madison,	P. F. Billopp,	B. K. Russell,
W. S. McReynolds,	Marcellus Graham,	W. B. Settle,	J. B. Davis,
T. W. Holt,	Joseph Marks,	M. B. Everett,	A. B. Harrison,
R. D. McCauley,	Henry Alwood,	Thomas E. Jones,	C. M. Barker,
J. S. Neblett,	R. W. Ryan,	R. D. Read,	R. C. Monks,
P. B. Greenhill,	A. W. Ryan,	W. P. Hume,	Charles Gilliam,
H. R. Tarwater,	Henry Baird,	F. F. Fox,	John Young,
B. A. Rogers,	Tim Harrington,	P. Bradley,	Rufus Smith,
J. W. Glass,	Tim McCarty,	W. D. Moss,	P. J. Murta,
T. J. Robinson,	G. W. Leigh,	E. J. Foster,	Wm. Abbott,
James Tait,	R. T. Coulter,	A. Howell,	James A. Bates,
H. Westenberger,	B. W. Macrae,	A. Quarles,	James Shirwood,
John Westenberger,	J. M. Luck,	W. S. McReynolds,	Michael Davis,

T. S. Howell,	Wm. L. Moore,	O. M. Blackman,	John Stratford,
T. H. Manson,	Henry Grimes,	W. E. Ellis,	Wm. May,
Wm. Adwell,	Rich Wall,	P. J. Averett,	L. Wiel,
John Oglesby,	Stephen O'Neal,	J. A. Smith,	R. Y. Johnson,
J. T. S. Nicholson,	R. E. Pennyman,	W. R. Bradshaw,	Paris Peter,
O. B. Sigley,	James M. Bowling,	A. Weill,	West Jerdan,
C. W. Miller,	John Conroy,	Robert Sent,	J. Bollin,
P. Kohn,	T. Boyle,	W. J. Lynes,	James Cummings,
John C. Smith,	S. C. Cryerson,	Winfield Roach,	W. D. Rarrich,
B. B. Godsey,	R. M. Prouty,	P. J. Young,	H. McFerreu,
D. C. Landon,	B. F. Norfleet,	D. M. Woods,	W. L. Gardiner,
B. Plosser,	James L. Glenn,	P. H. Porter,	Henry Orrell,
John B. Johnson,	J. B. Little,	C. M. Stewart,	Jas. Higgins,
W. W. Valliant,	J. J. Perkins,	James L. Carter,	J. F. Shelton,
T. A. Thomas,	John Middleton,	Andrew Jubbson,	Jerry Sullivan,
S. M. Woodson,	Eugene Devlin,	J. P. Y. Whitfield,	Jno. Riordan,
R. J. Goostree,	Jno. F. Coutts,	W. H. Adderhold,	C. Kropp,
G. L. Marr,	G. H. Slaughter,	W. W. Small,	Jos. M. Jones,
M. D. Bell,	A. D. Smith,	J. R. Gambrill,	Jas. Butler,
Mike Marmen,	M. D. Brownell,	J. B. Henderson,	Dr. Jas. F. Johnson,
T. T. Willis,	B. H. Wisdom,	J. E. Smith,	T. H. Smith,
Jno. D. Moore,	Jos. W. Foster,	S. P. Chesnut,	G. S. Dick,
Bailey Brown,	Jno. Cox,	J. B. McNemer,	T. A. Jones,
G. C. Breed,	Geo. B. Faxon,	A. B. Marshall,	Jos. Gotchlecof,
G. W. Crockett,	D. A. Luckett,	W. J. Phillips,	Wm. McAleer,
W. C. Judkins,	J. H. Billingly,	Jas. Brockman,	D. Marr,
T. W. King,	Isaac Peterson,	J. McClintock,	Jos. T. Johnson,
R. H. Neal,	T. A. Covington,	M. H. Clark,	J. P. Lovett,
J. J. Ralls,	Robt. Bringham,	L. R. Clark,	Wm. Ryan,
Jno. McDono,	T. W. Wisdom,	J. G. Hornberger,	Pat Sullivan,
G. A. Harrell,	B. F. Poston,	P. H. Meyers,	Calvin Courts,
G. R. Smith,	Jos. P. Williams,	D. N. Kennedy,	Geo. W. Hilman,
Wm. M. Jackson,	Chas. D. Bailey,	S. F. Beaumont,	Alfonza Smith,
T. H. Jackson,	Robt. Weakley,	George Barclay,	Jno. H. Marr,
J. H. Jackson,	R. S. Young,	Jas. M. Quarles,	Wm. M. Finley,
N. W. Glenn,	H. W. Courts,	C. M. Kidd,	Baker, Ely,
Jno. D. Smith,	S. Perdue,	A. Robb,	A. L. Glenn,
David Dick, Jr.,	T. A. Ramsey,	R. W. Johnson,	W. H. May,
Sam'l B. Seat,	O. W. Davis,	R. S. Faith,	J. N. Neblett,
L. R. Cooper,	Chris Wade,	W. D. Collishaw,	J. A. Irvine,
J. N. McGinnis,	J. B. Soule,	Thos. Belote,	Shelby Jarrell,
B. W. Herring,	H. L. W. Craddock,	Wm. Henderson,	W. H. Bryarly,
L. W. Ingle,	K. P. Glenn,	D. C. Holt,	B. B. Godsey,
F. Berotheim,	E. R. Carr,	W. T. Dortch,	C. M. Hiter,
Wm. Rose,	H. L. Hilman,	J. L. Smith,	Joseph S. Malone,
Jno. King,	Charles Davy,	Wm. Manein,	E. W. Northington,
Frank Pearce,	John O'Brien,	John S. Cain,	W. B. Hewlett,
Lewis Allen,	T. B. Smith,	A. S. Livermore,	Hugh Dunlop,
Thos. Pearce,	W. J. Henderson,	W. W. Murphy,	John Hynes,
Josh Pearce,	C. H. Roberts,	R. A. McReynolds,	C. C. Parker,
J. G. Black,	T. J. Pritchett,	John Glenn,	John Mills,
Jno. Suiter,	H. A. Currant,	Cave Johnson, Jr.,	John Blunt,
John K. Smith,	W. H. Turnley,		

Two companies will be formed, one on each side of Franklin street.

J. A. BAILEY,
ELI LOCKERT,
Justices of the Peace.

From the Chronicle of June 14th.

CAMP QUARLES.

The regiment which has been encamped at the Fair Grounds for the past six weeks was moved by Colonel Forbes to Hampton's Spring, about eight miles from the city, last Monday. The camp is named Camp Quarles, in honor to W. A. Quaeles, Esq., of this city. On Wednesday evening last we paid "our boys" a hurried visit, and we are glad to be able to say that we found them very comfortably situated. The camp is located in the midst of a beautiful and shady grove, within a very short distance of one of the finest springs in the world. The parade ground is large and commodious, and is about half a mile from the camp. We supped at the "Dixie House," where we found our friends Thos. McCulloch and lady, who had carried out the boys a heap of "good things." After supper the soldiers got together and had music, singing, dancing, etc., and all seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. They are a fine looking and brave set of men, and woe! be unto the Goths and Vandals of the North who may come in contact with them. We deeply deplore the sad condition of our once happy country, but if they must fight, may the God of Battles direct their bullets, and throw a shield of protection around each and every one of them.

Captain Cobb's Company, the "Independent Guards," is now made up, and will soon be equipped with a nice uniform. It is composed of fine sized, good looking men, whose very appearance would put a legion of Yankees to flight; the only use they have for muskets is to shoot the enemy on the wing.

DISTRICT MILITARY.

Pursuant to notification by the proper authorities, a large number of the men living in this civil district, subject to military duty, assembled at the College Grove last Tuesday, and were organized into two companies. Franklin street is made the dividing line of the district, and every man in the district between eighteen and forty-five years belongs to one company or the other. The company on the North side elected the following officers: John Shelton, Captain; R. C. Monks, First Lieutenant; H. Wall, Second Lieutenant; Robert Bringham, Third Lieutenant. The company on the South side elected: J. C. Read, Captain; John Young, First Lieutenant. The matter of uniform, arms, drilling, etc., will be attended to hereafter, by the respective companies.

OAK GROVE RANGERS.

A fine Cavalry Company, from Oak Grove, Ky., bearing this name, marched into town last Wednesday evening. General Quarles gave them a cordial welcome, in a short speech from the bank steps, to which they responded in repeated hearty cheers. We understand that this gallant band of soldiers, the chivalry of Southern Kentucky, intend offering their services to Governor Harris. Woe unto the Yankee crew that attempts to measure lances with these patriotic Rangers. Thomas Woodward is Captain, and Darwin Bell is First Lieutenant.

ELECTION OF FIELD OFFICERS.

Last week the election of Field officers of this regiment, came off at Camp Duncan, and the following officers were elected: For Colonel, Wm. A. Forbes, of this city; for Lieutenant-Colonel, M. G. Gholson, of this county; for Major, Nathan Brandon, of Dover, Tenn. All of them are said to be competent and efficient officers. Dr. James F. Johnson, of this city, has been appointed Surgeon, and Dr. John S. Martin, of this county, Assistant.

Fare thee well, and forever! is our parting salutation to the fanatic and infuriated North. Tennessee no longer owes allegiance to a vile usurper, or claims kindred with people who deny us our rights and seek to annihilate us because we dare maintain them. It is not without a feeling of sadness that we look back upon a Union once revered, but now dissevered; a government overthrown, and a flag dishonored by high-handed usurpations unparalleled in the world's history. Not a vestige remains, to the people of the North, of that constitutional liberty so long enjoyed in peace and prosperity, and in its stead has been built up a military despotism that has crushed the dearest rights of the citizen—suspending alike the constitution and the laws. From this despotism Tennessee has taken safe refuge outside of the old Union, and, to the subjects of Lincoln, is now a foreign State. Our liberties, invaded within that Union, we may have to fight for, out of it; but Tennessee stands ready to meet the shock, and has no fears of the issue. As a people, we now claim the right to manage our own affairs, and will not stop to inquire whether that right is based upon constitutional or natural law—we have defied the power of a tyrant and have stepped out of his dominions to give him the battle which he solicits. Call it revolution, rebellion, secession, insurrection or by any other name, and the fact remains the same. Tennessee is out of the old Union, and, what is more, intends to stay out. She scorns the dastardly Northern fanatics who, in their eagerness to crush our rights, have basely surrendered every right of their own into the keeping of a lawless usurper. The warm and generous feelings of the people of the South can find no sympathy with the wild fanaticism, mercenary calculations and puritanic self-righteousness of the North, whose people are now, henceforth and forever, aliens to the South. Good-bye, Abe! We part with you with as much reluctance as a gentleman takes leave of a thief; and as our intercourse—except as belligerents—is at an end, we wish you no harder fate than to fall into the hands of Confederate troops, and after they have done with you, into the hands of your father the devil. With the same kind wishes for your Cabinet and your entire political family, Tennessee subscribes herself an independent sovereignty.

Montgomery has nobly discharged her duty by giving 2,742 votes for separation against 33 for Lincoln; and Clarksville, though deprived of the votes of its many gallant volunteers, cast 561 for and one against separation. We will not claim that this is the banner county, but when it is considered that its Northern border rests upon a Lincoln State, such a claim might well be set up.

From the Chronicle of June 21st.

We copy from the *Banner* a communication urging the election of Major Henry to the office of Governor. His fitness for, and claims to, any position that Tennessee can give him, none will question, and did we believe he desired the one mentioned, we would, at once, hoist his name and go to work for him. But we don't believe he wants it, and we do not wish to see him a candidate for an office to obtain which he must work like a galley slave. He has worked for years, and often when laborers were few and reluctant, and if the people desire to manifest their appreciation of his intellectual and physical labors in their behalf by conferring office upon him, let it be one that he is not required to earn over again by arduous toil and drafts upon a purse that has been so often unclasped in the public service:

"In looking over the eminent men who are worthy of the highest honors which Tennessee can bestow, the question arises, Which one of them should be her Governor for the next two years? While we would cheerfully support for that position any man acceptable to the great body of the people, it would yet afford us unusual pleasure to see Gustavus A. Henry, of Montgomery, elevated to that high office by the almost unanimous vote of the people. Possessing talents of the highest order, chastened by the experience of a long life, a private character of spotless purity, a politician of rare disinterestedness, identified in feeling and interest with Tennessee and the South, and having occupied a medium position between the original Secessionists and Unionists, a position clearly and forcibly defined in his eloquent letter of the 29th of January last, which you had the manliness to vindicate against the charge of 'unsoundness' made against it at the time of its first appearance, he possesses peculiar qualifications and fitness for the Gubernatorial office, which I am persuaded fully in my own mind he would fill with rare acceptability. Patrick Henry held the office of Governor during the most critical period in the history of Virginia, and it would be a striking coincidence should his kinsman, G. A. Henry, hold the same office during the most critical period in the history of Tennessee."

CAPTAIN OF COMPANY A.

The election of Captain Forbes, of this company, to the Colonelcy of the regiment to which it belongs, left his former office vacant, and a few days ago an election was held to fill it, which resulted in the choice of G. A. Harrel, Esq., of this city, without opposition. The company has made a good selection, as Mr. Harrel possesses the requisites for both efficiency and popularity in such position.

Our news columns are filled with war intelligence. In addition to the report of two battles near the Kansas border, in which the Missourians were victorious, we have news from private sources about the affair at Boonville. A gentleman who left St. Louis yesterday evening says that General Lyon was repulsed in his attack on Boonville and retreated to his boats. On his return to Jefferson City, at Rocheport, a masked battery opened on him and completely riddled his boats. They were in a sink-

ing condition, and General Lyon and his entire force were compelled to surrender. Three hundred of the Federal troops are said to have been slain. We think this news is reliable, as letters have been received corroborating a portion of the above. Details of the skirmish at Vienna show a dreadful loss of life. The Federals were surprised, and fled in dismay. A special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* reports that a battle had been raging at Leesburg for ten hours; also that General Johnston, who evacuated Harper's Ferry, had attempted a surprise of General Patterson's command. The Virginians are also moving into West Virginia.

EXCURSION TO CAMP QUARLES.

On Tuesday last quite a number of ladies and gentlemen got aboard of the Bowling Green accommodation train, at 1:45 p. m., and in a few minutes were landed safe at the camp. The ladies took out large quantities of provisions to their friends and relatives, and the soldiers seemed to enjoy their presence and the good things immensely. The evening was spent in examining the camps, grounds, &c., and witnessing the drilling at the parade ground. They are progressing finely with their drills under the management of Colonel Forbes, Lieutenant-Colonel Gholson and Major Brandon, and in a short time they will be as well drilled as any regiment in the State. As long as they are cheered by the presence of the fair women of our country, it will nerve their arms to go forth to the battle-field, to fight in their defense, with a determination to conquer or die. We take this occasion to tender them our thanks, and the thanks of the ladies, for their kind attentions during our brief visit.

From the Chronicle of June 21st.

WHAT THEY'VE DONE.

To give our readers an idea of the amount of work that has been done by the ladies of this town, and others in the country, we will state that they have made caps, shirts, and pants, for Captains Harrel's, Gholson's, Brunson's, Beaumont's, Lockert's, Brandon's, W. E. Lowe's, Buckner's, Robert's, and Hewett's Companies, ten in all. Besides this they made eighty caps for Captain Walton's Company. The companies first named will average nearly ninety men, thus showing an immense amount of work necessary to equip them with clothing. Allowing a cap, shirt, and pants to each man, twenty-seven hundred pieces were required! All this work, too, has been done without any pecuniary compensation whatever. All honor to our patriotic women!

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR HARRIS.

Whereas, by an act of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, passed 6th May, 1861, an election on the 8th day of June, 1861, was held in the several counties of the State, in accordance herewith, upon the Ordinance of Separation and Representation; and also, whereas, it appears from the official returns of said election that the people of the State of Tennessee have in their sovereign will and capacity, by an overwhelming majority, cast their votes for Separation, dissolving all political connection with the late United States Government, and adopted the Provisional Government of

the Confederate States of America. Now, therefore, I, Isham G. Harris, Governor of the State of Tennessee, do "make it known and declare all connection by the State of Tennessee with the Federal Union dissolved, and that Tennessee is a free, independent government, free from all obligation to or connection with the Federal Government of the United States of America.

OAK GROVE RANGERS MUSTERED IN.

This fine company from Christian county, Ky., having been accepted by Governor Harris, were mustered into service on Tuesday last. They number some eighty or ninety men, mounted on fine serviceable horses, and each man is armed with a double-barrel shot-gun, a large Colt's pistol, and a good Bowie-knife. Several of our townsmen have joined this company, one of whom, Jo. M. Jones, has been elected Third Lieutenant. The company, preceded by the New Providence Band, marched through town Tuesday evening to their temporary camp. The following is the roll of officers and privates of this company:

Woodward, T., Captain.	Parrish, W. H., Third Sergeant.
Bell, Darwin, First Lieutenant.	Nichols, W. P., Fourth Sergeant.
Campbell, F., Second Lieutenant.	Starling, G., First Corporal.
Jones, J. M., Third Lieutenant.	Williams, J., Second Corporal.
Elliott, W. A., Orderly Sergeant.	McGuire, W. E., Third Corporal.
Clardy, B. F., Second Sergeant.	Seward, M. W., Fourth Corporal.
Adams, William.	Drake, J. W.
Anderson, J. M.	Edwards, L. T.
Blankinship, J. W.	Evans, J. M.
Blanks, J. T.	Gordon, Daniel.
Blanks, R. A.	Gorham, R. T.
Beggs, M. B.	Gray, W. F.
Badger, B.	Greenhill, P. B.
Blanks, W. B.	Greenwade, T. P.
Bacon, G. L.	Herndon, H. C.
Buckner, W. E.	Henly, John.
Bacon, G. M.	Hardin, F. M.
Buck, S. H.	Holland, J. P.
Cushinberry, W. W.	Johnston, A. M.
Clark, R. L.	Jones, J. H.
Chapman, T. J.	Keene, J. H.
Caldwell, J. W.	Kelley, R.
Couts, A. J.	Lander, W. B.
Dickerson, W. P.	Leavel, W. S.
	Lester, J. O.
	Leavel, Baker.
	Long, S. A.
	Miller, R. S.
	Martin, L. P.
	Mitchell, J. H.
	Newton, W. A.
	Newton, J. H.
	Ogburn, R. H.
	Owen, N. T.
	Owen, R. E.
	Poindexter, R. H.
	Pendleton, C. H.
	Peay, Austin.
	Parsley, M. C.
	Prince, T. H.
	Parmenter, W. H.
	Peacock, A.
	Rogers, D. F.
	Richardson, W. B.
	Reece, T. M.
	Radford, A. T.
	Smith, T. B.
	Shepard, C. A.
	Saunders, H. C.
	Searcy, R.
	Staton, J. M.
	Seyers, J. Y.
	Steger, E. W.
	Thomas, J. Q.
	Turner, S. P.
	Trice, G. W.
	Thomas, G. S.
	Withers, W. J.

RIFLE COMPANY.

Our townsman, T. W. Beaumont, Esq., has been engaged for three weeks past in enlisting men for a rifle company, and has succeeded so well as to have nearly the requisite number; he, however, lacks a few, and those who wish to join must do so at once. An excellent company of this kind ought to be raised in this, and Stewart, Dickson and Cheatham counties, and we would back them against the world for "sharp-shooting." We hope to see this fine company organized and equipped very

soon. There will be a barbecue given at Moore's Spring, in the Hunt's Mill district, on next Saturday week, for the benefit of the company.

FORWARD.

Colonel Forbes' Regiment, now at Camp Quarles, received orders, a few days ago, to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. We ran out there, Tuesday evening, and learned this from the men, who were in high spirits at this prospect of getting into business, though they did not know what trade they were going into. Wherever these gallant boys may go, we feel very certain that they will make a bloody mark, and win a glorious fame. We are indebted to John W. Faxon for the following names of the soldiers who compose this regiment. It is no easy matter to get up a correct list in numbers, names and orthography, but we presume this is pretty nearly up to the mark:

Forbes, W. A., Colonel.	Harrel, G. A., Captain Co. A.
Gholson, M. G., Lieutenant-Colonel.	Russell, W. G., Captain Co. B.
Brandon, Nathan, Major.	Roberts, Clay, Captain Co. C.
Thompson, W. W., Acting-Adjutant.	Brunson, I., Captain Co. D.
Lyles, Rich., Acting Sergeant Major.	Hewitt, E., Captain Co. E.
Johnson, J. F., Surgeon.	Lowe, W. E., Captain Co. F.
Martin, J. D., Assistant Surgeon.	Buckner, H. C., Captain Co. G.
Gorham, John, Quarter-Master General.	Lowe, Wash., Captain Co. H.
Allensworth, Ass't J., A. Q.-M. General.	Simmons, W. P., Captain Co. I.
Martin, G. D., Commissary General.	Lockert, J. W., Captain Co. J.
Goostree, John, Assistant Commissary.	Beaumont, F. S., Captain Co. K.

COMPANY A.

Harrel, G. A., Captain.	Faxon, J. W., Third Sergeant.
Thompson, W. W., First Lieutenant.	Wilcox, C. B., Fourth Sergeant.
Cartwright, R. W., Second Lieutenant.	Jones, A. J., First Corporal.
Waggener, J. A., Third Lieutenant.	Kimble, J., Second Corporal.
Haskins, B. A., Orderly Sergeant.	Massie, J. J., Third Corporal.
Fields, J. C., Second Sergeant.	Jenkins, J. G., Fourth Corporal.
Anderson, A. M.	Duke, R. D.
Anderson, F. O.	Dorris, D. M.
Anderson, T. J.	Davidson, S. W.
Armstead, R. J.	Davidson, R. F.
Armstead, R. B.	Drane, H. M.
Allensworth, A. J.	Drane, J. M.
Allen, H. N.	Evins, R. J.
Barnes, F. H.	Frayser, W. H.
Barnes, F. M.	Fields, J. P.
Bradshaw, J. P.	Farris, Daniel.
Burgess, G. E.	Grimes, G. A.
Bown, B. C.	Green, W. H.
Clifton, J. C.	Garrigous, H. H.
Cryer, S. C.	Glenn, W. M.
Campbell, L. L.	Gossett, R. T.
Cook, J. O.	Galvin, F. M.
Daniel, W. M.	Goostree, R. J.
Donoho, C. S.	House, L. F.
	Howell, Thomas.
	Hartman, Theo.
	Kelly, C. J.
	Kennedy, —
	Kerr, William.
	Lester, William.
	Lynes, George.
	Mitchell, P. M.
	Magarin, C. T.
	Maxey, A. B.
	Mockbee, A. D.
	Markley, M. J.
	Miers, J. A.
	Mehigan, C.
	McClure, R. W., Jr.
	Neblett, R. C.
	Nichols, J. T.
	O'Brien, Ed.
	Perryman, R. E.
	Pettus, J. H.
	Poston, J. H.
	Rogers, J. G.
	Razor, George.
	Sullivan, David.
	Strother, J. T.
	Spurrier, S. W.
	Toplin, John.
	Tompkins, G. A.
	Waters, P. S.
	Ware, N. M.
	Williams, J. B.
	Williams, J. N.
	Watts, W. W.
	Wilcox, S. E.
	Whitfield, R. C.

COMPANY B.

Russell, W. C., Captain.
 Martin, D. B., First Lieutenant.
 Lewis, T. W., Second Lieutenant.
 Jennings, W. J., Third Lieutenant.
 Shelby, I. H., First Sergeant.
 McFall, S. J., Second Sergeant.

Arnold, John.	Dean, Icabad.
Averett, H. H.	Dunbar, W. B.
Allen, J. C.	Fletcher, J. F.
Baggett, H.	Ferguson, Sam.
Buchanan, Wm.	Gibbs, Theo.
Buchanan, J. P.	Horn, J. H.
Bishops, H. H.	Horn, G. W.
Boone, E. D.	Horn, George.
Baugh, S. V.	Humphreys, D.
Brame, James.	Hagler, B. F.
Blake, S. W.	Hicks, W. F. D.
Burke, J. T.	Hicks, J. L.
Cross, John.	Hamlett, John.
Collins, Josephus.	Hamlett, James.
Clides, H. W.	Kessee, R.
Dicks, John.	Lewis, Jesse.
Davis, William.	Lyle, The Hannah.
Davis, John D.	Lee, Charles.
Davis, John.	Laird, James.

Powers, S. B., Third Sergeant.
 Gholson, J. A. Fourth Sergeant.
 Nesbitt, J., First Corporal.
 Steele, E. H., Second Corporal.
 Mockbee, R., Third Corporal.
 Broome, W. F., Fourth Corporal.

McDonald, John A.	Sugg, S. B.
Mickle, J. B.	Sugg, Quentus.
Martin, Dr. J. D.	Seals, Joshua.
Martin, W. J.	Sinks, Powel.
Myers, L. O.	Span, P. A.
Myers, H. H.	Tysen, J. N.
Mixon, Allen.	Tysen, W. S.
McGhan, C. H.	Tucker, R.
Minor, Charles.	Tinsley, B. M.
Nolen, R.	Williams, Theo.
Parchmen, J. T.	Williams, J. B.
Quinn, James.	Williams, Lewis.
Rushing, G. W.	Wynn, Edward A.
Robinson, J. N.	Workman, H. H.
Roland, J. E.	Wall, Nathaniel.
Riley, W. H.	Wall, J. B.
Shelby, W. A.	Young, E. P.
Steele, Richard.	
Steward, R.	

COMPANY C.

Roberts, Clay, Captain.
 Morris, N. M., First Lieutenant.
 Lisenby, R. B., Second Lieutenant.
 Parker, W. E., Third Lieutenant.
 Outlaw, B. E., Orderly Sergeant.
 Morris, W. A., Second Sergeant.

Allen, Henry.	Crisp, Alfred.
Arthers, J. K. P.	Crockerill, C. C.
Blane, Henry.	Daugherty, J. D.
Blane, A. C.	Darnell, T. J.
Blane, R. H.	Dunn, W. B.
Boyd, J. G.	Dunn, A. S. H.
Boyd, P. W.	Dilling, J. C.
Barnett, H. T.	Etheridge, D. F.
Bryant, W. H.	Fielding, S. B.
Barnett, J. J.	Grier, J. W.
Buford, W. S.	Gray, J. H.
Burns, M.	Hutchinson, John.
Burns, James.	Highsmith, J. W.
Brandon, W. M.	Herndon, W. S.
Catchey, M. M.	Herndon, G. W., Sr.
Cable, W. D.	Herndon, G. W., Jr.
Champion, T. Y.	Hurst, C. C.
Cross, T. A.	Holly, John.
Cobb, G. A.	Hinson, Wm.

Groves, G. W., Third Sergeant.
 Mantha, D. H., Fourth Sergeant.
 Neblett, W. S., First Corporal.
 Dudley, R., Second Corporal.
 Stone, J. B., Third Corporal.
 Lee, J. R., Fourth Corporal.

Jones, W. L.	Scarbrough, S. D.
Johnson, D. H.	Scarbrough, R. H.
Kernell, Thomas.	Smith, B. A.
Lawrence, R. B.	Sikes, T. J.
Lancaster, R. L.	Thomas, Willie.
Morgan, Joshua.	Vickers, W. A.
Moore, D. C.	Vickers, A.
McClenahan, Joseph.	Wimberly, J. S. P.
Murphy, T. J.	Waggoner, A. A.
Morris, A.	Wofford, R. F.
McCutchen, W. H.	Weaver, W. H.
Outlaw, G. D.	Wall, Thomas.
Parker, D.	Weeks, R. J.
Runyan, J. E. L.	Wyatt, Ike L.
Robertson, J. M.	Wilson, R. C.
Robertson, G. C.	Yarborough, N. E.
Randle, W. P.	Yates, R. N.
Stone, W. J.	
Stalls, G. W.	

COMPANY D.

Brunson, I., Captain.

Barnes, J., Third Sergeant.

Johnson, J. H., First Lieutenant.
 Outlaw, D. E., Second Lieutenant.
 Howard, J. P., Third Lieutenant.
 Caudle, G. W., Orderly Sergeant.
 Bullock, H. W., Second Sergeant.

Alexander, George.	Derman, J.
Armstead, J.	Darnel, S.
Aeru, J.	Davidson, T.
Adams, N.	Dickson, T.
Bellamy, R. W.	Dougherty, S.
Booth, D.	Edmondson, R. H.
Brantly, J.	Evans, A. E.
Brantly, W.	Ferguson, A.
Bailey, G.	Foster, M.
Barbee, George.	Gillum, J. R.
Barbee, Gus.	Haley, W.
Cherry, A.	Halyard, G.
Collier, H.	Hamilton, N.
Connell, S.	Hamilton, W.
Chartan, G.	Hogan, L.
Dota, D.	Lisenby, F.

Horn, C., Fourth Sergeant.
 Horn, D., First Corporal.
 Bowers, B. T., Second Corporal.
 Hogan, W., Third Corporal.
 Bayliss, S. M., Fourth Corporal.

Luck, L.	Smith, W., No. 2.
Logsdon, J.	Smith, T. B.
Meacham, J.	Smith, F.
McNichols, J.	Smith, J.
Marshall, C.	Spencer, F.
Norfleet, C.	Stewart, M.
Norfleet, H.	Thomerson, J.
O'Neal, W.	Trotter, S. Y.
Peragen, J.	Tidwell, J.
Peragen, M.	Tant, J.
Philpot, J.	Vaughan, W.
Porter, R. A.	Winn, W.
Page, H.	West, D.
Riggins, J.	Yates, G.
Smith, R.	Shepard, W.
Smith, W., No. 1.	Satterfield, W.

COMPANY E.

Hewitt, E. Captain.
 Mallory, J. W., First Lieutenant.

Brody, J. L.	Everett, J.
Brodie, H. S.	Ford, J. J.
Rrown, W. H.	Gibson, J. S.
Beck, W. J.	Gold, F. T.
Burton, R. A. H.	Gilbert, T. D.
Beauchamp, J.	Grafton, R. F.
Barber, G. B.	Grigg, W. F.
Butler, J.	Godsey, G. H.
Berwine, J.	Hester, O. F.
Chester, J. K.	Hartman, M. E.
Chester, J. H.	Hewell, E. B.
Cox, J. H.	Hewitt, W.
Collins, A. P.	Herndon, T.
Donalson, R. R.	Ingram, J. C.
Donaldson, W. A.	Kello, J.
Danville, L. J.	King, W. H.
Dycus, J.	King, J. W.
Dinwiddie, W.	Martin, E.

McCombs, W., Second Lieutenant.
 Brown, R. J., Third Lieutenant.

Madole, B. F.	Rives, R. F.
McCormick, N.	Rives, S. T.
Manson, E. P.	Rives, W. M.
Mallory, J. R.	Stark, A.
Moore, G.	Slaughter, J.
Payne, J. M.	Smith, G. N.
Pritchett, W. E.	Smith, M.
Parker, S.	Trammel, J.
Quisinberry, —	Thomas, J. W.
Quarles, A. M.	Trice, J. M. E.
Robertson, J. D.	Trice, J. E.
Robertson, T. N.	Trice, H. H.
Rollins, D. H.	Trice, H. A.
Rollins, J. C.	Taylor, S. J.
Rose, J. H. H.	Tully, J. T.
Riggins, G. B.	Willford, G. W.
Riggins, N. A.	Williamson, G. W.
Ragon, W. C.	Wray, J. E.

COMPANY F.

W. E. Lowe, Captain.

Askew, A. W.	Counts, John.	McAuly, G. H.	Smith, John.
Averett, William.	Cromwell, G. C.	Marshal, W. B.	Stone, J. C.
Boon, Bright.	Daniels, E. B.	McAskel, Fray.	Spudgins, S. E.
Brook, R. T.	Dudley, C. T.	McAskel, Henry.	Spudgins, M. E.
Breeden, L. O.	Feilder, T. J.	McBride, William.	Stavely, B. L.
Breeden, J. E.	Finch, J. W.	Murphy, John.	Shamwell, J. H.
Brake, Thomas.	Finley, J. L.	Norris, H. B.	Summers, C. S.
Brigham, G. F.	Gaskins, Garard.	Norris, Robert.	Thompson, W. C.
Bradley, E.	Green, John W.	Newman, Jessie.	Taylor, S. J.
Bateman, T. W.	Hall, J. H.	Parrot, F. M.	Wyatt, Charles.
Barnes, W. H.	Hamilton, N. J.	Parrot, P. H. D.	Wyatt, G. W.
Barnes, George.	Holmes, Robert.	Phillips, B. L.	Washer, James.

Barnes, Willie.
 Boon, W. H.
 Brake, H.
 Clark, Coleman.
 Clark, John.
 Clark, Corben.
 Cathey, W. G.

Holmes, J. A.
 Jones, W. M.
 King, R. T.
 Largent, John.
 Lane, H. M.
 Lankford, J. R.
 Lowry, J. H.

Rodgers, Washington.
 Rodgers, A.
 Ross, A. V.
 Smith, S. E.
 Smith, J. D.
 Smith, J. T.
 Smith, W. R.

Williams, J. L.
 Wilson, W. H.
 Weaver, Luke.
 Winters, James.
 Winters, T. N.
 Watson, Jerry.

COMPANY G.

Buckner, H. C., Captain.
 Hagler, J. W., First Lieutenant.
 Lester, E. D., Second Lieutenant.
 Hargis, H. L., Third Lieutenant.
 Martin, C. L., First Sergeant.
 Cook, I. F., Second Sergeant.

Alberts, James.
 Andrews, W. H.
 Boyle, John.
 Boss, Jethro.
 Boyd, J. H.
 Brown, T. J.
 Brown, T. M.
 Boatright, T. P.
 Blount, W. J.
 Boughter, E. S.
 Blanct, Robert.
 Cherry, I. M.
 Cherry, Jonath.
 Clark, R.
 Clark, W. H.
 Cunningham, R.
 Coleman, E. W.
 Cook, W. N.
 Childers, Thos.
 Chadwick, M.

Causey, H. A.
 Counce, James.
 Edwards, J. L.
 Free, John.
 Foy, John.
 Faikes, Robert.
 Foikes, Thomas.
 Harg's, L. D.
 Hargis, N. P.
 Hart, H.
 Hutts, Rufus.
 Holland, J. A.
 Hogan, John.
 Hogan, E. A.
 Horn, W. P.
 Johnson, John.
 Knight, F. M.
 Lynn, L.
 Lankford, I. G.
 Lancasier, Thomas.

Palmer, H. J., Third Sergeant.
 Lewis, W. A., Fourth Sergeant.
 Hankins, W. J., First Corporal.
 Lewis, F. H., Second Corporal.
 Hagler, C. J., Third Corporal.
 Walker, J. W., Fourth Corporal.

Lewis, I. A.
 Lock, G. W.
 Largent, W. E.
 Mc'askell, John.
 McCaskell, William.
 McCoy, Daniel.
 McKinney, R.
 McKinney, D. V.
 Mulhollen, Jno.
 Milton, H.
 Moore, I. F.
 Moore, E. K.
 Morgan, Andrew.
 Nobles, James.
 Nellmus, P.
 Parker, David.
 Pugh, Joshua.
 Page, I. J.
 Puckett, E. C.
 Rye, Blount.

Reaves, B. T. W.
 Roach, M.
 Samsel, James.
 Suddarth, A. J.
 Sinclair, George.
 Settle, John.
 Swinney, Edward.
 Trice, Nathan.
 Taylor, James.
 Tallon, James.
 Thompson, W.
 Vick, Eaton.
 Walker, I. H.
 Williams, B.
 Wallace, W.
 Wofford, C. W.
 Westerman, Wiley.
 Webster, W. W.

COMPANY H.

Lowe, W., Captain.
 ———, First Lieutenant.
 Dale, A. C., Second Lieutenant.
 Mulloy, J. B., Third Lieutenant.
 Fisher, G. M., First Sergeant.
 Fisher, P. M., Second Sergeant.

Appleton, George.
 Anderson, B. F.
 Bibb, R. E.
 Barnes, A. J.
 Bell, F. M.
 Batts, W. J.
 Brewer, G. A.
 Baldwin, Thomas.
 Bowen, Mike.
 Byrne, Robert.
 Bloodwirth, J. J.
 Braden, G. W.
 Benson, W. E.
 Benton, C. C.

Ellison, H. J.
 Fiser, James.
 Green, A. P.
 Gambrell, Joseph.
 Holman, R. B.
 Hardeway, James L.
 Haley, John, Jr.
 Highsmith, R. G.
 Hill, H. C. H.
 Hennessee, Thomas.
 Howard, J. A.
 Hendley, J. F.
 Hendley, J. L.
 Holman, J. I.

Glasgow, L. A., Third Sergeant.
 Randolph, J. T., Fourth Sergeant.
 Choate, A. V., First Corporal.
 Pollock, P. N., Second Corporal.
 Blackburn, E., Third Corporal.
 Thomas, G. H., Fourth Corporal.

King, J. A.
 Langford, N. T.
 Line, W. K. B.
 Mowdy, A. J.
 Murphy, R. H. J.
 Mahoffey, J. W.
 Matthews, D.
 Murphy, Josiah.
 Matthews, C. J.
 McManus, William.
 Martin, G. F.
 Matthews, R. K. H.
 Mitchell, J. D.
 Newnum, William.

Powell, Titus.
 Pepper, James.
 Pith, F. M.
 Pepper, Stephen.
 Rickett, A. H.
 Redder, Lewis.
 Rose, N. C.
 Smith, G. M.
 Simmons, T. N.
 Samuel, A. T.
 Stambuck, William.
 Virgin, J. W.
 Waller, W. M.
 Williams, J. T.

Connell, Thomas O.	Hutchison, G. B.	Orr, William.	Williams, N. J.
Carmon, C. D.	Haley, John, Sr.	Owen, E. R.	Williams, W. A.
Crunk, H. C.	Irwin, W. B.	O'Connor, Pat.	Wilkinson, S. L.
Croftord, T. C.	Ingram, Frederick N.	Pike, R. W.	Wilson, Kindred.
Dale, G. H.	Jones, J. M.	Powell, James.	York, Jesse J. E.
Durham, Silas.	Justice, W. L.	Powell, George.	
Dale, J. M.	Kirk, E. C.	Powell, Mat.	

COMPANY I.

Simmons, W. P., Captain.	White, T., Third Sergeant.
Henry, J. S., First Lieutenant.	Pickard, J. A., Fourth Sergeant.
Winfield, W. S., Second Lieutenant.	Henry, J. D., First Corporal.
Randolph, D. W. C., Third Lieutenant.	Durrett, D. L., Second Corporal.
Cook, William, First Sergeant.	Baldwin, J. S., Third Corporal.
Cook, W. A., Second Sergeant.	Randolph, J. H., Fourth Corporal.
Armstrong, W. A.	Murphy, John.
Adams, Columbus.	Dorris, A. G.
Adams, E. S.	Dorris, J. D.
Appleton, E. H.	Dorris, W. A.
Bowling, A. A.	Dorris, H. C.
Benson, G. A.	Dillard, R. A.
Benson, E. H.	England, Calvin.
Baldwin, R. R.	England, Joseph.
Baldwin, W. H.	Elmor, J. J.
Baber, T. W.	Farrell, James.
Bigbee, Robert.	Flood, G. R.
Cook, J. A.	Gilbert, T. H. L.
Chowning, Richard.	Gordon, J. R.
Crabtree, James.	Hollis, George.
Chandler, Josiah.	Hall, J. W.
Calhoun, J. C.	Holland, L. G.
Cook, Jacob.	Henry, A. M.
Cokes, Wm.	Krisle, P. H.
Choat, Thomas.	Kiger, J. M.
Crabtree, Charles.	Murphy, J. E.
	Murphy, John.
	McMurrey, Vincent.
	McMurrey, W. H.
	McMurrey, Thos.
	McMurrey, Frank.
	Murphy, Thomas J.
	Mowdy, Jno.
	Owen, H. J.
	Pitt, L. J.
	Phipps, Wm.
	Payne, Thos.
	Pitt, Jeremiah.
	Petty, R. M.
	Patton, W. C.
	Porter, Richard.
	Rogers, Daniel.
	Shoemaker, Thos.
	Sprouse, G. A.
	Shannon, J. A.
	Shannon, R. S.
	Stone, W. A.
	Stone, E. F.
	Savage, Wm.
	Solomon, James.
	Vault, Frank.
	Whiting, W. H.
	Webster, J. D.
	Webster, S. N.
	Wilson, John.
	Wilson, Joseph.
	Warren, E. T.
	Williams, J. C. H.
	Woodward, Perry.
	Wigner, J. N.
	Walker, W. S.
	Wilson, Elisha.
	Yates, George.

COMPANY J.

Captain Lockert.

Adkins, J. C.	Dickson, H. A.	Jett, T. C.	Rudolph, J. W.
Adkins, C. C.	Davis, W. P.	Jett, J. W.	Rudolph, C. T.
Brown, J. P.	Davis, G. E.	Jett, J. E.	Rosson, J. C.
Brown, R. H.	Denny, J. J.	Jett, R. W.	Smith, G. W.
Brown, J. N.	Dardon, W. D. D.	Johnson, J. A.	Smith, J. T.
Brown, H.	Elliott, Geo.	Jenkins, J. D.	Smith, B. R.
Brown, R. S. H.	Elliott, D. A.	Jones, T. H.	Shaw, R. H.
Brown, R. L.	Gunn, J. H.	James, J. E.	Stephens, J. H.
Babbitt, J. A.	Gunn, Z. G.	Lockert, J. W.	Stephens, E. T.
Barnes, R. A.	Gunn, J. W.	Morrison, W. R.	Small, S. B.
Bagwell, J. W.	Grant, H. Z.	Marshal, D. F.	Swift, M. W.
Blanton, D.	Grant, A.	McGeal, A. J.	Swift, M. M.
Bowling, T. C.	Herring, B. W.	Morgan, C. H.	Travis, P. O.
Cherry, C. L.	Herring, J. L.	Payne, A. W.	Tilley, F. J.
Cocke, R. M.	Herring, A. A.	Pride, G. L.	Winn, R. M.
Crotzer, J. N.	Herring, D. E.	Pierce, C. H.	Woodson, J. N.
Clifton, W. E.	Hitt, R. J.	Rogers, K.	Walker, J.
Cornwell, E. W.	Hagwood, E. T.	Rogers, M. V.	Wyatt, R. W.
Company, W. R.	Hooper, W. A.	Rogers, John.	Willkenson, T. C.
Cason, S.	Hyland, E. A.	Randsdal, J. E.	Wood, J. A. J.
Collier, W. M.	Hollis, W.	Rudolph, P. R.	

COMPANY K.

Beaumont, F. S., Captain.

McWhirter, F. P., First Lieutenant.

Atkins, Isaac.	Barlen, R.
Atkins, Edwin.	Couts, G. A.
Anderson, Eugene B.	Conrad, Geo. A.
Auchy, J. H.	Chilton, J. R.
Allen, M. B.	Dancey, Jas. S.
Averett, William.	Eddings, L. S.
Broaddus, T. M.	Fuller, G. W.
Baker, J. W.	Franklin, J. E.
Bourne, J. A.	Freman, B. J.
Barr, J. J.	Hendrick, L. W.
Valentine, B. W.	Howell, Andrew J.
Bringhurst, Ed.	Hurst, John.
Bigger, T. C.	Jackson, R.
Belote, J. N.	Johnson, B. W.
Boxley, George.	Jackson, D. C.
Braden, J. P.	Johnson, R. M.
Bell, R. C.	Jackson, H. A.
Beaumont, Irwin.	Johnson, James F.
Bostleman, F.	Kennedy, Roben.
Cobb, E. B.	Kirby, T. M.
Coleman, B. W.	Lyons, James.
Chiles, R. A.	Lands, S. J.

Crushman, J. J., Second Lieutenant.

Moore, W. S., Third Lieutenant.

Leavell, N. L.	Nichols, John.
Ligon, J. M.	Prince, J. A.
Lewis, E. H.	Pritchett, R. W.
Mitchell, E.	Payne, T. H.
McCulloch, R. E.	Rice, George.
McCulloch, W. H.	Ragan, W. H.
Moore, John S.	Rogers, S. R.
Moore, R. S.	Riter, W. H.
Meade, P. J.	Stancel, J. P.
Maderson, W. B.	Soloman, J. E.
Munford, W. E.	Shackleford, R. A.
Moody, Boyd.	Spencer, Geo. H.
McCauley, W. A.	Sims, E. H.
Madderson, W. A.	Tarwater, E. A.
McCall, W. T.	Thomas, J. N.
McGinnes, J. N.	Tilley, C. C.
McManus, T.	Weatherford, C.
Neblett, v. R.	Weakley, F.
Norfleet, G. H.	Ware, Samuel.
Neblett, D. W.	
Neblett, J. D.	
Neblett, J. J.	

From the Chronicle of July 5th.

HOME PRODUCTION.

We visited the foundry of Messrs. Whitfield, Bradley & Co., on Commerce street, two days ago, and under Mr. Whitfield's polite attention were shown through the establishment and permitted to inspect much of the work now being done there. We mentioned some time since that they were casting cannon and balls, and expressed our admiration of the character of the work. They are still engaged in turning out these arms, and the work is far superior to that of the earlier casting. In the proportions of the pieces, in the manner of casting, and in all else there is a vast improvement. They were finishing off a six-pounder when we were there, which is certainly as fine a specimen of iron guns as can be made anywhere. These guns are a good deal longer and less bulky than the first they made, and are beautifully dressed and polished on the outside. The guns can be made of any desired calibre. The same establishment is prepared now to turn out different-sized balls, and canister and grape-shot, specimens of all which were shown us. For the purpose of executing the work we have spoken of more expeditiously, the proprietors recently added very materially to their machinery, at a large outlay of cash. Some impatience, we have heard, was manifested at the delay in getting ready to do the work we have spoken of, but we feel satisfied that it was not well grounded. Outsiders can have no idea of the amount of preparation necessary for it; and then, too, this work was wanted just when a great deal had to be done incidental or preparatory to the harvest season, and this being the case, and only a limited force of workmen being obtainable, the casting of cannon was necessarily a work of some time. Now, however, everything is in working order, and the manu-

facture of cannon and shot will go on uninterruptedly as long as there are orders to fill.

ANOTHER HOME-GUARD.

It is not generally known, we believe, that we have here two full companies of home-guards, yet we have. Besides Captain Cobb's company—the "Independent Guards"—we have another named the "Clarksville Guards." This company is now full and are having their uniforms made, and will soon be ready for service. Their arms will be muskets, if they can be had; if not, double-barrel shotguns and ball-cartridges or buck-shot. The principal officers are W. W. Valliant, Captain; T. M. Atkins, First Lieutenant; W. C. Barksdale, Second Lieutenant; R. D. McCauley, Third Lieutenant.

From the Chronicle of July 12th.

OUR REGIMENT OFF!

Colonel Forbes' regiment, which has been enjoying the sweets of masterly inactivity at Camp Quarles for several weeks past, received, yesterday, the long-hoped-for order to strike their tents and *march!* This order was most gladly received by the regiment, affording as it did a prospect for active participation in our struggle for liberty and independence. A good many of the men came in yesterday to see their friends and bid them good-bye. Many an eye undimmed by tears for long years before wept yesterday, as the gallant soldier's sun-burned hand was pressed; and many a voice, unused to tremble under emotions of sympathy or love, faltered and went dumb as it essayed the trying word—Farewell! How many of these, our loved friends and kindred, are to meet death in the shock and smoke of battle none can tell. This, though, we know, that no fear of death will unnerve their heart or hand—no coward's doom awaits their name. On! then, gallant friends and brothers! Loving hearts, with earnest prayers to the God of battles, will follow you to bivouac and field! On! gallant men, and remember that, living or dead, glory awaits the brave! The regiment left this morning.

Quite a number of soldiers from different sections have quartered near New Providence at what they are pleased to term Camp Martin, as a compliment to our energetic commissary, George D. Martin. The citizens of that neighborhood, and those of Kentucky, near the border, will, no doubt, see that they are well cared for.

THE DIXIE BLUES.

This gay-looking little company now numbers forty-five, and they are anxious to swell the list to eighty. We would be gratified to see this gallant little band supplied with good guns, for in an emergency they would make the Yankees "bite the dust," and prove themselves the noble progeny of Southern sires.

As announced in our last issue, the regiment of Tennessee Volunteers at Camp Quarles left that place for some destination, not then made known, on last Friday. They struck their tents on Thursday afternoon, and expected to leave early on Friday morning, but they did not get off until evening. The sick of the regiment were left behind, being too sick to go on then, but they will rejoin their respective companies as soon as their health is sufficiently restored. Such, however, was the anxiety of the boys to get off and see service, that several who were on the sick list, when marching orders arrived, got up, on hearing of them, and persistently declared themselves well. A goodly number of the kindred and friends of the men went out to the camp Thursday evening, to bid them good-bye and God-speed on their perilous mission. We were among those who went out, and upon reaching the camp, at about eight o'clock, we found that nearly all the tents had been struck and the men were busily engaged packing up for the march. They were all in high spirits with the prospect of active operations against the enemy, and all of them expressed a desire, when they should go into action, to be in the front rank. Should these gallant boys engage in battle, as they almost surely will, many, many of them, we fear, will fall. Such is their eagerness for the contest, and their determination to do valiantly in the fight, that they do not seem to know even prudential restraint.

GOOD.

George W. Hampton, Esq., upon whose lands Colonel Forbes' Regiment was, until recently, encamped, gives us a very gratifying account of the conduct of the conduct of the soldiers. The camp was in sight of his house, his orchard, barn-yard, pig-pens and chicken-roosts, and yet Mr. Hampton says he never knew, or had cause to suspect, any of the men of being guilty of any depredation on his property, or any ungentlemanly disorder, during the five or six weeks they were there. While Mr. Hampton speaks thus highly of the conduct of the soldiers, they, as one man, bear testimony to the uniform courtesy and kindness that they met at his hands. Nothing that he could do for their comfort or convenience was left undone. It gives us very great pleasure to know that such agreeable relations subsisted between the parties.

EXCUSABLE.

Now and then we saw, at Camp Quarles, when the regiment were preparing to leave, a soldier with a sad face; but, in nearly every such case, we could confidently associate it with some fair, fond girl, the farewell pressure of whose soft hand was yet felt, and the glow of whose good-bye kiss (we hope) was yet warm upon his lips. We do hope that every girl, whose lover left with our regiment, gave him a kiss at parting, as a foretaste of the happiness he *might* win, and then told him that if he bore himself nobly and bravely in the fight, the entire treasure of her lips and heart should be his for life! Such a kiss, and such words, would thrill and nerve the soldier's heart through

the smoke, and flame, and battle of a year's campaign; and one regiment of Tennesseans, thus incited to deeds of daring, would drive Lincoln's best ten thousand back to the St. Lawrence! We know the potent spell of a fresh warm kiss, and hope that many of our boys went forth armed with it.

From the Chronicle of July 26th.

ADDRESSES.

The following are the addresses on the occasion of the presentation of a flag by the ladies of Clarksville to Captain Beaumont's Company at Camp Quarles:

Captain Beaumont: To me has been assigned the pleasure of presenting this flag to you and the gallant volunteers under your command. In performing this duty, my heart is filled with mingled emotions of pride and pleasure, sadness and gloom. It is pleasing to compliment the brave, it is pleasing to behold the self-sacrificing patriotism that impels the soldier to exchange the joys and comforts of home and the social-circle, for the rough fare of the camp, and the dangers of the battlefield; it is pleasing to know there are so many stout arms and bold hearts, to drive back the presumptuous invader of our soil and secure our beloved South in the inalienable rights fought for and won by our revolutionary fathers, which the worse than British tyranny of the North would meet from our hands. While these reflections fill the heart with exulting pride and pleasure, who can contemplate, without a feeling of awe and sadness, the "horrid front of grim visaged war," with its attendant train of carnage, conflagration and want? Who can look without sorrow upon his beloved country, rent by fierce dissensions and torn with bloody strife? Who can see, without a feeling of melancholy regret, the dire necessity that forces the South to appeal to arms and trust her fortunes to the God of battles. Dark and gloomy as this picture is, there are worse calamities that may befall a nation than any or all these evils. To men born free the loss of life is better than the loss of honor; a scanty subsistence dug from the earth, better than the richest viands from the hands of a master, and a free home in the houseless wilderness, better than a gorgeous palace with chains and slavery. It is for the freedom of your country, aye, for the hope of freedom to the world, that you are struggling. When the usurper who now desecrates the Presidential chair, once the honored seat of Washington and Jackson, issued his proclamation on the 13th of April, calling forth the military strength of the North, to march against the free sons of the South, he arrogated to himself powers never granted by the framers of the government, or the legislative body of the nation. He contemptuously violated the laws of the land, he trampled the Constitution beneath his feet, and the glorious flag of our country, once the emblem of national unity, national greatness, and national freedom, polluted by the touch of a tyrant, became in his hands the ensign of despotism. The country of Washington was no longer free; but the *spirit* of Washington was still abroad in the land, and instilled the life blood of freedom into the Southern heart. While the Genius of Liberty was weeping bitter tears, over the sad scenes around her, and pluming her wings to fly forever from the shores of America, she turned her eyes to the South and beheld ten millions of free-men, with out-stretched arms, beckoning her to a place of rest in their midst. She saw

the signal and now the South is her home. Her temple shall be reared upon the soil of the South, her votaries shall be the sons and daughters of the South, thronging with earnest zeal to her sacred shrine, and from the loftiest dome of her proudest temple the flag of the South shall float forever. In her glorious cause the gallant sons of Tennessee rushed to arms. Nobly have they vindicated the character of the Volunteer State. They were born to be free, they are free, and they will be free. In all this mighty rush for freedom, none have shown more alacrity than the Clarksville Ninety-Ones, none have made greater sacrifices upon the altar of their country. It is a token of esteem for you as gentlemen and citizens, and admiration for your self-sacrificing devotion to a just and holy cause, that I am directed, by the ladies of Clarksville, to present you this flag. It is the work of our own hands, and we confide it to you, with every assurance it will never be dishonored as long as there is a right arm in your ranks to bear it aloft.

Take thy banner, may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave.
Take thy banner; and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard 'till our homes are free,
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right arm will shield thee then.

RESPONSE OF CAPTAIN BEAUMONT.

Mrs. G. : Allow me, as the organ of the company I have the honor to command, to tender to you and through you to those whom you represent, our acknowledgments of most profound gratefulness, for this beautifully wrought ensign, as a testimonial of that encouraging approbation which ever succeeds your sex's conviction of right. The complimentary terms in which you have been pleased to express yourself towards my company, are duly appreciated. It is the highest ambition of the brave to deserve well of the fair. Let me assure you that the confidence reposed in us by the donors of this elegant ensign, in deeming you worthy the honor of bearing the work of their delicate hands into the din and smoke of battle, is not misplaced. I know the gentlemen who compose the company under my command. I will not say they are the "bravest of the brave," for that would be disparaging to others. But they are as brave as the bravest, and I do them nothing more than justice (and at the same time, pay them the highest compliment) in saying they are worthy of this manifestation of your regard, and they will bear this beautiful flag with honor to themselves and credit to the ladies of Clarksville. The nature of the contest in which we are now engaged, so graphically described by you, is enough of itself to cite us to arms and prepare our hearts for deeds of high and noble daring. It is enough for Tennesseans to know their soil is to be invaded, their rights to be infringed, the sanctity of their homes to be profaned, and

that their liberties are endangered. When evils such as these are pending over them, the hardy mountaineer, with his deadly rifle, forsakes his highland home, the toiling farmer abandons his fertile fields, fat flocks and lowing herds. The merchant shuts up his ledger and deserts his counting room, the mechanic leaves his forge and throws away his hammer, to seek the camp and take up arms to resist the aggression, and humble the proud invaders in the dust. In the insane policy of the Black Republican President and his unscrupulous advisers, by which the country is plunged into this dreadful war, we have all these incentives to stimulate us to action. For years we have endured the insolence of the Northern press, and the insults of Black Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress. As long as words were the weapons they chose to employ against us, we were content to leave the game in their own hands. But now, when we are threatened with subjugation and slavery, when they would despoil us of our homes and reduce us to the condition of menials, we would be untrue to our ancestral fame were we to fold our arms and meekly bow at the feet of Lincoln and sue for life at the hands of his miscreant cohorts. Our fathers, noble Tennesseans, who rolled back the tide of despotism and fertilized the soil of King's Mountain with their blood, would disown us; the heroes who strewed the ground at New Orleans with the dead bodies of the haughty Britons, in defense of our rights, would despise us; the Patriot of the Hermitage, our own immortal Jackson, would scowl and scorn upon us, if Tennessee should refuse to stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the land of Washington in the defense of life, liberty and honor, against the usurpations of a Black Republican tyrant. The people of Tennessee were slower than their more impetuous brethren of the Gulf States in assuming a hostile attitude towards the North. We could not believe the Northern States were lost to every sense of right and justice. We hoped the excitement incident to a heated Presidential contest would soon subside and that we should gain from sober reason the rights that party intoxication refused to concede.

We thought we could safely appeal from the selfishness of political tricksters at the National Capitol to the disinterested patriotism of the masses of the people. For a long time we indulged the fond dream of hope. We hugged the delusive phantom to our breasts, until our enemies had almost "bound us hand and foot." How sadly have we been deceived? Relying upon their numerical strength, and the imaginary superiority of this circumstance was supposed to give them over the South, they stubbornly refused to make those concessions so essential to our security and repose. Blind arrogance, foolish infatuation! Go learn from the batteries at Acquia Creek that the race is not always to the swift. Go to Great Bethel and learn the battle is not always to the strong. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." In defense of life and liberty each man is in himself a host. With the sword, justice for our weapon, and the panoply of truth for our shield, we go forth to battle like the young shepherd of Israel, with a firm reliance that the righteous God will deliver the Giant of the North into our hands. In such a contest as this who can withhold his hands? Who can shrink from the approach of the enemy?

Who can be a traitor's knave?

Who so base as be a slave?

Who would fill a coward's grave?

Let him turn and flee.

To the "Ninety-Ones" you and the ladies of Clarksville have given an additional incentive to deeds of patriotic valor. Wherever thy fate of war may call us, so long as a single shred of this flag remains above our heads, we will know that we have kind and appreciating friends at home to feel an interest in our achievements. We will return this banner to you when our work is accomplished, untarnished, unspotted, and unstained. The remembrance of the fair hands that arranged and fashioned it, will inspire us with fresh courage, and rather than return to you with our honor less pure than the middle bar of this flag, the ground shall be made as red with our blood as its outer bars.

From the Chronicle of August 2nd.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Lincoln soldier: An animal that bears a strong physical resemblance to a white man. Believes strong in niggers. Habits—stealing watches, burning houses, and whipping sick women. His religion—the freedom of the nigger. Combative in theory, but when he gets hold of a gun—the animal's legs go off before the gun does. His powers of endurance are remarkable—in fact more'n a camel's—recent discoveries having shown him capable of traveling, under a July sun, twenty-seven miles in three hours without water. His chief resort and feeding-ground is a tract of land in America known as the District of Columbia, from whence he rarely ventures; yet has been known to go to a place called Manassas, but returned so suddenly that it is inferred that something down there scared the creetur out of the use of every faculty, except that of his LEGS. He won't go back!

LETTER FROM OUR BOYS.

Our friend John O'Brien received, on Tuesday, a letter from his brother Edwin, who is a member of Captain Harrel's company, in Colonel Forbes' regiment, from which we are permitted to gather important news of "our boys" since they left Haynesville, East Tennessee. From Haynesville the regiment went to Lynchburg, Va., where they rested a day or two. Here they saw many of the gallant fellows who were wounded at Manassas, and learned from them the story of that terrible fight. Here, too, they saw hundreds of the handcuffs that the Lincoln army took to Manassas to manacle the rebels! From Lynchburg our regiment went to Arlington (where Ed. wrote) and there were waiting for trains to take them to Staunton. Their destination was evidently Western Virginia.

From the Chronicle of August 9th.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A letter from Captain Lockert, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, to his uncle, of this city, gives an account of a railroad accident at McDonald's Station, near

Cleveland, by which some of the soldiers of the regiment were more or less injured. The train was stationary, taking in a supply of wood, when the freight train at full speed ran into it. Among the most injured are Perry Woodward, of Captain Simmons' company, Robertson county, who was severely cut on the head and face; John M. Howard, of Paducah, Kentucky, contusion of the thigh; J. A. Hadley, of Captain Rutledge's artillery, wrist dislocated; D. G. Herring, of Red River company, badly stunned; L. B. Sugg, of Captain Russell's company, arm broken near the wrist; J. L. Jean, of Captain Rutledge's artillery, chest bruised and ankle sprained; and Isham Devose, of same company, injured in the hip and ankle. Some others were more slightly hurt, but of the whole number injured only three were left behind as unable to continue the journey. The accident happened on the 2d inst., and the engineer of the freight train ran off into the woods immediately after the collision, thus giving rise to the suspicion that he was guilty of gross negligence, if not of a criminal design against the lives of the soldiers. The soldiers spoken of were some who had been detained by sickness, and they, with some recruits, were going on under charge of Captain Lockert to join the regiment.

DO!

If any of our young ladies have a lover in the army we hope they will write to him every chance they get. Write and encourage him, and tell him how you think about him and pray for him at nights, and how proud you'll feel to see him come back with his Colonel's "well done, brave fellow!" written on his discharge, and how you'll "have him," then, in spite of—well, of *thunder*! Such a letter would do him a heap of good.

From the Chronicle of August 16th.

MILITIA ELECTION.

In another place will be found Sheriff Raimsey's order for an election of Colonel of the Ninety-First Regiment, vice F. S. Beaumont, resigned. This election will be held on the last day of this month, and as no one has yet been announced for the office, we beg to suggest the name of Dr. Joshua Cobb for it. Dr. Cobb is a regular graduate of West Point, is thoroughly "rubbed up" now in military tactics, and fully imbued with the martial and patriotic spirit of the times. He is, we think, the very man for the place, and we respectfully urge the regimental voters to elect him.

From the Chronicle of August 30th.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG SPRING, VA., August 19th, 1861.—To the friends and relatives of the different members of my company I desire, through this medium, to advise them of our position, etc. We are now encamped at Big Spring, Randolph county, Va., with the First and Seventh Regiments, Colonels Maney and Hatton, and compose the First Tennessee Brigade, General S. R. Anderson. We reached this place just eleven days since, after a walk of seventy miles through the most mountainous region of country I have ever had the *pleasure* of traversing. Before starting out on our march numerous

expressions of opinion were heard, fearing that the "Ninety-Ones" would not be able to stand its hardships because of their having lived too much in stores, etc. But experience has clearly demonstrated that our town boys can endure more privation and bodily exertion than the other companies in the regiment. This fact is admitted by every one with whom the subject has been broached. We have had comparatively but little sickness in our camp and as yet none of a serious nature. At Lynchburg we left John Stancil and William Duy, and learn they are getting along well; and at Millboro, Isaac Atkins, Ralph Carding (both of whom rejoined us yesterday in company with Mr. William Ware, of Clarksville) and Morris Johnson. The latter was quite sick with measles, but am happy to say has entirely recovered and will rejoin us when his physician thinks it prudent. Gus Tarwater is suffering a little with neuralgia in the right side of his face, but is improving every hour. R. W. Jackson is sick with a cold but goes about camp as usual, and with Tuck and the redoubtable Pete Johnson, these three keep the habitation of the "Ninety-Ones" in a merriment that would surprise any one aware of the comforts and luxuries we have left at home, in exchange for the privations of a soldier's life.

Since leaving Camp Quarles the following promotions from the ranks of the "Ninety-Ones" have taken place: H. A. Jackson, Drum-Major; R. C. Bell, Sergeant-Major; F. Bostleman, Colonel's Orderly; R. E. McCulloch, Second Sergeant; Ed H. Lewis, Quartermaster's Sergeant; John J. Barr, Company Clerk. The very responsible office of Color-Bearer to the regiment was tendered to Corporal James E. Johnson, but declined by him because the army regulations would not permit him to select all of his color guards from our company. We expect to leave this place in two days, advancing upon the enemy, who is stationed about eighteen miles from us, and eight or nine miles this side of Huttonsville. He is said to be pretty well fortified on a part of Cheat Mountain, but it seems to be the general impression in the brigade that in less than a week we will see the town of Huttonsville. Our forces are really anxious for a *fight*, and when we do get into one there will be a regular old-fashioned foot-race between the Yankee Generals and their soldiers. As we will no doubt soon be in an engagement, I desire to respond to the many persons who have written to me, asking that in the event of their relatives falling on the field of battle, their remains be returned to Clarksville. You may rest assured everything that can possibly be done to grant your request I and my lieutenants, if we be spared, will certainly do. We will be, if in an engagement, nearly ninety miles from a railroad, to which we have access only by a dirt road that runs up and down mountains nearly every foot of the way, and that road is now almost impassible owing to the heavy rains recently fallen, and the large amount of hauling over it for the army. And the country is very sparsely settled by a class of inhabitants totally unaccustomed to and devoid of the most ordinary conveniences of our own citizens. I interrogated a citizen living two miles from our camp as to the facilities for procuring coffins when they required them in the neighborhood. He replied that they had no difficulty whatever in obtaining such things; that there was a little town called Edny, twenty-three miles distant, just across the mountain,

where they were supplied with such articles. I sincerely hope that we may not have use for the above article during the campaign, but in the event we do, I will again say that *no trouble or expense* shall be spared in procuring transportation for any of my slain, if to be had at all. All articles sent to Mr. Hiram Tarwater, at my store, put up in as small bundles as possible, for any one of either my company or Captain Harrell's, or indeed for any one of the regiment, will meet with transportation by the 10th day of September. The government has made arrangements as above. We anxiously look for Sim Rogers, Frank Weakly, Robert Childs and the other boys we left behind sick. I hope they have entirely recovered. Will furnish you with an account of any engagement we may get into immediately thereafter. Very respectfully,

CAPT. FRANK S. BEAUMONT.

A GENEROUS PROPOSAL.

Our friend McCormac, ever ready to do a good thing, and anxious now to do something for our boys in Virginia, very generously proposes to donate the entire proceeds of a week's photographing to the fund now being raised to procure winter clothing for the soldiers of Colonel Forbes' regiment. This is a very liberal proposition, and if the people in our town and county will meet it as they ought, a very considerable sum will be realized. Photographs only will be taken, as Mr. Mac. hasn't the stock to spare for other pictures. They are the best pictures and cost but little more than others. He will commence next Monday, and every dollar taken in thus for a week will go to the soldiers' clothing fund. Let everybody now get their photograph. Keep him busy all the time. Work him hard!

MINUTE MEN ELECTION.

A election of officers of the regiment of minute men was held on the 17th inst., and resulted as follows: Colonel, Cyrus A. Sugg; Lieutenant-Colonel, W. B. Mumford; Major, V. M. Metcalfe; Adjutant, Charles Lockert; Quartermaster, John L. Power; Color Sergeant, Hines Ewing; Surgeon, Dr. R. D. McCauley; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Ben Kirby. In the other regiment the following officers were elected: W. W. Valliant, Colonel; Thomas M. Reynolds, Lieutenant-Colonel; S. A. Caldwell, Major; T. T. Harper, Adjutant; Dr. J. M. Jackson, Surgeon.

THE LADIES AT WORK.

The ladies of Clarksville have organized a society to co-operate with the Soldiers' Aid Society organized at the Court House last week, and have gone to work in good earnest. Mrs. Tompkins is President of the society; Mrs. Malone and Mrs. Haskins, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. M. Stacker, Secretary; and Mrs. Galbraith, Treasurer. The society are now at work every day making up winter clothing for our men in Virginia.

From the Chronicle of September 6th.

ELECTION.

We are happy to announce that Dr. Joshua Cobb has been elected Colonel of the Ninety-First Regiment of Tennessee militia, and knowing his firmness and practical good sense, we hope for a speedy unravelling of the tangled web which the *Home Guard of Minute Men* system has prepared for him. The militia may discard the delusion that they can neither be drafted or ordered out of the county because they belong to the minute men—a mere police system that never contemplated the enlistment of men beyond the number necessary for a patrol duty. Montgomery has to raise her quota of the reserved corps, and if the people do not volunteer to that extent they will be drafted. This is the plain English of it.

From the Chronicle of September 13th.

The chasing of steamers up the Cumberland by Lincoln's gun-boats alarms many here for the safety of Clarksville, and many are the conjectures as to when and how the attack may be made. Our opinion is that there is not the least danger here, and the reasons for such impression are well founded. In the first place it is universally conceded that Memphis is safe, and as Memphis is the State, and the State is Memphis, it follows that the safety of the latter implies the safety of Clarksville as well as of every other point in Tennessee. Nothing could more satisfactorily illustrate the great military ability of the "powers that be" than the fact that they made the invaluable discovery that the protection of Memphis, in an extreme corner of the State, gives security to its whole territory.

But, say some, the gun-boats may come up the Cumberland. We guess not. There are two cannon down about the State line, and two somewhere above. We know not their size, but those who planted them believe they are large enough to take care of themselves, and the general impression is that if the gun-boats come up to the battery, the guns will certainly *go off*, and that somebody will be hurt—and, most likely, the parties who have to foot the bill. Others fear that a Lincoln force may come upon us by way of the railroad; but they seem to forget that, by leaving the draw of the bridge open, the enemy will be precipitated into the river whether they come from the one direction or the other. This dead-fall secures the safety of Clarksville, and this assurance may be made doubly sure by informing the enemy that there is a battery on Franklin street, securely housed to keep it from *going off*, and any amount of minute men in the county, armed by—nature, *drilled* by the same, and organized by accident. Clarksville is in no danger so long as Memphis is safe, and its citizens may sleep soundly under the protection of the marvelous concatenation of circumstances above mentioned. The eye of sleepless vigilance is upon Memphis.

From the Chronicle of September 20th.

FOR OUR BOYS.

The Soldiers' Aid Society shipped from here, last Saturday, by railroad, about twenty large boxes filled with winter clothing for our boys in Virginia. The clothing consists of suits of jeans pants (well lined) linsey shirts and drawers, and yarn socks,

together with overcoats, vests, boots, gloves, &c—all the gratuitous contribution of the generous men and women of this town and county, Mr. John Barnes took charge of the goods at Nashville, and will go through with them in about fifteen days from the time they left.

From the Chronicle of September 27th.

FULL!

Captain Tom Beaumont's rifle company is now full, having ninety good men. The following are the principal officers: Captain, T. W. Beaumont; First Lieutenant, Chris Robertson; Second Lieutenant, William Allen; Third Lieutenant, James Ramey. This company will go into active service as soon as their uniforms are made up.

SICK SOLDIERS.

Upon the breaking up of Camp Boone and Camp Breckenridge, the sick of both were brought here, and McClure's old warehouse was turned into a hospital for them. There are a good many sick men there—how many we do not know, as we have not had time to visit them as we wished to do; and we would ask for them such attention from our citizens as their wants may require. We would be glad to see the ladies visit the hospital and see what is needed there to render the sick comfortable and aid their convalescence.

From the Chronicle of October 4th.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER

We are deeply pained to have to announce the death of James M. Drane, son of Dr. W. M. Drane, of this county, and a member of Company A, Colonel Forbes' Regiment, which occurred in West Virginia about ten days ago. His disease, we believe, was typhoid fever, of which an elder brother, also in Company A, was very ill, and from which he has not entirely recovered. Dr. Drane went to Virginia, a few weeks ago, to visit his sons, and while there did very great service, as we learn by our letters, in ministering to the sick in camp, Dr. Johnson, the surgeon of the regiment, being himself laid up at the time with an attack of fever. Among these sick were Dr. Drane's two sons, Hugh and James, one of whom he is bringing home an invalid, and the other, alas! a corpse! This is indeed a heavy blow to the devoted father and mother, one whose weight none but they can know. They have we feel assured, the heart-felt sympathy of the whole community; and this, with the knowledge that the life of their boy was given to his country, should lighten, in some sort, the weight of their sorrow.

From the Chronicle of October 11th.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN F. S. BEAUMONT.

The sad intelligence of the death of Captain Frank Beaumont, of Company H, Fourteenth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, reached his friends here, by telegraph, on Wednesday night. No particulars concerning his decease were given, but letters received previously had prepared his friends to expect the sad tidings. He died at the Warm Springs, in Bath county, Virginia, whither he had gone some three or four weeks

before, sick with typhoid fever. Captain Beaumont's wife and father and other relatives and friends were with him in nearly all of his illness, and thus the horrors of dying far away from home were in a great degree mitigated by their presence and kindly ministrations. The remains will arrive here in a few days.

NEW COMPANIES.

Captain R. S. Payne, R. L. Johnson and Rice Oldham are raising a volunteer company, under our Governor's recent proclamation. They want about forty more men. They expect to go into camp very soon at Jordan's Springs, in District No. 4. Parties desiring to join may address either of the gentlemen named, at Woodlawn, in this county. Captain Cyrus Sugg and Lieutenant John B. Dortch have been recruiting in District No. 1, and have their company nearly made up, we believe. It will be a tip-top company, and any one who may wish to join it should address or apply to Captain Sugg or Lieutenant Dortch at Tait's Station.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel Cobb, of the Ninety-First Regiment, has appointed the following officers to constitute his staff: John W. Williamson, Adjutant; J. B. Killebrew, Regimental Quarter-Master; Dr. R. S. Ware, Surgeon; T. H. Hyman, Sergeant-Major; George J. McCauley, Judge Advocate; James L. Glenn, Provost Marshal.

From the Chronicle of October 18th.

NEWS OF THE FOURTEENTH.

Our townsman, Mr. William Ware, arrived home on Monday night from Western Virginia, whither he had been on a visit to his son, and to the boys generally, of the Fourteenth. Mr. Ware has been in the camp for some two months, engaged in nursing the sick and otherwise ministering to the comfort of the regiment, and did a great deal of good in that way. He says the boys are pretty well used up with the hard service they have seen there, a great many of them being totally unfit for duty. We have been shown by our friend, John O'Brien, a letter from his brother Edwin, dated Warm Springs, October 8th, which contains, we believe, the latest intelligence. Major Brandon succeeds Colonel Gholson as Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and Captain Harrel, of Company A, succeeds Brandon as Major. Lieutenant Waggener would take Major Harrel's place, as Captain of Company A. Lieutenant McWhirter, of Company H, has resigned, and Captain Beaumont being dead, Lieutenant Jas. J. Crusman takes command. Dr. Johnson, Surgeon of the regiment, and Dr. Martin, his assistant, had both resigned. Altogether, our regiment was greatly changed and much broken up by sickness, deaths and resignations, but the brave fellows who are left were sustained by the same determined spirit that has ever animated them.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN BEAUMONT.

The remains of the late Captain Frank S. Beaumont arrived here on o'clock train Tuesday evening, and were received at the depot by a committee of Odd Fellows, of

which order he had long been a member, and were by them escorted to his late residence, corner of Franklin and Third streets. The box containing the body could not be opened, and thus the anxious desire of hundreds of his friends, once again to look upon his face, was necessarily denied them. The hour of the funeral was fixed at three o'clock p. m., and, at the request of the family, its conduct was undertaken by the Odd Fellows. During the morning the coffin was literally covered with bouquets of the richest and rarest flowers, tributes paid by unknown hands to the lamented dead. At the hour of two o'clock all the business houses in town were closed, and people began to assemble at the house from all quarters. In a short time thereafter Pythagoras Lodge of Odd Fellows, followed by the Independent Guards, came up and, marching past the house, then counter-marched to the front of it, where the military took their position in the street and the Odd Fellows entered the yard. By this time the house, the yard, and the streets were nearly filled by people on foot and in carriages, yet the utmost good order prevailed, and every one seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the sad scene. Religious services were conducted in the house by Rev. J. B. West, and after they were concluded the body was brought out and placed in the hearse, the coffin still being covered with flowers, and bearing also the crimson velvet regalia of a Past Grand, the insignia of the rank of the deceased as an Odd Fellow. The procession was formed on Franklin street, the Odd Fellows occupying the front, followed by the hearse with four pall-bearers on each side. After the hearse came the Independent Guards, under Colonel Cobb, in full dress, and making a fine display. Following the military were the family and immediate friends of the deceased, in carriages, and that a long line of citizens generally, in carriages and horseback, together with scores of people on foot. In this order, to the solemn music of muffled drum, the procession moved down Franklin street to Second, and out Second to the City Cemetery. Arrived there, the military took a position on one side of the grave while the Odd Fellows formed a circle around it, and lowered the body into the vault. The customary service of the order was read by the Chaplain, each brother threw into the grave his sprig of *immortelle*—their emblem of life after death—the military fired their farewell volley, the grave was closed, and the gallant soldier left to that dreamless sleep that only the Arch-Angel's trump can disturb. Thus has passed away our friend and brother, Frank Beaumont. We had known him long and well, but we feel in no mood now, to utter over his grave the eulogy of words. Let the story of how much he was loved be told by the avenging hands of his brave comrades on the fields of Virginia. Always full of military ardor, he was among the very first to answer his country's call, when the alarm of war was sounded in the Volunteer State. By his own personal exertions, he raised a company, and was made their Captain, and became a part of the Fourteenth Regiment. They were sent into Western Virginia, where, as is well known, they have suffered a campaign unparalleled in this war, for its hardships. Captain Beaumont was stricken down by that scourge of the camp, typhoid fever, and died at the Warm Springs, in Bath county, on the 6th of the present month. He has been cut down in the prime of life, full of the hopes and ungratified ambition of a soldier,

yet he met death calm, unmurmering, resigned; and though he fell not as he would have wished to fall, yet his name will ever have a high place among the thousands whose gallant lives were given to their country.

From the Chronicle of November 1st.

THE ENEMY.

Intelligence was received here, on Wednesday, from an entirely reliable source, that Federal troops had crossed Green river at two points below Bowling Green, Morgantown and Woodbury. It was not known in what force they had crossed, nor whether they were only scouting parties or troops on a forward move; yet the fact of their crossing the river should awaken in every Southern rights man in Tennessee and Southern Kentucky the utmost vigilance. Let every man be on his guard. Be ready for the hireling cut-throats, whenever, and however, they may come. Keep your gun loaded and your knife sharpened, and be ready at a moment's notice to use them upon the insolent foe. Since the foregoing news reached us, we have learned that a party of seven hundred Lincolmites had crossed Green river at a third point, a place called Ashbyburg. We do not wish to excite any needless apprehension by these items of news, but only to put our people on their guard and urge them to be prepared against any possible surprise from the enemy.

From the Chronicle of November 8th.

THE HOSPITAL.

Through the praiseworthy exertions of the ladies here, the hospital for sick soldiers has been established, and is now being conducted on a systematic and effective plan. The building known as the college dormitory is used as the hospital, and answers the purpose very well for a limited number of sick. The care of the sick is assigned each day to certain ladies, whose duty it is to visit them and see that they have proper attention, that their medicines are administered, and their food properly prepared. We are glad to learn that the ladies have gone into this good work with a will and energy that will soon work a wonderful change in the condition of the sick.

Indeed, such change is already apparent in their increased comfort and in their rapid convalescence.

CAPTAIN SUGG'S COMPANY.

The fine company of infantry raised principally in Districts No. 1 and 5, under our Governor's late proclamation, was in town on Tuesday last and gave us all a most gratifying evidence of what old Montgomery can do in the way of volunteer soldiers. There are over seventy members of this company, of whom about fifty were in town. It is one of the finest and most effective looking companies that the war has brought out—being made up, almost without exception, of large, robust, genteel men. They have been brought, too, to a state of unusual excellence in drill, as their exercises here showed. The principal officers of this company are Captain Cyrus A. Sugg and First Lieutenant John B. Dortch.

MORE SOLDIERS.

Within the past few days a regiment of soldiers arrived here direct from Texas. Where they were going doesn't matter. They formed one of the finest-looking bodies of troops we have yet seen, and their orderly conduct was marked by every one. They were in town two days, and yet we did not see one of them drunk, nor know any of them to be guilty of any impropriety. While we thus speak of the soldiers, we must also record their good opinion of Clarksville. They said that they were better treated here than in any place they had been to, and expressed a strong desire to be stationed here.

From the Chronicle of November 29th.

OLD MONTGOMERY.

Our county has sent about fifteen hundred men into the field of strife, not including those who have volunteered since the late call of her Governor; her citizens have donated some \$60,000 for the benefit of her soldiery and other military purposes; she has fed, clothed and nursed a large number of soldiers from other places, and is still going on in this work, and her noble sons, those who can do so without too much sacrifice, are ready still to volunteer and work in behalf of Southern rights. Our patriotic ladies have been at work all the time for our gallant men, and are yet pushing forward their work without a murmur. The Soldiers' Relief Society is doing a great deal of good, and many a poor soldier will keep the names of the ladies of this society in kind remembrance, and many a mother and sister will cherish their memory long after the din of battle is hushed. We think we can say of Montgomery, without appearing egotistical, "many daughters have done virtuously but thou excelled them all." But whilst enumerating but a tithe of what our folks have done, we would simply hint that several of Colonel Quarles' Regiment are in the city sick, under charge of Dr. Ussery, and the ladies should look after them and see that they are provided for.

Captain James E. Bailey and his gallant company leaves to-day for Fort Donelson. A more noble set of gentlemen are seldom banded together. They carry with them the best wishes of the entire community.

CAPTAIN SUGG'S COMPANY.

This gallant company of infantry came into town last Monday week, and were then fully armed and equipped and proceeded to Fort Donelson the next morning. This company was organized in this county, and is composed of the best kind of material. They presented a fine appearance whilst drilling on the Public Square, and they will "present arms" in such a manner as to make the Yankees turn pale if opportunity offers. Success attend Captain Sugg and the brave boys under his command.

From the Chronicle of December 6th.

THE FEMALE ACADEMY.

The Female Academy, now full of sick soldiers, is the most elegant, convenient, and comfortable hospital within the Confederate States. Dr. Lyle, the Surgeon in

Chief, is said to be a gentleman of ability and large experience, and we are sure that the sick will be so treated, in every respect, as to leave them little room to regret the absence of relatives and home comforts. The hospital, under the most favorable circumstances, is more to be dreaded by the soldier than the battle field, and as sickness seems to be the unavoidable concomitant of the camp, humanity, no less than the public interest, demands that nothing should be wanting that can contribute to the speedy restoration of its inmates to health and active duty. Every death that might have been averted is a public loss, and suffering that might have been alleviated is individual cruelty.

From the Chronicle of December 13th.

TESTAMENTS FOR SOLDIERS.

Rev. W. C. Johnson, agent of the Tennessee Bible Society, presented its claims before the congregation of the Methodist Church in this city last Sunday. A collection amounting to about \$220 was taken up at the church, and was afterwards somewhat increased, which the congregation desired should be applied to supplying the sick soldiers in hospital here, Colonel Quarles' Regiment now at the fair grounds, and the troops at Fort Donelson, with the New Testament. The congregation of the Presbyterian Church in this city had previously sent up a very liberal order for Testaments for Colonel Forbes' Regiment.

GENERAL M. G. GHOLSON.

The hope that we expressed when Lieutenant-Colonel Gholson resigned his commission in the Fourteenth Regiment, that the army might soon again have the benefit of his services, has been realized in his appointment as Brigadier-General of the Fifteenth Brigade of Tennessee Militia. He has been very active and efficient in bringing out troops under Governor Harris' last call. So soon as full reports come in from the different counties, the men will rendezvous at Nashville and at Fort Donelson.

We state, upon reliable authority, that the Fourteenth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, has been ordered to Stanton, Va., where it will remain a week or two. Where it will go from that point is, of course, not known to outsiders.

From the Chronicle of December 20th.

CAPTAIN D. LYNN'S COMPANY.

This noble band of patriots left this city last Sunday morning, about four o'clock, destined for Fort Donelson. The principal officers are: David Lynn, Captain; Richard Roberts, First Lieutenant; W. H. Barnett, Second Lieutenant; R. Y. Johnson, Third Lieutenant.

OUR DEFENSES.

The Military Board here have issued another urgent call for negroes to work on the fortifications in and about Clarksville, and if they are not sent in at once they will be impressed. They only require five hundred men for eight days, and certainly it

seems to us they ought to be furnished. These works are of vast importance, not to this town only but to the entire surrounding country. Let us see by next Monday full five hundred men at work upon them.

From the Chronicle of January 3rd, 1862.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT DONELSON, December 31st, 1861.—*Dear Chronicle*: Since my last letter to you a considerable change has taken place at this fort. Our cannon have been put in better position than they formerly occupied, and our fortifications or breastworks have been made larger and stronger, so that it is now impossible for the enemy to approach the fort from any direction without being under a destructive fire from our big guns. The work on the fort is now progressing rapidly and will be completed in a very short time, and whenever the Yankees pay us a call we will be able to make them "get over double trouble" faster than they did at Bull Run or Wild Cat. The boys are "spoiling for a fight," and are anxious that they may be indulged in the variety and recreation of one fight at least before the winter with its monotonous days settles down upon us. Our regiment was organized last week and the following officers were elected: J. E. Bailey, Colonel; Alfred Robb, Lieutenant-Colonel; David Lynn, Major. Daniel Gould has been appointed Quartermaster, and Billy Poindexter assistant. Lieutenant Atkins has been elected Captain of Company A by a unanimous vote. Captain Atkins has by his courteous and gentlemanly bearing and uniform kindness won the esteem of every member of his company, and he is eminently qualified to fill the position he now occupies. R. A. Wilson has been elected First Lieutenant, A. F. Smith Second Lieutenant, and William Burgess Third Lieutenant. George Stacker has been elected Colonel over McGavock, and now has command of the regiment. A flag will be presented to Colonel Head's regiment on the 8th of January, and we hope some of our Clarksville ladies will honor us with their presence on that occasion, as a general invitation is extended to all. The boat will leave Clarksville on the evening of the 7th for this place, and will charge only half price the round trip. Who will come? Not wishing to impose on your valuable space, I will close my epistle by saying our cabins are now complete and we are now ready for the cold blasts of winter, and also as many Yankees as may have the courage to call upon us. Persons writing to friends in this company will direct their letters in care of Captain Atkins, Bailey's regiment, Dover, Tennessee. Captain Buckner, of the Fourteenth Regiment, who was killed by Dr. Williams, in Dover, was buried yesterday with military honors. When you come down be sure to call at the Shamrock Hotel, No. 9 Beauregard Avenue. A.

From the Chronicle of January 10th.

COLONEL BAILEY'S REGIMENT.

The regiment recently formed of companies raised by Captains Bailey, Peacher, Lynn and others in this and adjoining counties elected its officers a few days ago at Fort Donelson. J. E. Bailey was chosen Colonel, Alfred Robb Lieutenant-Colonel, and D. A. Lynn Major. All of these gentlemen are from this county. Mr. T. M. Atkins, First Lieutenant, was promoted to the Captaincy of Bailey's company. An-

other regiment was recently organized at Fort Donelson and the following gentlemen were elected its officers: George Stacker, of Stewart county, Colonel; C. H. Sugg, of Montgomery, Lieutenant-Colonel; and H. C. Lockart, of Stewart, Major. Both of these regiments have made choice of excellent officers. Colonel Bailey passed through this place a few days ago en route for Richmond on business connected with his command, we presume.

HOSPITAL MATTERS.

Dr. W. T. McReynolds, of this city, has been appointed, by Dr. Vandell, some two weeks ago, principal physician of the army hospital here, and has since then been busy in the prosecution of the duties of the post. He has already instituted many reforms there for the comfort of the sick. He will prove a faithful and efficient officer. Mr. William Adams, formerly with W. O. Vance, has been appointed prescription-clerk there. On Wednesday there were 248 patients in the hospital. Their condition generally was greatly improved.

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN.

We have been told that an election was held last Tuesday for Captain of the cavalry company lately commanded by Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Woodward. Lieutenants Darwin Bell and Jo Jones were in nomination, and the former was elected by eleven majority.

From the Chronicle of January 17th.

BRIGADE CAMP, NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., December 29, 1861.—*Dear Chronicle:* Now that we have fully satisfied the seeming fickleness of the military authorities, and finished the long march from Huntersville to this place, we are allowed a few days rest to recruit our lost energies and worn soles. For the last week we have been moving, marching and counter-marching with such rapidity that time has not been afforded that I might keep you posted concerning our peregrinations. Within the last six weeks we have built winter cabins, quitted them and completed a march of 150 miles with that cheerfulness which ever characterizes the Tennessee volunteer where there is a chance of getting a view of the enemy. We left Huntersville on the 10th and arrived here on the 26th, having halted about five days on the route. We passed through some beautiful country, and were everywhere greeted by the ladies and complimented for our brave and manly bearing. The wave of a white handkerchief in the hands of a pretty woman was something new to the mountain boys of the "whale-bone brigade," and the shout we sent up on its first appearance testified the inspiration it communicated and our appreciation of the fair ones' greeting. All the troops stood the march very well, and to-day the old Fourteenth has more men fit for duty than it has had since it came into the State, and is, at least, the left bower of the brigade. Two Virginia regiments, the Irish battalion and two batteries accompanied us from the northwest under command of Colonel Gillum. Our forces around Winchester now number about 13,000: but whether to be employed against Romney or any other place soon, we privates are

not allowed to know—yet we feel pretty confident of one thing, the tent is to be our only cabin this winter. The railroad iron which General Jackson (old “Stone Wall”) “pressed,” is being hauled to Strasburg to complete and repair the road there. The General’s *dam* exploit the other day was a complete success, and will materially *DAM*age the Yanks, who have doubtless *damned* the General for the *DAM* destruction he committed a thousand times ere this. Doubtless you wondered, at the social Christmas board, how we were spending the day. I am glad to inform you that, though far from the scene of former Christmas holidays, we were not without the invariable morning beverage, nor the cake, even. Egg-nogg was moderately plentiful, and mean whisky was in abundance—yet do not imagine that any one got drunk, for we were unexpectedly ordered to march soon after breakfast. The bugle calls me to dress-parade, so good-bye.

CHUM.

A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

Where all have done so well as the ladies of this place have in aid and relief of our soldiers, it would scarcely seem proper to discriminate in favor of any one in awarding praise for their good works; yet there is one whose early constant and uniform labors in everything that looked to the comfort of our volunteers, entitle her to a public acknowledgement of the value of her services. We allude to Miss Flora Kyle. When the clothing of the Fourteenth and other regiments was undertaken by our people, Miss Kyle was among the first to enter into the work, and, day by day, she devoted her entire time to it until it was accomplished. When this was done, and hundreds of sick soldiers were sent here, she entered just as cheerfully and zealously into the benevolent efforts of the ladies here for their comfort and relief. She shrank from no labor, hesitated at no sacrifice, where labor and sacrifice could effect any good to the sick and destitute soldier. For some weeks past she has been a regular nurse of the sick in our hospital, and all who are there attest her untiring attention and superior excellence as such. We mean not to detract, even by inference, from the merits of any one else in thus speaking of Miss Flora Kyle. What we say of her will, we believe, be attested by all who know her, and many a soldier in the winter bivouac will think of her and call her blessed.

From the Chronicle of January 24th.

LETTER FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, CROSSING OF BATH AND ROMNEY ROADS, VA., January 9, 1862.—*Dear Chronicle*: By a moderation of the weather and an early halt to-day, I am afforded a few moments of time to communicate the important and rapid movements which have taken place since the 1st inst. On that day we took up the line of march from Winchester to Bath, a nice little town five miles this side of the Potomac river, where lived *Porte Crayon*, of Harper notoriety. Our forces embraced General Loring’s and General Jackson’s commands, numbering about 10,000, with twenty pieces of artillery. On the evening of the 3rd our advance drove the enemy’s pickets into Bath, at a cost of three wounded, two of whom have since died. Coming up to this point

we bivouaced for the night, which, to our discomfort, brought an end to the long spell of dry weather by snowing. It was at least novel, if not amusing, to see the boys crawling out of their burrows the next morning. But we shook our blankets, packed our knapsacks, and were ready for a fight, or something to eat—the latter being decidedly preferable just at that hour, as we had but little supper the evening before. Our baggage wagons coming up at this juncture, we were ordered to prepare breakfast, which, when nearly ready, we had to leave and “fall in” for an advance movement. This was rather hard, but the order was imperative. The day was quite cold and our advance was necessarily slow, having to wait upon the skirmishers. Thus we stood “freezing for a fight,” but by “marking time” and building fires we kept quite comfortable. When within two miles of Bath the plan of operations was commenced, and was cautiously being carried out until about three o’clock, when General Jackson was informed that the enemy had fled. Our cavalry was then ordered up and went in hot pursuit, and we followed at “double-quick.” Just at Bath our cavalry engaged about an equal number of the Yankees, who, after exchanging shots, fled with such rapidity that pursuit by our horsemen was seemingly useless—yet the chase was kept up to the bank of the Potomac, where our cavalry fell into an ambuscade and had to retreat, with three or four wounded. This was about dusk, and the Fourteenth coming up shortly, Companies A, B, C, D and E were thrown out on the right and left as skirmishers. We scoured the woods to the river but found *no* Yankee. Several pieces were then planted which threw shell and ball into Hancock, which place the Yankees seemed determined to hold, for the fire of our batteries was returned, doing no damage, however. By this time it was near twelve o’clock and we were permitted to retire for the night, which your correspondent did on three rails. Sunday morning General Jackson sent over a flag of truce, informing the Yankee commanding that he intended to bombard the town, and giving the women and children until twelve o’clock to leave. At about one o’clock the firing was commenced, but for some reason was not kept up long. In the evening Company A was sent out as sharpshooters to protect some bridge builders. We exchanged a few shots with the enemy across the river. Night came on and brought with it another snow storm, rendering us very uncomfortable. Monday morning we again exchanged compliments with the Ohio boys, but hurt no one. The enemy shelled our camp during the day, wounding W. H. Frazier, of Company B—formerly of Company A. The wound was inflicted by a spent bomb, which did not burst, striking him against the forehead and rendering him for a time insensible. We are now encamped at a point from which we are liable to be sent to Romney, Martinsburg or Winchester, to which latter place the sick, I understand, will be sent to-morrow. Most all the boys have severe coughs and colds. The road we came from Winchester is the same over which General Braddock made his retreat from Fort Pitt.

From the Chronicle of January 31st.

LETTER FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, NEAR ROMNEY, VA., January 19, 1862.—*Dear Chronicle*: We have completed the last pedestrian feat, much to the gratification of privates

and other mules. Some obscure individual of the "dark ages" discovered that there was a tide in the affairs of men which led "onward." We have certainly gotten into that prophetic tide, and a pretty severe one it is I can assure you; for verily it does lead onward, onward, through rain, hail, snow, calm or storm—over ice covered roads, mountains, etc. All obstacles are overcome, yet Nature's carriers are more formidable than any interposed by Abe the First. You have doubtless heard of the evacuation of Romney by the enemy on the 9th. The name of our General certainly possesses some terror to the cowardly hearts of Abe's subjects, else they would not have been frightened away from a stronghold, heretofore the terror of our little army. Romney is certainly a stronghold; yet fortified with cannon as it was, the eight thousand cowards who held it, had they fought at all, might have rendered it a second Monterey. Yet we are gratified to know that "pressing engagements" demanded their departure too soon. They left a considerable quantity of commissary stores, oysters, crackers, butter, etc. The last named article, we are happy to say, was added to our rations yesterday. We could hardly believe our four senses, which testified that it was real good, rich, yellow butter. Only think of it: Soldiers enduring the severities of Valley Forge and "drawing" butter! Eight miles east of Romney, on the Martinsburg and Winchester roads, signs of Yankee destructibility are visible in the chaos of once happy homes. Two men and one child, if we may believe the story of a woman living in the neighborhood, were murdered and then burned in their own houses. Fair women, I have heard, did not escape their insults. These stories, and the solemn, lone chimneys, called forth from the soldiers, as they passed, "curses, not loud, but deep." Such atrocities now and then are specific antidotes, awakening the dreamy valor of lethargic patriots. A few more such barbarous acts, General Banks, and the war may be carried into Italy, and a flag hoisted the prestige of which shall strike terror to the heart of Abe's last aide and abetter. This campaign has been one of no ordinary interest or achievement. True, the fighting propensities of the boys have not been gratified, which might have made it more interesting to them; yet, almost without the firing of a gun, we drove the enemy across the Potomac at one point, and by the same movement frightened him from an important stronghold and possessed it ourselves. This has been done, too, in mid-winter, despite the worst kind of weather, certainly demonstrating to the North-landers the Southern salamanders are as imperious to cold as heat. Great praise is certainly due to the noble soldiery which have so gallantly stood the severities of the campaign and who are yet willing, as a military necessity, to "suffer and be still."

Yours truly,

CHUM.

FROM FORT HENRY.

FORT HENRY, January 25, 1862.—*Dear Chronicle*: Since my last letter we have arrived here, and are now camping in our tents again, and as the weather has been very cold for some time, we miss our comfortable cabins very much. Our company (A) of Colonel Bailey's Regiment, and one from Colonel Sugg's (formerly Stackers') Regiment, are now encamped here together. Since our arrival we have been furnished

with side arms, *spades and shovels*, and are now drilling in that manuel. Our boys were greatly disappointed at not meeting the enemy here, and now feel that they have been badly sold, or taken in—to the ditches—instead of among the enemy. The day after our arrival, the gunboat *Conestoga* chased the steamer *Dunbar* fourteen miles up the river until within sight of the fort, and then fired her seventh shot and ran up behind the island, two miles below the fort. She afterwards fired three shots at the fort, and meeting no response, she retired with a white flag flying to the breeze. No damage was done by her shots, as they all fell short. However, she again made her appearance with the stars and stripes flying and opened fire on the fort. As soon as the first shot was fired by her the Confederate flag was raised in the fort, and we all expected to have a brush with the "Feds," but as soon as we fired one shot, she responded with a shell, which burst some yards below the fort, and retired behind the Island. Nobody hurt. We are now under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sugg, Colonel Stacker having resigned the command of the Fiftieth Regiment. The enemy are reported to be fifteen thousand strong at Highland, thirty-five miles below here. They were ten miles from here a few days ago, but are now falling back. Little prospect of a *squirmish*. C.

From the Chronicle of February 7th.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Passengers who arrived here by boat this morning from Fort Donelson, report that Fort Henry was attacked yesterday morning by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and after a severe engagement was reduced and abandoned, a portion of the garrison falling back to Fort Donelson, and the remainder crossing Tennessee river. After possessing the fort, the enemy burned the railroad bridge across Tennessee river. No statement of the loss has been received. The report is generally believed, but may be exaggerated. An attack on Fort Donelson is expected to-day.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

Wednesday was quite a gala day in town in virtue of the ceremony of the presentation of a fine flag to Colonel Quarles' Regiment, the Forty-Second Tennessee, and one to Captain Hubbard's Company of that regiment. The first was made and given to the regiment by the Young Ladies' Juvenile Relief Society of this city; the other was the personal gift of Miss Nannie Garland, of our town, in compliment of whom Captain Hubbard's Company is named—the "Garland Greys." Before eleven o'clock a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen had assembled on the Public Square to witness the ceremony, and about twelve o'clock Colonel Quarles' Regiment came into town, six or seven hundred strong, and took position on the Square. After some brief evolutions they opened ranks, and received the ladies composing the society, and the interesting ceremonies of the day were entered upon. Hon. G. A. Henry appeared upon the portico of the Bank of Tennessee, and taking the regimental flag in his hands proceeded to present it formally on behalf of the society. His speech was chaste, forcible, eloquent—just such as he makes. He reviewed briefly the animus that incites each party in this contest, the magnitude of the interests involved in the conflict, and

the certainty, from all precedent, of our triumph, if we shall prove true to ourselves. Lieutenant-Colonel Walton received the flag, in behalf of the regiment, in one of the neatest and most appropriate little speeches we ever listened to. This being over, the Garland Greys was marched out of the ranks, and Hon. G. A. Henry proceeded to present them, on Miss Garland's behalf, the beautiful flag that her fair hands had wrought. After a merited compliment to her (and he did not say half enough) he appealed to both their gallantry towards woman, and their patriotism towards country, to defend that flag till every arm was rigid, and every heart still, in the palsy of death! The flag was received by Captain Hubbard, on behalf of his company, in a brief but pointed, and forcible speech. After a courteous acknowledgment of the compliment paid the company, in the gift of the flag, he uttered, for himself and his company, their pledge that it should never trail or be dishonored, till the last man of the Garland Greys had found his final discharge on the field of battle! These ceremonies were very interesting throughout, and when they were concluded, loud calls were made for Col. Quarles, but he excused himself, saying that he intended to make no more speeches till this war was over, that till then, *action*, not words, the *sword*, not the pen, was the rule of his life. After all the speaking was done, the regiment was put through a pretty severe course of drill by Colonel McGinnis, which proved of great interest to the lookers-on, and then took up the line of march for camp.

From the Chronicle of February 14th.

FROM FORT DONELSON.

We have kept our paper back some eighteen hours awaiting news from Fort Donelson, knowing the anxiety of our readers to know the issue of the impending fight at that point. During nearly all of yesterday heavy firing could be heard here, and every one knew that a terrible contest was going on at the fort. Various reports reached us during the day, but none that we could trace to any reliable source, until between eight and nine o'clock, when the following, addressed to a gentleman in this city, by an officer of high position at the fort, came to hand: "Fort Donelson, February 13, 9 p. m.—We have been fighting all day and maintained our position everywhere, and drove back the gun-boats with damage, and repulsed their infantry forces at every point where attacked." This, our readers may feel assured, is genuine and reliable, and embraces all of importance that has come to hand. Nothing is said in this dispatch as to our loss, but it is otherwise reported at from twenty-five to forty in killed and wounded. In the fight yesterday the enemy had seven gun-boats engaging the fort, and a large land force opposed to ours. The fight is said to have been a severe one, and the loss of the enemy is estimated at 200 to 250. It is generally believed that the fighting will be renewed to-day, but we deem it very doubtful, and even if the enemy should renew the attack, we have, we think, but little to fear from them, after the experience of yesterday. We have information that Commodore Hollins, with the ram *Manassas* and thirteen Confederate gun-boats, passed Memphis last Wednesday on his way to our relief. If this is true we may expect very soon to see our two rivers swept of every Yankee on them.

This was the last issue of the CHRONICLE until after the close of the civil war. "Our two rivers" were not swept of the Yankees as had been so confidently predicted, but on the contrary in a few days they were swept by the Yankees. Fort Donelson fell after a gallant but unavailing resistance. Most of the Clarksville boys were taken prisoners and marched off to Camp Douglas and other places of confinement North. Some of them escaped and went South and participated in the great battle of Shiloh soon after. It was a bitter pill for the folks at home to swallow this occupation of the country by the enemy, and the confinement of most of our brave boys in Northern prisons—but they had to submit to it, and most of the men did with a fairly good grace. They made wry faces and "cussed" in secret, but openly many of them were soon reasonably loyal subjects and inclined to look upon the war as a mistake. The women, however, were made of different stuff. Their hearts were away off with the boys in the Northern prisons and in the Southern regiments, and they made no pretense of affection or even of decent regard for the authorities that were over them. Lots of bother the Yankees had with the rebel girls of Clarksville. They *would* smile and look glad when good news came from the South. They *would* find out whenever a poor rebel was hid over in the coalings on the Southside of the river and smuggle all sorts of useful things to him. One young lady of high standing rode out of town one morning to see a friend over the river. She went to headquarters and got a permit from the Colonel. When she reached her destination they had to take her down from her horse and carry her into the house, for she was unable to walk. "The friend" she had come to see turned out to be an old reb who was hid out in the bushes, and she had brought along a few things for his comfort. She had on a pair of heavy cavalry boots about three feet long, and large enough almost for her to crawl in. She wore several pounds of powder around her waist as a bustle. The number of pairs of socks and yards of flannel she had tucked about her in divers places would have been sufficient to start a country store. Some one published recently an interesting sketch of the "Clarksville boys" during the war. This was good; but wait until the impartial historian writes up the Clarksville girls, and we shall have something worth reading. The Clarksville boys, however, did their duty. Some of them are useful men now here in our midst. Others who went out at their country's call returned not again.

"On fame's eternal camping ground, their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round, the bivouac of the dead."

A detailed sketch of Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, is furnished "Picturesque Clarksville" by Polk G. Johnson:

I have felt that it might be of local interest that I should record the names of Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, raised in our own town and sent to battle under the command of James E. Bailey, at the call of the Governor and the urgent solicitation of *all* of our citizens, and something of their military record. Twenty-six years will have passed away next December, when as fine a company of one hundred and twenty men as was ever organized left Clarksville for Fort Donelson and engaged in a long war of four years. It was composed of the best young men of Clarksville.

It lost, killed in battle, sixteen; died in the service, nineteen, making the total deaths thirty-five. It is my purpose simply to record the names of the company in full, the names of those killed in battle, of those who died in the service, of those who were wounded, and of those who were promoted.

FULL ROLL OF THE COMPANY.

J. E. Bailey, Captain.
T. M. Atkins, First Lieutenant.
R. A. Wilson, Second Lieutenant.
W. H. Burgess, Third Lieutenant.
A. F. Smith, First Sergeant.
John B. Johnson, Second Sergeant.
Robert Bringham, Third Sergeant.

L. W. Bourne, Fourth Sergeant.
M. W. Wisdom, Fifth Sergeant.
Stephen Pettus, First Corporal.
Wm. Adwell, Second Corporal.
C. H. Ricou, Third Corporal.
Wm. McKeage, Fourth Corporal.

Atkins, Q. C.
Anderson, J. C.
Buck, B. F.
Buck, G. W.
Buck, J. M.
Burgess, G. E.
Baumont, Fletcher.
Bell, Frank.
Bourne, J. W.
Broomfield, J. D.
Booth, J. D.
Bell, Montgomery.
Bailey, C. D.
Bailey, C. H.
Coulter, R. T.
Clark, L. R.
Cooper, L. R.
Cooper, C. R.
Cooper, W. C.
Coulter, Thomas.
Clark, James.
Carnell, W. J.
Clark, Cave J.
Chisenhall, George.
Cook, S. R.
Dobson, John.
Davis, James.

Dunron, J. P.
Drake, F. M.
Eminiser, W. D.
Edlin, J. B.
Elliott, George.
Ferkin, J. W.
Finley, Thomas.
Fletcher, J. R.
Farley, J. T.
Goostree, R. C.
Gold, Daniel.
Gold, L. T.
Grimes, Granville.
Hutchinson, J. A.
Haskins, R. J.
Hackney, S.
Harris, Wm.
Harris, John.
Harris, Robert.
Hibbs, Watson.
Heatherington, F. E.
Hargrave, W. T.
Helm, J. W.
Hoskins, J. G.
Halliday, R. G.
Johnson, Polk G.
Jarrell, J. S.

Leggett, Matt.
Loffland, Charles.
Lewis, C. M.
Leigh, G. W.
Marklin, H. G.
McCallister, T. F.
McCarter, James.
McCarter, John.
Mise, Milton.
McGinnack, B.
Mellon, Robert.
Mellon, John.
Manson, Walker.
McClintock, John.
Moore, C. P.
Munford, W. B.
Meghee, Benjamin.
Nebbett, W. H.
Neal, R. H.
Orgain, Wm. M.
Orgain, John.
Orgain, B. D.
Olesby, J. W.
O'Brien, John.
Pendergast, J. L.
Poole, Robert.
Pearson, Thomas.

Peter, Paris.
Powell, W. H.
Poindexter, W. R.
Riggins, Cave J.
Robb, Alfred.
Ring, Henry.
Simson, Alfred.
Simson, Henry.
Shanklin, Charles.
Smith, Thomas H.
Smith, G. R.
Scott, D.
Smith, J. W.
Turnley, W. H.
Thomas, L.
Trice, W. N.
Taylor, John.
Vick, Nathan.
Wells, James.
Walthead, F. W.
White, B. F.
Walthead, Albert.
Waller, B. W.
Williams, G. S.
Wilcox, Polk.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

J. C. Anderson, Fort Donelson.
Robert Bringham, Franklin.
Fletcher Beaumont, Missy Ridge.
Montgomery Bell, Franklin.
S. R. Cooke, Franklin.
George Elliott, Nashville.

John T. Farley, Fort Donelson.
R. C. Goostree, Lick Skillet Road,
Atlanta.
J. S. Jarrell, Franklin.
Matt Leggett, Lick Skillet Road,
Atlanta.

Wm. B. Munford, Franklin.
Alfred Robb, Fort Donelson.
Nathan Vick, Franklin.
Polk Wilcox, Franklin.
R. T. Coulter, Franklin.
R. G. Halliday, Franklin.

DIED IN THE SERVICE.

C. H. Ricou, Port Hudson, La.,
July 18, 1863.
B. F. Buck, captured at Kennesaw Mountain; died in prison.
Frank Bell, place of his death unknown.
J. D. Booth, Port Hudson, La.,
July 25, 1862.
John P. Dunron, Fort Donelson,
January 7, 1862.
Robert J. Haskins, Chicago, in
prison, September 5, 1862.

Stephen Hackney, at Chicago, in
prison, March 9, 1862.
Wm. Harris, at home, February,
1862.
John Harris, at home, February,
1862.
Robert Harris, at home, February,
1862.
F. E. Heatherington, at Clinton,
Miss., October 16, 1862.
James Harris, at home, February,
1862.
James A. Hutchinson, April, 1862.

Wm. B. Munford, Franklin.
February 9, 1863.
G. W. Leigh, Jr., Atlanta, Ga., July,
1864.
John W. McClintock, Mississippi,
just before close of war.
John Orgain, time and place not
known.
B. D. Orgain, Camp Douglass, March
14, 1862.
B. F. White, Camp Douglas, Sep-
tember 13, 1863.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Lewis R. Clark, Jonesboro, Ga.
Wm. C. Cooper, Franklin.
W. D. Eminiser, Kennesaw Moun-
tain.
John B. Edlin, Kennesaw Moun-
tain.
J. G. Hoskins, Jackson, Miss.

Polk G. Johnson, Atlanta.
Charles Loffland, Fort Donelson
and Shiloh.
Walker Manson, Franklin.
Charles P. Moore, Atlanta.
John L. Pendergast, four times,
once very severely.
C. H. Bailey, Atlanta and Franklin.

Robert Poole, Atlanta.
Lewis T. Gold, Franklin.
Charles Shanklin, Atlanta.
Thomas H. Smith, Franklin.
G. R. Smith, Atlanta.
A. F. Smith, North Carolina.
John Taylor, Fort Donelson.

PROMOTIONS.

James E. Bailey, to Colonel of Regiment.	A. F. Smith, to Lieutenant of Company and to staff of General Walthall.	Lewis T. Gold, to Lieutenant.
Thomas M. Atkins, to Lieutenant Colonel of regiment.	R. T. Coulter, to Captain of Company G of regiment.	Walker Manson, to Lieutenant in Company G.
Robert A. Wilson, to Captain of Company.	Lewis R. Clark, to Captain in Tenth Tennessee.	John L. Prendergast, to Captain of Tenth Tennessee.
John B. Johnson, to Captain and commissary, Tenth Tennessee.	Charles R. Cooper, to Lieutenant of company.	Robert Poole, to Lieutenant in the Thirtieth Tennessee.
Robert Brighurst, to Adjutant of regiment.	George Elliott, to Lieutenant of Company H of the regiment.	W. R. Polindexter, to Captain and Quarter-Master of regiment.
Fletcher Beaumont, to Adjutant Fiftieth Tennessee.	R. C. Goostree, to Lieutenant.	Alfred Robb, to Lieutenant Col. of regiment.
Charles D. Bailey, to Captain and commissary of regiment.	Polk G. Johnson, to Lieutenant and A. D. C., General Quarles.	Thomas H. Smith, to Captain of Company H of regiment.
		John O'Brien, to Ordnance Officer

BATTLES.

Fort Donelson, February 12th to 16th, 1862.	Port Hudson, La., March 14th, 1863.	Franklin, Tenn., November 30th 1864.
Jackson, Miss., July 10th to 16th, 1862.	Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 28th, 1864.	Nashville Tenn., December 16th, 1864.
New Hope Church, Ga., May 27th, 1864.	Savanna Depot, Ga., July 4th, 1864.	South of Lynnville, December 24th, 1864.
Pine Mountain, Ga., June 15th, 1864.	Peach-tree Creek, Atlanta, Ga., July 20th, 1864.	Anthony's Hill.
	Lick Skillet Road, Atlanta, July 28th, 1864.	Sugar Creek.
	Hentonville, N. C., March 19th, 1865.	

At the battle of Fort Donelson the company was captured and sent to prison at Chicago, Ill., where they remained seven months. Were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., September 17th, 1862. The company was organized at Clarksville, November 29th, 1861, with one hundred and twenty men. As will appear above, lost, killed in battle, sixteen; died in the service, nineteen; total deaths, thirty-five; wounded in battle, eighteen; promotion from company, twenty-two. It was surrendered with General Johnston's army in North Carolina in May, 1865.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MCCOMB.

The following sketch of Brigadier-General William McComb, another Clarksville boy, is worthy of insertion here: "Brigadier-General William McComb was born in Mercer county, Penn., November 21st, 1832. He came to Tennessee in 1854, and from that time until the beginning of the war was engaged in developing the manufacturing interest of Southern Kentucky and Tennessee. He came to Clarksville among strangers, and confined himself so closely to the business in which he was engaged that his acquaintance was not large, but he was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He never engaged in politics, and hence had no influential politicians to urge his advancement. Nevertheless he was a patriot and ever ready to serve his country. When the first call for troops was made by Governor Harris to defend the South, he promptly responded, joining as a private soldier Captain Ed. Hewitt's Company, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry (Forbes' Regiment). His military record is remarkable. A private soldier, without strong and influential friends or relations, and a Northern man by birth, he was elevated to the rank of Brigadier-General to command two of the finest brigades ever connected with any army (Archer's and Bushrod's Johnson's). He won this position by gallantry on the field of battle, and did it step by step, as follows: 1

May, 1861, he was elected Second Lieutenant of his company; in October, 1861, was appointed First Lieutenant and Adjutant of his regiment by Colonel Wm. A. Forbes; was elected Major of his regiment at Yorktown, in 1862; was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel after the death of Lieutenant Colonel George A. Harrell, who was killed at the battle of Cedar Run; was promoted to Colonel upon the death of Colonel Wm. A. Forbes, who was killed at the Second battle of Manassas; was appointed Brigadier-General by President Davis and confirmed by the Senate in December, 1864, and assigned to the command of the two brigades above mentioned, and ordered to report to Major General Heth. He continued in command of the same until the close of the war, surrendering with General Lee at Appomatox Court House. He was wounded three times during the war; first at Gaines's Mill, second at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862, very severely, and lastly at Chancellorsville, May 3rd, 1863, very severely. He was in the following battles: Williamsburg, West Point, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Harrison's Landing, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Andersons, Squirrel Level Road, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. He was also in the many skirmishes in which his command was engaged. He went to the Army of Virginia early in the war, and was with his command in all the engagements and skirmishes from Cheat Mountain to Appomatox. During 1866 he was engaged in raising cotton in Alabama. In 1867 and 1868 was Superintendent of the Mississippi and Alabama Turpentine Company, located at Pascagoula, Miss. Since 1869 he has been engaged in farming in Louisa county, Va., and his postoffice is Gordonsville, Va."

COMPANY E, FIFTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

Cyrus A. Sugg, Captain.
John B. Dortch, First Lieutenant.
Joel E. Ruffin, Second Lieutenant.
Charles W. Tyler, Third Lieutenant.
John L. W. Power, First Sergeant.
Robert Sory, Second Sergeant.

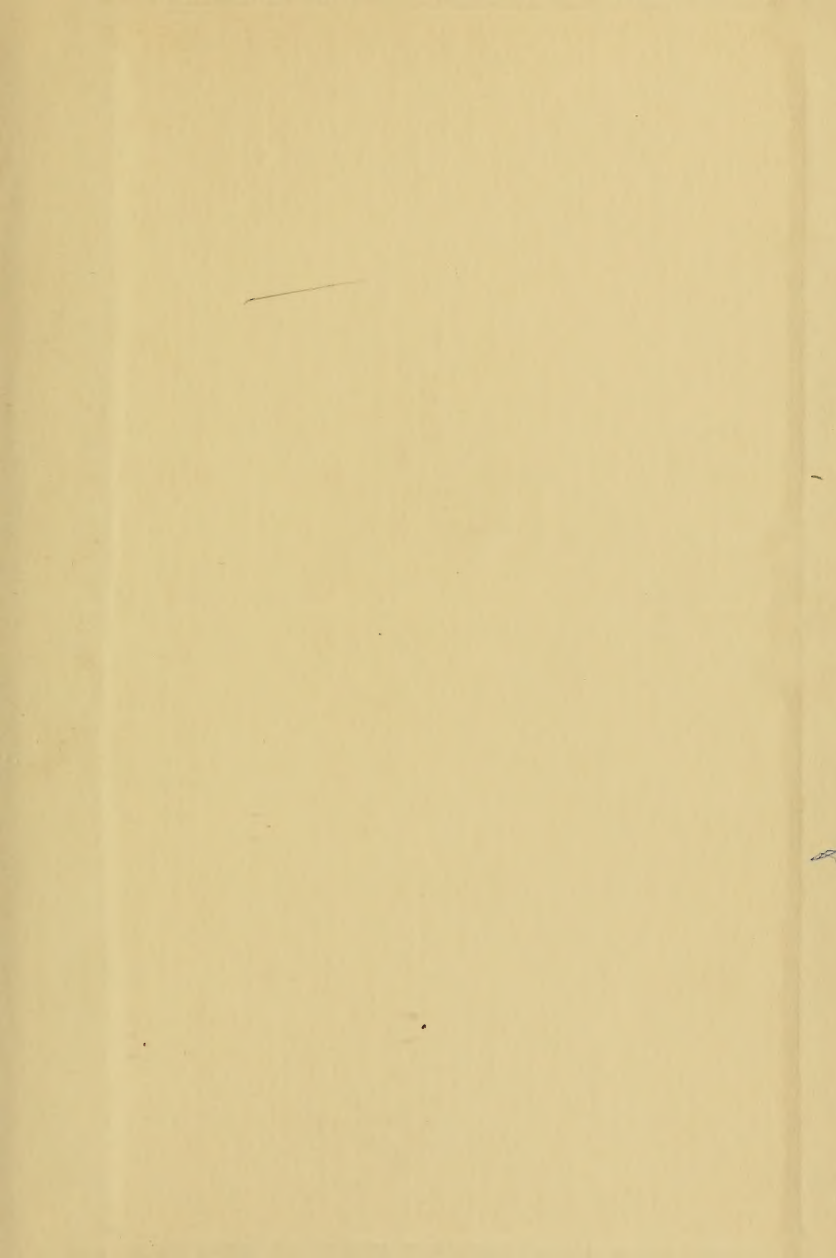
B. B. Kirby, Third Sergeant.
G. W. Warfield, Fourth Sergeant.
J. S. Dunn, First Corporal.
George Flowers, Second Corporal.
Thomas E. Mallory, Third Corporal.
T. J. Adams, Fourth Corporal.

Adams, R. T.
Adams, F. N.
Adams, George.
Adams, George Reuben.
Adams, R. S.
Adams, George Quiney.
Eagwell, W. M.
Bennett, W. A.
Baldwin, J. W.
Bourne, Wiley.
Bunting, T. W.
Boiseau, W. H.
Boiseau, E. C.
Brown, Bailey.
Benton, John G.
Carney, G. W.
Carney, J. W.
Carney, N. B.
Cannon, T. P.
Childs, W. H.
Cooksey, E. N.
Cooksey, J. W.
Crunk, J. H.

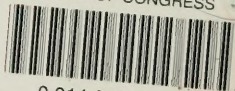
Clavinger, D. C.
Davis, H. W.
Dick, W. S.
Donaghy, P. H.
Dudley, W. G.
Dunn, S. S.
Edwards, Johnathan.
Fields, R. E.
Fry, W. H.
Franklin, Robert.
Gill, C. H.
Galbes, James E.
Goodman, C. C.
Grizard, W. H.
Gunn, J. W.
Harris, T. H.
Harris, W. M.
Harris, A.
Hitt, M. G.
Hornberger, C. E.
Hornberger, G. E.
Hyman, E. J.

Hyronomus, Ed.
Holt, E. G. W.
Isbett, J. G.
Jackson, W. A.
Jeter, Robert.
Johnson, Robert.
Johnson, James T.
Johnson, M. C.
Kennedy, J. F.
Lawrence, J. S.
Lyle, A. P.
McCauley, George B.
Mallory, George S.
Marshal, J. B.
Mead, Maberry.
Morrison, E. S.
Muir, J. K.
McReynolds, Robert.
Moon, Robert.
Moore, John D.
Newman, McHenry.
Neblett, T. J.
Northington, T. F.

Ogg, Robert.
Price, C. D.
Proctor, J. R.
Potts, J. H.
Qualls, C. L.
Qualls, R. G. I.
Reed, P. L.
Rutherford, H. C.
Roach, R. M.
Sherrrod, W. R.
Shanklin, H. L.
Seay, W. R.
Tate, J. W.
Tate, J. L.
Trice, W. H.
Tate, W. H.
Tubbs, W. A. C.
Walthal, W. H.
Watts, N. L.
Wilson, H. C.
Wilson, H. H.
Willoughby, J. H.



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